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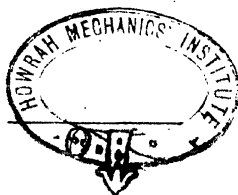
Melville S. Landow
("Eli Puking")

ELI PERKINS

THIRTY YEARS OF WIT

*REMINISCENCES OF WITTY, WISE
AND ELOQUENT MEN*

BY
MELVILLE D. LANDON
(ELI PERKINS)



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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS AND THANKS.

DURING the last thirty years, while preparing this volume, the author has listened to thousands of anecdotes, reminiscences, and funny experiences from the lips of the following witty, wise, and eloquent thinkers, now dead:

Charles Sumner, Abraham Lincoln, Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Kilpatrick, and Admiral Farragut; Beecher, Conkling, Garfield, Geo. Bancroft, John B. Gough, Wendell Phillips, Wm. R. Travers, August Belmont, Prof. Proctor, Ben. Wade, Robt. Toombs, Thad. Stevens, Artemus Ward, Nasby, Josh Billings, Ben: Perley Poore, John G. Saxe.

The following *living* thinkers will recognize many stories and anecdotes which they have told to me, and will receive my thanks:

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Sweet, John Habberton, Geo. W. Cable, and George Thatcher.

I have also used the best wit transcribed by others from the lips of Tom Corwin, Randolph, Seba Smith, Tom Hood, Chas. Lamb, Dickens, Thackeray, Talleyrand, Cervantes, Dean Swift, Juvenal, Aristippus, and Diogenes.

The author desires to acknowledge the inspiration and aid he has received from the pens of the following makers of American wit and humor:

- "Josh Billings"—Henry W. Shaw.
- "Andrew Jack Downing"—Seba R. Smith.
- "Artemus Ward"—Charles Farrar Browne.
- "Bill Arp"—Charles H. Smith.
- "Gath"—George Alfred Townsend.
- "Fat Contributor"—A. Miner Griswold.
- "Hawkeye Man"—Robert J. Burdette.
- "Howadji"—George William Curtis.
- "Ik Marvel"—Donald Grant Mitchell.
- "John Paul"—Charles H. Webb.
- "John Phœnix"—Capt. George H. Derby.
- "Mark Twain"—Samuel L. Clemens.
- "Max Adler"—Charles H. Clark.
- "Petroleum V. Nasby"—David Ross Locke.
- "Bill Nye"—Edgar W. Nye.
- "Danbury News Man"—Jas. M. Bailey.
- "Old Si"—Samuel W. Small.
- "Orpheus C. Kerr"—Robert H. Newell.
- "Miles O'Reilly"—Charles G. Halpin.
- "Peter Parley"—H. C. Goodrich.
- "Ned Buntline"—Col. Judson.
- "Brick Pomeroy"—M. M. Pomeroy.
- "Josiah Allen's Wife"—Marietta Holley.
- "Doesticks"—Mortimer M. Thompson.
- "Mrs. Partington"—Benj. P. Shillaber.
- "Spoopendyke"—Stanley Huntley.

"Uncle Remus"—Joel Chandler Harris.

"Hosea Bigelow"—James Russell Lowell.

"Fanny Fern"—Sara Payson Willis.

"Grand Father Lickshingle"—Robert W. Criswell.

"M. Quad"—Charles B. Lewis.

The object of the book is to give the people the best anecdotes, the best wit and humor, and the brightest sayings of the nineteenth century, and to transmit them to posterity.

MELVILLE D. LANDON,

"ELI PERKINS."

208 WEST END AVENUE, NEW YORK.



ELI PERKINS—THIRTY YEARS OF WIT.

REMINISCENCES OF NOTED MEN.

Charles Sumner on Leibnitz and Kepler—Talks with Josh Billings, Sam Jones, Mark Twain, Danbury News Man, and Bill Arp.

MY first intention was to write an autobiography, for I have had an eventful life. But biography is always dry, while reminiscences, jokes, and anecdotes are always charming. So I toss aside the autobiography and commence with the more humorous and entertaining auto-reminiscences and quaint laugh-provoking incidents which I have witnessed.

If the reader really wants to know the history of the writer he will find it condensed below in a foot note, as given in Spofford's "Library of American Writers."*

* A. R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress, in his "Library of American Writers," gives this biography of Mr. Landon :

Melville D. Landon (Eli Perkins), was born in Eaton, N. Y., in 1840, passed the Sophomore year at Madison University, and graduated at Union College in 1861.

The next week after graduating Secretary Chase gave him an appointment in the U. S. Treasury. After Sumpter was fired upon Mr. Landon assisted in organizing and served in the Clay Battalion. Resigning from the Treasury he went on to General A. L. Chetlain's

I can hardly recall the name of a distinguished man in America that I have not met. I remember of talking with Wm. H. Seward in 1861, while he swung in a hammock in the back yard of his Lafayette Square house—the very house where Sickles killed Philip Barton Key and which is now occupied by Secretary Blaine. Senator Sumner lived then just across on the corner, and he was always delighted to talk with college boys. I remember how Sumner had three hobbies, and they were a cosmopolite decimal currency, cosmopolite decimal weights and measures, and a cosmopolite language—that is, a common language for all diplomats. Then he used to tell us a story about how Leibnitz went to the great philosopher Kepler to show him a cosmopolite sign language.

staff in Memphis. In 1864 he resigned from the army and engaged in cotton planting in Arkansas and Louisiana; the last year cultivating 1700 acres.

In 1867 Mr. Landon went abroad, traveling over Europe into Russia and down the Volga into Kazan. While in Russia he was chosen by General Cassius M. Clay, then Minister to Russia, as Secretary of Legation to St. Petersburg.

On returning to America, in 1870, his first public writing was a history of the Franco-Prussian war, published by G. W. Carleton, following it with numerous humorous writings for the public press under the *nom de plume* of "Eli Perkins." His humorous writings in the *Commercial Advertiser* in 1872 made his fame world-wide. Under the name of "Eli Perkins," he has published several books, among them "Saratoga in 1901," Sheldon & Co.; "Wit, Humor, and Pathos," Belford Clark Co.; "Wit and Humor of the Age," Western Publishing House, Chicago, and "Kings of Platform and Pulpit," Belford Clark Co., Chicago. The grandfather of the humorist was Rufus Landon, a revolutionary soldier from Litchfield County, Connecticut, where his father, John Landon, was born. Mr. Landon resides at 208 West End Avenue, New York.

"Leibnitz arrived at Kepler's house," said Sumner, "and asked him to send him some smart, shrewd old philosopher, and with him he would illustrate his new cosmopolite language. When the old philosopher (who was old Jim the fisherman) came, Leibnitz told Kepler that he would hold a philosophical discussion with him in his new language of signs.

"When old Jim came, Leibnitz held up one finger, to denote one God.

"Then old Jim held up two fingers, while Leibnitz rubbed his hands in great glee, saying, 'See! he understood me. He means there is a plurality of gods. *Magnifique!*'

"Leibnitz now held up three fingers to denote the Trinity; and old Jim put up his fist with his fingers all together, while Leibnitz said, 'He means the three in one—Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Beautiful!'

"Leibnitz now handed old Jim an apple, to denote the 'fallen state of man,' and old Jim, much to Leibnitz's surprise, held up a broken cracker.

"'Splendid,' said Leibnitz, looking triumphantly at Kepler. 'Why, when I hand him the apple to denote the "fallen state of man," he hands me a cracker to denote the "Bread of Life." Wonderful!'

"The next day," said Sumner, "Kepler called old Jim to him and asked him how he came to understand Leibnitz so well.

"'Why, the man's a fool,' exclaimed old Jim. 'He's crazy and he insulted me!'

"'What did he say to you,' asked Kepler.

"'He held up one finger to denote that I had but one eye; and I held up two fingers to denote that my one eye was better than his two.'

“ ‘What then, Jim?’

“ ‘He held up three fingers to indicate that with my wooden leg I’d had three legs, and then I doubled up my fist and said I’ll have no more of that.’

“ ‘And then?’

“ ‘Why, the crazy rascal took out an apple to denote that I ground nothing but apples in my mill; but I showed him a cracker to prove to him that I ground the best flour in England.’ ”

What a transformation from Sumner and Leibnitz to Josh Billings—but I love an antithesis.

Josh Billings—what a wonderful character!

I can see the old man now, with his long hair and tall, lank form leaning around on the book counters at Carleton’s. G. W. Carleton’s, under the Fifth Avenue Hotel, was the rendezvous of all the humorists. There you would meet Bill Arp, and Burdette, and Nasby, and Artemus Ward, for Carleton published all of their books. Carleton is a humorist himself, and his illustrated book on Cuba has proved his inspiration.

One day I was talking with Uncle Josh at Carleton’s. During the conversation a beautiful young lady came in with a bundle of manuscript, and stepping up to the publisher hesitated a moment, and then said:

“Mr. Carleton?”

“Yes, madame, what can I do for you?”

“I want to get you to print a book for me.”

“You mean publish your book, don’t you?” asked Mr. Carleton.

“Well, now, what is the difference between printing and publishing a book?” asked the young lady,

opening her eyes bewilderingly, as young ladies often do.

“Why, the difference between publishing and printing,” said Mr. Carleton, “is simply this: If I should print a kiss on a beautiful young lady’s cheek it would simply be private printing; but if I should go out and tell the whole world about it, that would be publishing, and the meanest kind of publishing, too.”

“I should think so,” said the young lady.

Carleton is now in Japan, and having no fear of him, I publish, for the first time, one of his poems, which he used to read to us with a very sad and mournful voice.

’Tis only an infant pippin,
Growing on a limb;
’Tis only a typical small boy,
Who devours it with a vim.

’Tis only a doctor’s carriage,
Standing before the door;
But why go into details—
The service begins at four.

While in Saratoga, a year before Josh Billings died, we went up to my room and spent an entire afternoon on an interview. The interview was a mutual production, and was not to be published till he died. I now give it to the public.

“Mr. Billings,” I commenced, “where were you educated?”

“Pordunk, Pennsylvania.”

“How old are you?”

“I was born 150 years old—and have been growing young ever since.”

“Are you married?”

- "Once."
- "How many children have you?"
- "Doublets."
- "What other vices have you?"
- "None."
- "Have you any virtues?"
- "Several."
- "What are they?"
- "I left them up at Poughkeepsie."
- "Do you gamble?"
- "When I feel good."
- "What is your profession?"
- "Agriculture and alminaxing."
- "How do you account for your deficient knowledge in spelling?"
- "Bad spells during infancy, and poor memory."
- "What things are you the most liable to forget?"
- "Sermons and debts."
- "What professions do you like best?"
- "Auctionceering, base-ball, and theology."
- "Do you smoke?"
- "Thank you, I'll take a Partaga first."
- "What is your worst habit?"
- "The coat I got last in Poughkeepsie."
- "What are your favorite books?"
- "My alminack and Commodore Vanderbilt's pocket-book."
- "What is your favorite piece of sculpture?"
- "The mile stone nearest home."
- "What is your favorite animal?"
- "The mule."
- "Why?"
- "Because he never blunders with his heels."

"What was the best thing said by our old friend Artemus Ward?"

"All the pretty girls in Utah marry *Young*."

"Do you believe in the final salvation of all men?"

"I do—let me pick the men!"

In the evening Josh and I reviewed the interview, and pronounced it faithfully rendered, and then he gave me the following specimen of his handwriting:

*There iz 2 things in this world
for which we are never fully
prepared, and that iz,—twins.—*

Less so, Less so, Josh Billings.

*There iz only one thing that can
be sed in favour of tite Boots—
—they make a man forgit all
his other sorrows.—Josh Billings.*



The nicest rebels I ever met were "Bill Arp," the Southern humorist, Sam Jones, and Fitz Hugh Lee. "Bill Arp," whose real name is Chas. H. Smith, of Cartersville, Ga., was just as good a rebel as Alex. H. Stevens, or Robert Toombs, or John B. Floyd; but when I found him on his Cartersville farm, he was fully reconstructed.

Speaking of Bill Arp's age to the Rev. Sam Jones, his neighbor, he said:

"Why, Bill's sixty years old. He's got nine children of his own, and if he a'nt the father of American humorists it isn't his fault."

"Is Bill really reconstructed?" I asked Mr. Jones.

"Yes, Bill has been born again. He repented, but Floyd and Toombs were never reconstructed. They died with their Confederate war paint on, and with their coffins wrapped in the old red and white flag of the Confederacy.

"Robert Toombs and John B. Floyd," said Sam, "were both members of Jeff Davis's cabinet. Once they were talking of where they would like to be buried. It was after the war, and, notwithstanding defeat, each loved Jeff Davis and the Confederacy. They had been reading letters from R. Barnwell Rhett, John Slidell, and Henry A. Wise, brother cabinet officers.

" 'When I die,' said Floyd, very seriously, 'I wish I could be buried right under that Confederate monument in Richmond.'"

• " 'What for?' asked Toombs.

" 'Because I want my last sweet rest to be where a Yankee will never come.'"

" 'I would be buried there, too,' said Toombs, 'but I hate the devil worse than I hate a Yankee, and

I almost wish I could be buried in the colored cemetery.'

"'Wha—what for?' asked Floyd, deeply surprised.

"'Because,' said Toombs, 'the devil will never trouble me there. He'd never think of looking for an old rebel Democrat in a colored graveyard!'"

When I asked Bill Arp one day if he really killed many Yankees, he said:

"Well, I don't want to boast about myself, but I killed as many of them as they did of me."

Speaking of pensions one day, Mr. Arp said:

"Every Yankee soldier ought to have a pension."

"But they were not all injured in the army, were they?" I asked.

"Yes, they all did so much hard lying about us poor rebels that they strained their consciences."

Fitz Hugh Lee told me a good story about "Bill Arp."

"In the summer of 1863," said Fitz Hugh, "Bill Arp—we called him Major Smith then—was in the Richmond Hospital. The hospital was crowded with sick and dying soldiers and the Richmond ladies visited it daily, carrying with them delicacies of every kind, and did all they could to cheer and comfort the suffering. On one occasion a pretty miss of sixteen was distributing flowers and speaking gentle words of encouragement to those around her, when she overheard a soldier exclaim: 'Oh, my Lord!'"

"It was Bill Arp.

"Stepping to his bedside to rebuke him for his profanity, she remarked: 'Didn't I hear you call upon the name of the Lord? I am one of his daughters. Is there anything I can ask him for you?'"

"Looking up into her bright, sweet face, Bill replied:

'I don't know but you could do something for me if I wasn't married.'

" 'Well,' said she, 'what is it?'

"Raising his eyes to hers and extending his hand, he said, 'As you are a daughter of the Lord, if I wasn't married, I'd get you to ask him if he wouldn't make me his son-in-law.'"

A friend of mine, a writer on the *New York Sun*, told me how Bill Arp happened to surrender. "You know," he said, "Major Munson had charge of the Dalton district, in Georgia, when the humorist surrendered. It was a hard thing for him to do it, and it took him a week or two to come down to it, but he finally laid down his sword.

" 'Most of the "Confeds" came in very quietly,' said the major, 'and seemed glad to have the thing settled, but once in a while I struck a man who hated to come under. One day a big, handsome man, with tangled hair, and with Virginia red mud on his boots, came in to talk about surrendering. It was Bill Arp.

" " 'Doggone it, sir,' he began, in the Georgia dialect, 'I have come in, sir, to see what terms can be secured in case I surrender.'"

" " 'Haven't you surrendered yet?' I inquired.

" " " 'No, sir! Not by a doggone sight! I said I'd die in the last ditch, and I've kept my word.'"

" " " 'Whose company did you belong to?'

" " " 'Belong! Belong! Thunderation! I didn't belong to any one's company! Why, sir, I fought on my own hook.'"

" " " 'Where was it?'

" " " 'No matter, sir; no matter. What are your best terms? Out with it!'

“ “Unconditional surrender,” I said.

“ “Terms don’t suit,” said Bill. “Unconditional? No, sir; I’ll surrender to Spain or Mexico. You can’t crush me. I can be insulted, but not crushed. Good-day, sir. I’ll see the United States weep tears of blood before I’ll surrender. Haven’t a card, but my name is Arp—Colonel Bill Arp.”

“ “He went off, but in about a week he returned and began:

“ “As the impression seems to be general that the Southern Confederacy has been crushed, I called to see what terms would be granted me in case I concluded to lay down my sword.”

“ “Unconditional surrender,” I briefly replied.

“ “Then, doggone it, sir, I’ll never lay it down while life is left. The cause is lost, but principle remains. You can inform General Sheridan that Bill Arp refuses to surrender.”

“ “Colonel Arp returned two weeks later. He seemed to have had a hard time of it, as his uniform was in rags and his pockets empty.

“ “Look a-here, Captain,” he said, as he came in, “I don’t want to prolong this bloody strife, but am fo’ced to do so by honor. If accorded reasonable terms, I might surrender. What do you say?”

“ “The same as before.”

“ “Then you are determined to grind us to powder, eh? Sooner than submit, I’ll shed the rest of my blood! Send on your armies, Captain. I am ready for ’em!”

“ “Just a week from that day, Colonel Arp came in again, said he’d like to surrender, drew his rations with the rest, and went off in great good-humor to his Cartersville farm.’”

Mark Twain can tell a humorous story as if it were a funeral dirge. I met him once with a party. Each had told a sea story and Mark was asked to tell one too.

"A true story?" asked the humorist.

"Why, of course."

"Well, gentlemen," he commenced, with that wonderful drawl, "I was once crossing the Atlantic on one of the stanchest ships of the Anchor line. We had ridden for days in an utter calm. One day, when we were all fanning ourselves, telling anecdotes, and narrating religious experiences, a terrible storm broke over the vessel. Billows mountains high dashed over us, the rudder was torn off, the masts fell, the waters roared in torrents through the scuppers, and then all of a sudden the ship settled, lunged forward on her beam ends, and sank out of sight in sixty fathoms of water, every soul on board going down with her."

After the wonder had somewhat subsided, Joaquin Miller, the poet, came up to the humorist and said:

"You did not tell us how you escaped, Mr. Twain."

"I didn't escape!" exclaimed Mark, "I was drowned with the rest."

Mr. David Welcher tells me that Mark Twain, when in a good humor, told him the story of his courtship, and how he won his beautiful and wealthy wife. She was a Miss Langdon of Elmira. When Mark first met her, he was not so distinguished as now; his origin was humble, and for some years of his life he had been a pilot on the Mississippi River. The future Mrs. Clemens was a woman of position and fortune; her father was a judge, and doubtless expected "family" and social importance in his son-in-law. Clemens, how-

ever, became interested in his daughter, and after a while proposed, but was rejected.

"Well," he said to the lady, "I didn't much believe you'd have me, but I thought I'd try."

After a while he "tried" again, with the same result; and then remarked, with his celebrated drawl, "I think a great deal more of you than if you'd said 'Yes,' but it's hard to bear." A third time he met with better fortune, and then came to the most difficult part of his task—to address the old gentleman.

"Judge," he said to the dignified millionaire, "have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?"

"What? What?" exclaimed the judge, rather sharply, apparently not understanding the situation, yet doubtless getting a glimpse of it from the inquiry.

"Have you seen anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?"

"No, indeed," replied the magnate sternly. "No, sir, I have not."

"Well, look sharp and you will," said the author of "Innocents Abroad"; and that's the way he asked the judicial luminary for his daughter's hand.

And Mark, to this day, has never ceased to congratulate himself on the shrewd and business-like manner that he conducted his case, and, like a clever diplomat won a wise judge and a lovely wife at the same time.

What of Sam Jones?

Sam Jones lives in Cartersville, Ga., and is a neighbor of Bill Arp. Mr. Jones told me that he was once a

lawyer, but he says he afterward repented and became a Methodist clergyman.

One day I asked Mr. Jones why he was a prohibitionist.

"Because," he said, "to be a Christian you must be a prohibitionist. I don't mean a third party man; but you must be a man that is against everything that favors whisky, and in favor of everything that is against it.

"The fact is," continued Sam, "this whisky question has got to be settled. There was lots of blood spilled in this country to make free men out of 4,000,000 slaves, and I don't see anything wrong in a little more blood being spilled to save the women and children from the misery and sufferings that result from this damnable traffic. I don't care when the fight comes. I am willing to get at the head of the procession with my rifle."

Mr. Jones makes a great deal of money out of his lectures, but not so much out of his preaching; still he has very little love for money.

"Are you saving your money?" I asked the revivalist one day on the train.

"Saving my money!" he exclaimed, "what for? Why, a man who saves money is a miser. Christ didn't have a bank account. Josh Billings says the old miser that has accumulated his millions and then sits down with his millions at last, without any capacity for enjoying it, reminds him of a fly that has fallen into a half-barrel of molasses. There you've got the picture just as complete as Josh Billings ever drew a picture.

"No, sir," continued Sam, "I never had much

money—never will, I reckon. I saw in the papers some time ago where a man had died in North Carolina and left Sam Jones a wonderful legacy—and all that sort of thing. I was at home at the time. Several of my friends ran up with the paper, and said:

“‘Sam, did you see this?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘What are you going to do about it?’

“‘I ain’t going to do anything.’

“‘Well, I’d write on and tell them where you are.’

“‘No sir,’ said I, ‘I am getting on right well without a legacy, and God knows what I’d do if I had one. I am getting on so well without one that I don’t want to fool with one.’

“‘Don’t you see? I want you all to have legacies and live in fine houses, and I will go around and take dinner with you, and let you pay the taxes and servants, and I will enjoy the thing. Don’t you see? That is a good idea, ain’t it?’

“If I get wealth without religion,” continued Sam thoughtfully, “why, I’ll be poor in the next world. Cornelius Vanderbilt was the richest man that ever bade America good-by, and stepped into eternity. He turned to his oldest boy and passed \$75,000,000 into his hands; \$25,000,000 additional he turned over to the rest of his heirs, and then, in his last moments, turned to his Christian wife and asked her: ‘Wife, please sing

Come, ye sinners, poor and needy;
Weak and wounded, sick and sore.’

“The richest man that America ever produced asking his wife to sing the song of a beggar!”

I do not think there is a man living who can use as strong English as Sam Jones, or, rather, as strong Saxon. The great but pedantic Dr. Johnson once said, speaking of one of Addison's essays: "There is not virtue enough in it to preserve it from putrefaction." Sam Jones would have said in his bold Saxon: "There ain't wit enough in it to keep it sweet." One day, when the reporters had been criticising the revivalist's Saxon language, he became indignant, and said: "Do you want my opinion of these reporters who abuse our meetings?"

"Yes."

"Well, in my humble opinion, I will be in heaven when these miserable little reporters who malign me are sitting on one ear in hell, trying to keep cool by fanning themselves with the other."

"Do they ever answer back to you from the audience when you talk so savagely?" I asked.

"Yes, often. Every now and then a burnt sinner will squeal. Sometimes they get a good joke on me, too. One day, in St. Louis," continued the preacher, laughing, "an awful funny thing happened. I had been attacking the gamblers and drunkards for an hour, and I said a drunkard is lower than a dog.

"Just then a shabby, bleary-eyed man arose tremblingly, and started to leave the church.

"'Stop! young man,' I said. 'Stop!'

"The young man stood still, with a thousand eyes on him.

"'If you'd rather go to hell than hear me preach just go on!'

"'Well,' replied the man, after a pause, 'I believe I'd rather. And out he went.

“Ha! ha! ha!” chuckled Sam, “it was a good one, wasn’t it?”

“The very next night,” continued the preacher, “I saw the same man in the audience. By and bye I saw him standing up.

“‘Well,’ said I kindly, ‘what do you want, my man?’

“‘I want to know, Elder, if you think you can get the devil out of me?’

“‘Oh, yes,’ I said, ‘but I don’t think it would improve you any. The little left would be worse than the devil.’”

“I suppose you learn a good deal from your audiences?” I suggested.

“Oh, yes. A good old Christian lady rose one night and said she had got repentance.

“‘Do you know what true repentance is, mother?’ I asked.

“‘Yes. It is being sorry for your meanness and feeling that you ain’t going to do it any more.’

“‘That’s the best definition of repentance I ever heard in my life, mother,’ I said. ‘That *is* repentance. Good Lord, I am so sorry for my meanness that I don’t intend to do it any more. And now, mother,’ said I, ‘do you know what true religion is?’

“‘Yes.’

“‘What?’

“‘It’s this,’ said the old lady: ‘If the Lord will just forgive me for it, I won’t *want* to do it any more.’

“‘Right, mother!’ said I. ‘There is repentance and religion in a nutshell, so every man in the world can get hold of it.’”

The Danbury *News* Man—have I met him?

Yes, and have letters from him. In fact, I published his lecture, "England from a Back Window," in my "Kings of Platform and Pulpit."

Mr. Bailey—James Montgomery Bailey is his full name—told me that he was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1841; he fought through the war in a Connecticut regiment, and afterward made himself famous writing for the Danbury *News*.

Mr. Bailey's wit has a delicious mental flavor. In fact, it is always the shrewd, thoughtful man who enjoys it. It is not in long, inane dialogues, but a flash of thought. The humorist says a poor man came to him with tears in his eyes one day, asking for help for his destitute and starving children.

"What do you need most?" asked Mr. Bailey.

"Well, we need bread, but if I can't have that—I'll take tobacco."

One day a solemn and religious Danbury man hailed a charcoal peddler with the query:

"Have you got charcoal in your wagon?"

"Yes, sir," said the expectant driver, stopping his horses.

"That's right," observed the religious man, with an approving nod, "always tell the truth and people will respect you."

And then he closed the door just in time to escape a brick hurled by the wicked peddler.

"Speaking of lazy men," said Mr. Bailey, "we have a man in Danbury so lazy that instead of shoveling a path to the front gate he pinches the baby's ear with the nippers till the neighbors come rushing in to tread down the snow."

A Danbury man was bargaining for a house of old McMasters, and asked him if the house was cold.

"Cold," said the old man cautiously, "I can't say as to that; it stands out doors."

Speaking of the Indian raids, says Bailey: "The Modocs have made another raid on our people, and murdered them. If ever our government gets hold of these savages, gets them right where they cannot escape, gets them wholly into its clutches—some contractor will make money."

Mr. Bailey's humor also consists in truthful descriptions of domestic life. His descriptions are so true that they are absolutely photographed on the mind of the reader. One can close his eyes and see with his mind's eye the very scenes depicted

GENERAL SHERMAN'S ANECDOTES AND JOKES.

Sherman on John Phoenix, Wm. R. Travers, General Scott, General Kilpatrick, Admiral Farragut, and General Howard—His Joke on the Ghost Dancers, Garfield, the Irish Soldier, and Tennessee Women.

WHILE preparing my book "Kings of Platform and Pulpit," I had a good many pleasant talks with General Sherman. Our houses were near each other (the general living at 75 West Seventy-first Street, and my house being 208 West End Avenue). Then again I was on General A. L. Chetlain's staff in Memphis, when the general was making his march to the sea. I had met General Sherman often in war time and knew many of our Western generals; knew all about the social and political status of Tennessee, Georgia, and South Carolina, and General Sherman was glad to talk over his old war reminiscences and jokes with any one who could appreciate his stories.

General Sherman was the brightest man I ever met. He was always gleeful. He had been with Lieutenant George H. Derby (John Phoenix) in San Diego away back in the forties, and really brought the genius of the San Diego humorist to the knowledge of the public. That was the commencement of American humor. Afterward came Jack Downing, Lowell's Bigelow Papers, Ward, Billings, Twain, Nye, and the rest.

One day, after the general had told several good stories, I begged him to let me publish them in the book which I was then writing.

"No, no!" he said. "I want to keep them for my private friends. You know I dine out about as much as Depew, and they always expect a new story."

As soon as my book was out, containing a few of the general's stories, with the hundreds of others, he sent me this letter—about the last rollicksome letter he ever wrote:

*No. 75 West 11th Street.
New York.*

I believe I could give you more interesting anecdotes than you credit me with, but prefer to keep them for the social circles in which I now move -

Your Friend,
W. T. Sherman

As George Alfred Townsend said of Miles O'Riley, "there was a splendid boyishness" about Sherman. He was always ready with a pun, a sparkling bit of repartee, or a strong thought—a very David with the sword and tongue.

"One of my happiest hits," said the general, a week before death called him away, "was the way I managed those Charleston rebels when they asked me if they couldn't put Jeff Davis's name in the prayer-book, and pray for the Confederate President in their churches.

"'Want to pray for Jeff Davis, do you?' I asked.

"'Yes; we can't pray for Lincoln.'

"'Well,' said I, 'just you go and pray for old Jeff. He needs it!'"

"Did they continue to pray for Jeff?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know; but if they did their prayers weren't answered. Perhaps they were offset by the prayers of the negroes. The negroes were always loyal. Until the army arrived they had never heard

us called by any other name than Yankees, and the rebels always added the expletive 'damn' to us. That is, they always called us 'Damn Yankees.' One night one of my staff officers heard the negroes praying, and one old negro ended up his prayer with a hearty:

"'O Lord, bress de damn Yankees—guide them to us!'

"Another negro," continued the general, "prayed like this:

"'O Lord, we bress you for senden' us Gin'ral Sherman. He's one of us, O Lord. He may have a white skin, but he's got a black heart.'

"If the rebels prayed for us," said the general, "they prayed for us as Mr. Travers once bet on John Morrissey's horse.' Mr. Morrissey believed in the theory 'like-me, like-my-dog,' and believed every one of his friends was in duty bound to bet on his horse at the Saratoga races. One day he asked Travers to bet on his horse, and the stammering banker promised to do it. The next day Morrissey's horse lost the race, and the man who had whipped Heenan came up to Travers all humiliation.

"'I'm sorry, Mr. Travers,' he said, 'that you lost on my horse—very sorry.'

"'W-w-why, I d-d-didn't lose,' said Travers.

"'Then you didn't bet on him, after all,' said Morrissey, with an injured look.

"'Y-y-yes, I b-bet on him, b-b-but—I bet he'd lo-lo-lose!'

A month before the general died we had the ghost dance war in the West. The Indians were having their ghostly dances in Dakota, and the report had come in

that General Miles's men had killed Sitting Bull near the Pine Ridge Agency.

"Been killing more Indians out West again, General," I remarked, handing him a newspaper.

"Yes, the newspapers kill a good many Injuns. They kill more than the troops do. Why, if we killed half as many Injuns as the newspapers do, we'd be short of Injuns!"

"Is it right to kill these Indians?" I asked.

"Dancing Injuns, ain't they? Ghost dancers?"

"Yes."

"Well now, Eli," said the general, with mock gravity, "hasn't Sam Jones, and Moody, and the entire Methodist Church been trying to break up dancing for years? Of course they haven't succeeded. Now I'm glad that the strong arm of the government has at last united with the Church and taken hold of this dancing question. I hope General Miles will kill or convert every dancer west of the Mississippi, and then I hope the Secretary of War will call on General Howard to arrest the dancers, white or Injun, in the east—in New York and Philadelphia. I tell you, Eli, dancing and chicken stealing must be stopped in this country."

When we consider that the only thing Sitting Bull and the Sioux Indians had done to bring on the last war was to dance, and that all the army did was to stop that dancing, we can appreciate the satire of the general.

"That was a terrible satire on the army that the newspaper paragraphs put into Sitting Bull's mouth the day before they killed him," continued the general.

"What was it, General?" I asked, much amused, for

I wrote the satire myself and had used it a thousand times.

"Well, the wicked paragrapher said that when Sitting Bull was under arrest they asked him if he had any great grievance?

"The old soldier killer, who was in the Custer massacre, was silent. But by and bye he clutched his tomahawk and said: 'Indian very sensitive. Indian no like being lied about. If Indian ever get back to the white man again, he'll scalp the white-livered son of a gun who's been telling around that Sitting Bull *graduated at West Point*.'"

The fun-loving general was apparently as serious about dancing as he was about chicken stealing in the army, as illustrated in the following story:

"While at Bowling Green," said General Veatch, who commanded at Memphis previous to General Chetlain, "the rebel women bothered us to death. It was always the same old complaint—'the soldiers have milked our cows, or stolen our chickens, or "busted" into the smoke house.' Always the same story through Tennessee and Georgia. At Chattanooga the rebel women seemed to bore Sherman to death.

"One morning a tall, hatchet-faced woman, in a faded butternut sunbonnet, besieged the general's headquarters.

"Well, my good lady, what can I do for you?" inquired the general, as she hesitated at his tent entrance.

"My chickens, Gen——"

"Sh—, Madame!" broke in the general. 'I have made up my mind, solemnly and earnestly, that the integrity of the Constitution and the unity of this re-



public shall be maintained, if it takes every—*every* *chicken in Tennessee!*”

General Sherman was marching with his army through the mountain gaps of East Tennessee. The people there are generous, but very ignorant and natural. “It was the center of civilization—for clay eaters and bad roads,” said the general. “That day,” continued the general, “we were marching through Claiburn County, at the foot of the Cumberland Mountains, when I met a dear good old lady with a snuff stick in her mouth.

“‘Which way is the county seat?’ I asked.

“‘I didn’t know,’ she said, with a look of wonderment, ‘that the county had any seat.’

“‘What is the population of your county?’

“‘I dunno,’ said the old lady, chewing her snuff stick, ‘I reckon it’s up in Kentucky.’

“‘I suppose there are some illicit distilleries up in these mountains?’ continued the general, pointing toward the Cumberland.

“‘I reckon so,’ said the old lady, nodding.

“‘That is bad for the people—very bad.’

“‘What, whisky bad?’ said the old lady, her eyes opening with amazement; ‘why, whisky is the best drink in the world. That’s what saved Bill Fellers’s life.’

“‘But Bill Fellers is dead—died five years ago,’ interrupted a bystander.

“‘That’s what killed him—didn’t drink any whisky. Poor Bill, he never knowed what killed him. How he must have suffered!’”

I belong to General Kilpatrick Post of the Grand Army of the Republic in New York, and naturally take an interest in that great cavalry officer. I wanted

to get a good story about "Kill" to tell the comrades, so I remarked casually to the general:

"Kilpatrick was a good fighter, wasn't he?"

"Yes," said Sherman. "'Kill' was a good fighter, and a great boaster, too. He had a right to boast, but he could never boast stronger than he fought. One day," continued the general, "Kilpatrick was recounting his experience in driving back rebel reinforcements at Chancellorsville. Listening to him was a crowd of old soldiers, among whom was Moseby.

"'Why,' said Kilpatrick, 'the woods swarmed with rebels. I had two horses shot under me and——'

"'What did you do then, Kill?' asked Custer.

"'Why, I jumped on to a Government mule; a ball knocked me off, but the mule charged right ahead into the rebel ranks. I never knew what became of that mule.'

"'Why, General,' said Moseby, 'I saw that mule. He came right into our lines.'

"'Well, I'm glad to see my words confirmed,' said Kilpatrick seriously. 'Then you really saw him?'

"'Yes, sure.'

"'Dead?'

"'Yes.'

"'Head shot off?'

"'No, died from mortification.'"

"I suppose our pickets often talked with the rebels?" I remarked.

"Oh, yes," said the general, "and joked with them, too. On the evening before Hooker's last unsuccessful attempt to storm Fredericksburg, one of Fitz Hugh Lee's men discovered a squad of Kilpatrick's cavalry and shouted:

“ ‘Hello, Yanks! Howd’y?’

“ ‘We’re all right. We’re coming to see you pretty quick.’

“ ‘Come on!’ shouted Lee’s men. ‘We’ve got room enough to bury you!’ ”

To illustrate how much the old soldier likes a joke, even at the expense of the army, I give this. One day at the Milwaukee Soldiers’ Home, where I had lectured to 600 old soldiers, I went in and talked with the veterans.

“You were in a good many battles,” I said to a battle scarred private.

“Yes, a good many. Seven Pines, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness——”

“Well, what was the bloodiest battle you were ever in? Where did the balls fall the thickest?”

“Gettysburg, sir—Pickett’s charge—the balls flew like hailstones—and——”

“Why didn’t you get behind a tree?”

“Get behind a tree!” repeated the old soldier indignantly. “Get behind a tree! why, there wasn’t trees enough for the officers!”

General Sherman was very fond of telling the following story about General Thomas. Many a New York dinner table has listened to it.

“You see,” said the general, “General Thomas was junior to me in rank but senior in service. ‘Pap,’ as the boys called him, was a severe disciplinarian. Well, in the Atlanta campaign he had received many complaints about the pilfering and plundering committed by one of his brigades, and, being resolved to put this offense down, he issued some strict orders, menacing with death any who should transgress. The brigade

in question wore for its badge an acorn, in silver or gold, and the men were inordinately proud of this distinctive sign. Several cases of disobedience had been reported to the general, but the evidence was never strong enough for decisive action, until one day, riding with an orderly down a by-lane outside the posts, Thomas came full upon an Irishman who, having laid aside his rifle, with which he had killed a hog, was busily engaged in skinning the animal with his sword-bayonet, so as to make easy work with the bristles, etc., before cooking pork chops.

“‘Ah,’ cried the general, ‘you rascal, at last I have caught you in the act. There is no mistake about it this time, and I will make an example of you, sir!’

“‘Bedad! General!’ said the Irishman, straightening himself up and coming to the salute, ‘it’s not shootin’ me that you ought to be at, but rewardin’ me.’

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“‘What do you mean, sir?’ exclaimed General Thomas.

“‘Why, your Honor!’ the soldier replied, ‘this bad baste here had just been disicratin’ the rigimental badge; and so I was forced to dispatch him. It’s ‘atin’ the acorns that I found him at!’

“Even General Thomas was obliged to laugh at this, and the soldier saved his life by his wit.”

When I asked General Sherman what was the bravest thing he ever did, he said:

“Well, Eli, I saved a man’s life once.”

“Who was it?” I asked.

“Joe Jefferson.”

“Why, how did you save his life?”

“But I did, though,” continued Sherman; “and I

look back to it with unalloyed pride and pleasure. It is something to be proud of, saving such a life as belonged to Joe Jefferson."

"How did it happen? Please tell me."

"Well," said Sherman solemnly. "It occurred last summer. We were both in the parlor upstairs, talking to some ladies. Joe had to leave early, and excused himself. After he went out I noticed a bundle of manuscript on the floor. I thought at first it belonged to me, but finding mine safe, I hurried out to the elevator after Joe, but he had gone by way of the stairs. I halloed 'Joe, Joe,' but he didn't hear me. I ran down after him two steps at a time. I finally caught up with him, and, handing him the manuscript, said:

" 'Here, Joe, you've forgotten something.'

"A serious expression spread over his face, as he took it, and said, in a tremulously solemn and impressive voice:

" 'My God, you've saved my life!'

"It was his autobiography, which he was engaged upon at the time."

"Speaking of General Grant's strategy," said General Sherman, "Grant told me that he thought he learned strategy from his father. He said that when he was a little boy, living on his father's farm in Ohio, his father took him into the stable one day, where a row of cows stood in their unclean stalls, and said:

" 'Ulysses, the stable window is pretty high for a boy, but do you think you could take this shovel and clean out the stable?'

" 'I don't know, father,' said he; 'I never have done it.'

“‘Well, my boy, if you will do it this morning, I’ll give you this bright silver dollar,’ said his father, patting him on the head, while he held the silver dollar before his eyes.

“‘Good,’ said he; ‘I’ll try;’ and then he went to work. He tugged and pulled and lifted and puffed, and finally it was done, and his father gave him the bright silver dollar, saying:

“‘That’s right, Ulysses, you did it splendidly; and now I find you can do it so nicely, I shall have you do it *every morning all winter.*’”

One of the very best stories about General Sherman, and the one above all others that will go into history, is really founded on fact. Sherman, Grant, Jeff Davis, and Lee fought all through the Mexican war. That war added Texas, Southern California, New Mexico, and Arizona to our possessions. No one knew what these new possessions were worth, for they had never been surveyed. Well, after the war, and Mexico had ceded the new possessions to us, President Taylor sent Captain Sherman out to Arizona and New Mexico to survey them. Sherman was gone two years. He penetrated the sandy deserts of Arizona and New Mexico, and looked over the cactus country of Southern California, and then returned to Washington, and called on the President.

“‘Well, Captain,” said President Taylor, “what do you think of our new possessions? will they pay for the blood and treasure spent in the war?”

“‘Do you want my honest opinion?” replied Sherman.

“‘Yes, tell us privately just what you think.”

“‘Well, General,” said Sherman, “it cost us one

hundred millions of dollars, and ten thousand men to carry on the war with Mexico."

"Yes, fully that, but we got Arizona, New Mexico, and Southern California."

"Well, General," continued Sherman, "I've been out there and looked them over,—all that country,—and between you and me I feel that we'll have to go to war again. Yes, we've got to have another war."

"What for?" asked Taylor.

"Why, to make 'em take the darned country back!"

General Sherman always said with pride that the Army of the Tennessee never retreated. They started in at Memphis and came out at Charleston and Wilmington in a fourth of the time that it took the Army of the Potomac to see-saw back and forth between Washington and Richmond. One day after the war the general said he was talking with a veteran from the Army of the Potomac. The soldier was describing the big fight of Hooker at Chancellorsville.

"Did the rebels run?" asked Sherman.

"Did they run?" repeated the soldier. "Did the rebels run? Great Scott! I should say they *did* run. Why, general, they run so like thunder that we had to run three miles to keep out of their way, and if we hadn't thrown away our guns they'd run all over us sure!"

"There was one thing in which the Army of the Potomac was vastly our superior," said General Sherman to General Howard, who commanded the Eleventh Corps when it made its wild retreat.

"What was that?" asked Howard.

"Speed, simple speed," said the general, with a twinkle of the eye.

"What kind of a soldier was General Garfield?" I asked the general.

"Good, generous, and brave, and never once lost faith or wavered in his belief that the Republic would win. He wrote private letters to Secretary Chase, whom he loved as he did a father. These letters criticised methods, but they expressed no doubt about our ultimate success.

"One of the funniest characters in Garfield's brigade was an Irish sentinel who was detailed on guard after the battle of Chickamauga. It was his first experience in guard mounting, and he strutted along his beat with a full appreciation of his position. As a citizen approached he shouted:

"'Halt! Who comes there?'

"'A citizen!'

"'Advance, citizen, and give the countersign.'

"'I haven't the countersign; and if I had, the demand for it at this time and place is something very strange and unusual,' rejoined the citizen.

"'An' by the howly Moses, ye don't pass this way at all, be jabers, till ye say "Bull Run,"' was Pat's reply.

"The citizen, appreciating the 'situation,' advanced and cautiously whispered in his ear the necessary words.

"'Right! Pass on,' and the wide-awake sentinel resumed his beat.

"This same sentinel," said Sherman, "was afterward accused of sleeping on his watch. General Garfield called the man to his tent to lecture him before his court martial.

"'How could you commit such a crime?' asked the

general. 'Do you not know that it is death to be caught sleeping on your watch?'

"'It is false,' said the sentinel. 'How in the devil could I sleep on me watch when it was in the pawn-broker's in Memphis?'

"Speaking of tact," said the general, "tact saved a good many officers in the volunteer service. One day Captain Ward of Indiana, a fresh volunteer officer, stepped up to two soldiers who were practicing with their rifles.

"'See here,' he said, grasping a rifle, 'you shoot wretchedly. Let me show you how to shoot!'

[He shoots and misses.]

"'There,' he says, 'that is the way you shoot.'

[Shoots and misses again.]

"'And that is the way you shoot,' turning to the second soldier.

[Shoots again and hits the mark.]

"'And that is the way I shoot.'

"This same Indiana captain was struggling along before Atlanta, almost worn out with the march. When he saw his company in bad disorder, he gathered himself together and shouted:

"'Close up there, boys—doggone it, close up! If the rebels should fire on you when you're straggling along that way, they couldn't hit a darn one of you! Close up!'

"I met the Indiana captain's father afterward," said the general, "and asked him about his son.

"'Well, I have two sons,' he said, 'and I've made a mistake with them. One is in a bank and the other is in the army. The one in the bank, who ought to be drawing drafts, spends all his time shooting; while the

one in the army, who ought to be a good shot, is always drawing drafts on me for money.' "

Speaking of Admiral Farragut one evening, General Sherman said the best thing happened to the admiral in New Orleans:

"You see, a week after Farragut had taken the city, he went on shore, where he met one of the sailors of the fleet who had been drinking too much. The sailor, being intoxicated, failed to salute the admiral.

"'See here!' said the admiral, who was very strict in regard to discipline, 'do you belong to the United States Navy?'

"'Wall (hic), I don't know whether I do or (hic) not.'

"'You don't, sir? Well, what ship do you belong to?'

"'I don't (hic) know that, either.'

"'Well, sir, do you know me?'

"'No (hic) sir.'

"'Well, sir, I am Admiral Farragut, commander of the United States Navy.'

"'Well, Admiral (hic), I know one thing (hic); you've got a good (hic) job!'

"'What was the most humorous incident in the war?' I asked.

"'What seemed to be the most humorous thing to a German soldier, seemed rather serious to me,' said Sherman. "Among my 'bummers' was a German whom they falsely accused of foraging chickens. When they arrested him he smiled all over. They put him in the guard house and he was in a broad grin. Finally they bucked and gagged him and he laughed uproariously.

"'What are you laughing at, you rascal?' screamed the sergeant.

"'Vi (haw, haw!) I vos de (haw, haw) wrong man!'"

The following anecdote is apropos to General Sherman:

One morning in Saratoga Governor Curtin, the old war governor of Pennsylvania, now a varioloid Republican or mugwump, sat down on the States balcony by Senator Wade Hampton, one of the proudest of the old South Carolina rebels. They are both keen wits, and both gentlemen of the old school.

"I tell you, governor," began General Hampton enthusiastically, "South Carolina is a great State, sir—a great State."

"Yes; South Carolina is a State to be proud of," said Governor Curtin. "I agree with you. I knew a good many distinguished people down there myself—and splendid people they were, too—as brave as Julius Cæsar and as chivalric as the Huguenots."

"You did, sir!" said Senator Hampton, warming up with a brotherly sympathy. "Then you really knew public men who have lived in our old Calhoun State? You knew them?"

"Oh, bless you, yes!" continued Governor Curtin, drawing his chair up confidentially. "I knew some of the greatest men your State has ever seen—knew them intimately too, sir."

"Who did you know down there in our old Palmetto State?" asked Senator Hampton, handing Governor Curtin his cigar to light from.

"Well, sir, I knew General Sherman and General Kilpatrick, and——"

"Great guns!" interrupted Senator Hampton, and

then he threw down his cigar and commenced winding his Waterbury watch.

General Sherman could spin reminiscences of the war by the hour. He could tell about Bragg, and Jeff Davis, and General Scott in Mexico.

"General Scott," he said, "was, perhaps, the proudest man in the Union army. He never appeared except in a full-dress uniform, covered with gilt spangles and buttons. Sheridan and Grant were just the opposite. Horace Porter, who was present, says, 'Grant received General Lee's sword at Appomattox while dressed in a common soldier's blouse.'

"One day," continued the general, "General Scott called on a lady away out in the suburbs of Washington. Her little boy had never seen a soldier, especially such a resplendent soldier as General Scott. When the general rang the bell, the boy answered it. As he pulled open the door, there stood the general in gilded epaulets, yellow sash, and a waving plume on his hat.

"'Tell your mother, little man,' said the general, 'to please come to the door a moment; I want to speak to her.'

"Charlie went upstairs and appeared before his mother, with the most awestruck face.

"'Mamma, some one at the door wants to see you,' he said tremblingly.

"'Who is it, my son?'

"'Oh, I don't know, mamma, but I dess it's Dod.'"

One of the smartest things the grizzled old general ever said was the remark he made about a New York dude.

"What would you do if I were you and you were me, General," tenderly inquired the young swell,

"Oh, you must excuse me," said the general modestly.

"What would I do," growled the grand old soldier, when the dude had gone, "what would I do if I were it; I'll tell you what I'd do. If I were a dude I would throw away that vile cigarette, cut up my cane for firewood, wear my watch-chain underneath my coat, and stay at home nights and pray for brains."

"Speaking of war stories," said General Sherman, "the best thing happened in Howard's Eleventh Corps. Sickles told me the story. It seems that they had a drummer boy over there who always lived well. He was in Col. Arrowsmith's regiment, the Twenty-sixth N. Y. This drummer, while the regiment was on the move, had a *penchant* for foraging on his own account, and the chickens had to roost high to escape his far-reaching hands. Whenever night overtook them, this drummer had a good supper provided for himself. On one occasion he had raked in a couple of turkeys and had put them into his drum for convenience in carrying. When the regiment was halted for the night, Colonel Arrowsmith immediately ordered dress parade, and the drummers were expected to beat up. The forager made his drumsticks go, but the quick-eyed colonel noticed that he was not drumming.

"'Adjutant,' said the colonel, 'that man isn't drumming. Why ain't he drumming?'

"The adjutant stepped up to him, saying, 'Why ain't you drumming?'

"'Because,' said the quick-witted drummer, 'I have got two turkeys in my drum, and one of 'em is for the colonel,'

“The adjutant went back and the colonel asked, ‘What is it?’

“ ‘Why, he says he has got two turkeys in his drum, and one of ’em is for the colonel.’

“Up to this point the conversation had been carried on *sotto voce*, but when the adjutant reported, Colonel Arrowsmith raised his voice so that all could hear.

“ ‘What! sick, is he? Why didn’t he say so before? Send him to his tent at once.’ ”

REMINISCENCES OF WM. R. TRAVERS.

Travers's Joke on the Englishman—A. T. Stewart, Joe Mills, Henry Clews, Jay Gould, and August Belmont.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S interest in his old West Point class-mate, Wm. R. Travers, as manifested by his letter published in the previous chapter, led me to collect all the good stories by and about that charming gentleman. To get these stories I have had long and pleasant conversations with Leonard and Lawrence Jerome, Henry Clews, August Belmont, and Mr. Depew. Mr. Travers died at Bermuda, March 19, 1887; and Leonard and Lawrence Jerome have since followed their boon companion.

The great wit married a daughter of Reverdy Johnson, of Baltimore, our ex-Minister to England, after which he moved to New York and formed a partnership with Leonard Jerome, whose daughter married Lord Randolph Churchill. Mr. Travers belonged to McAlister's 400, but is chiefly celebrated for not resembling that organization in any other particular.

Mr. Travers was a stammerer. He never spoke three consecutive words without stammering. This stammer added to the effectiveness of his wit, as Charles Lamb's stammer added to his wit. His fame got to be so great as a stammerer that he was made the hero of a thousand stammering stories, which he never heard of until they were read to him from the

newspapers. But his shoulders were broad enough and his heart was big enough to father them all.

Speaking of his family one day to an obtuse English friend of Lord Randolph Churchill, Mr. Travers hesitatingly remarked:

"Yes I c-came from a large f-fa-family, a v-v-very l-large f-family!"

"Aw! how large, Mister Travers?" asked the Englishman.

"There were t-t-ten of us boys, and each of us had a s-s-sister."

"Aw, remarkable!" said the obtuse Englishman. "Then there were twenty of you?"

"N-no," said Travers scornfully, "l-l-leven."

Englishmen were always the natural prey of Jerome and Travers. Jerome pumped them full of the most astonishing stories of Travers's career as a warrior, hunter, yachtsman, statesman, financier, and philosopher, and then let Travers get out of it as best he could.

One day Jerome was showing an Englishman a queer toy. It was an automatic English dude, with big cane and eye-glasses.

"Why, it don't seem to work well," said the Englishman.

"T-t-they never d-d-do," said Travers.

Mr. Travers had Southern blood in him, and he was inclined to be an aristocrat. He was always saying spiteful things about tradesmen like Astor, Lorillard, and A. T. Stewart. Stewart was elected on one occasion to preside at a meeting of citizens during the war. Travers was present in the audience. When Mr. Stewart took his gold pencil case from his pocket and

lapped with its head on the table for the meeting to come to order, Travers called out, in an audible tone:

"C-CASH!"

This brought down the house, and no one laughed more heartily than Mr. Stewart, although it was a severe thrust at himself.

Mr. Travers once went down to a dog-fancier's in Water Street to buy a rat-terrier.

"Is she a g-g-good ratter?" asked Travers, as he poked a little shivering pup with his cane.

"Yes, sir; splendid! I'll show you how he'll go for a rat," said the dog-fancier, and then he put him in a box with a big rat.

The rat made one dive and laid out the frightened terrier in a second, but Travers turned around, and ramming his hand into his pockets called out:

"I say, Johnny, w-w-what'll ye t-t-take for the r-r-rat?"

I never knew but one joke ever perpetrated on Mr. Travers, though he was always getting jokes on to other people.

We had one stammering waiter at the States in Saratoga, but he never stammered unless excited. When talking to a stammering man he became doubly nervous and would stammer fearfully. Joe Mills, who with his brother, D. O. Mills, used to open oysters before they went to California, became millionaires, and joined the aristocracy and the 400, wanted to get even with Travers, who had been making fun of his French accent. So he got the head-waiter to station this stammering waiter at Travers's table, and then we all watched the result.

The great wit was a little nervous himself that day, having patronized the wrong horse at the races, and

having eaten a bilious supper at Moon's the night before.

At first Mr. Travers was troubled by a cold plate, then the soft shell crabs were not browned properly, and the eggs were too rare.

"T-ta-take 'em o-o-off," he said, frowning at the waiter, and pointing to the eggs.

"W-wha-what f-f-for?" asked the waiter.

"N-n-never mind; take 'em o-o-off!"

"The h-h-ham suits you, d-d-don't it?" stammered the waiter.

"N-no; o-off with it!" said Travers.

"But what shall I b-b-bring you?"

"W-w-why, anything—and q-q-quick, too!"

"But t-t-tell me one thing before I go," said the waiter.

"Well, w-w-what is it?"

"Why, p-p-please tell if you c-c-came here to eat or to have a f-f-fit?"

The next day, to get even with Mr. Mills, Travers told more stories about his French accent. He said that Joe, who had been in Cuba for his health, finally returned to Key West, and sent this telegram to Leonard Jerome:

LEONARD JEROME, STOCK EXCHANGE: Tell the members of the Stock Exchange that I have arrived safely on *terra cotta*.

J. M.

"When Joe came down to the street after arriving in New York," said Travers, "I asked him how he felt."

"How do I feel?" *Comment est-ce que je me porte*, you mean," said Mr. Mills.

"Yes, as you French scholars say, 'How do you carry yourself,' Joe?"

"Oh, *we*. Well, I feel just splendid—*splendide*. When I went to Cuba I was a very sick man—*très malade*; but now (with an expressive French shrug) I feel—I feel *new plus ulster*."

I asked Mr. Mills afterward if he really said *new plus ulster* and he denied it. "It's one of Bill Travers's jokes, Eli," he said. "I guess I know how to talk French—*trois ans à Paree*. But I'll tell you honestly, Eli, what I did say. When Travers said I looked sick and wouldn't live a year, I just snapped my fingers in the old fellow's face and walked off in the—in the utmost *nom de plume*!"

Mr. Depew says he was at the Academy of Design one evening looking at the famous picture "Luther at the Diet of Worms."

A little while afterward he met Mr. Mills and asked him if he had seen "Luther and the Diet of Worms?"

"I saw Luther," said Joe, "but I didn't see any worms. That must have been an awful diet—diet of worms; *c'est très mal*!" And Joe gave a real French shrug with both shoulders.

Mr. Henry Clews says this dialogue actually occurred in Newport.

Mr. Travers called on Mrs. Belmont at her cottage one morning and said:

"M-M-Mrs. B-B-Belmont, have y-y-y-you ever b-b-b-been in S-S-Sain——"

"Why, Mr. Travers!" said the astonished Mrs. Belmont, "what do you mean?"

"H-h-h-ave you ever b-b-b-been in-in-in-in S-S-Sain—in S-S-Sain—have y-y-y-y-you ever b-b-b-b-been in Sain—i-i-i-i-n Sain——"

"Now, no joking here," said Mrs. Belmont. "I am

too provoked to listen to you," and she went across the room.

"Mr. Travers," said Mr. Belmont, shortly afterward, "Mrs. Belmont says you've been trying to joke her."

"N-n-no!" said Travers, "I was only trying to ask your wife if sh-sh-she had ever been in S-S-S-Saint Louis."

The old parrot story, which I gave fifteen years ago in "Saratoga in 1901," is good enough to repeat.

Mr. Travers went into a bird-fancier's in Centre Street.

"H-h-have you got a-a-all kinds of b-b-birds?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, all kinds," said the bird-fancier politely.

"I w-w-want to b-buy a p-p-parrot," hesitated Mr. T.

"Well, here is a beauty. See its golden plumage!"

"B-b-beautiful," stammered Travers. "C-c-can he t-t-talk?"

"Talk!" exclaimed the bird-fancier. "If he can't talk better than you can I'll give him to you!"

"One day," says Henry Clews in his "Thirty Years in Wall Street," "after Mr. Travers had moved to New York, an old friend from Baltimore met him in Wall Street. As it had been a long time since they saw each other, they had a considerable number of topics to talk over. They had been familiar friends in the Monumental City, and were not, therefore, restrained by the usual social formalities.

"'I notice, Travers,' said the Baltimorean, 'that you stutter a great deal more than when you were in Baltimore.'"

"'W-h-y, y-e-s,' replied Mr. Travers, darting a look

of surprise at his friend; 'of course I do; this is a d-d-darned sight b-b-bigger city.' "

Travers saw Jay Gould one afternoon standing in front of the Stock Exchange buried in deep thought.

"Clews," he said, turning to the banker, "that's a queer attitude for G-G-Gould."

"How so?" asked Clews.

"Why he's got his hands in his p-p-pockets—his own p-p-pockets."

Mr. Clews, the well-known bald-headed banker, always prides himself on being a self-made man. During a recent talk with Mr. Travers, he had occasion to remark that he was the architect of his own destiny—that he was a self-made man.

"W-w-what d-did you say, Mr. Clews?" asked Mr. Travers.

"I say with pride, Mr. Travers, that I am a self-made man—that I made myself——"

"Hold, H-Henry," interrupted Mr. Travers, as he dropped his cigar, "w-while you were m-m-making yourself, why the devil d-did-didn't you p-put some more hair on the top of y-your h-head?"

Colonel Fisk was showing Mr. Travers over the "Plymouth Rock," the famous Long Branch boat. After showing the rest of the vessel, he pointed to two large portraits of himself and Mr. Gould, hanging, a little distance apart, at the head of the stairway.

"There," says the colonel, "what do you think of them?"

"They're good, Colonel—you hanging on one side and Gould on the other; f-i-r-s-t rate. But, Colonel," continued the wicked Mr. Travers, buried in thought, "w-w-where's our Saviour?"

Mr. Travers, who is a vestryman in Grace Church, says he knows it was wicked, but he couldn't have helped it if he'd been on his dying bed.

One of Travers's best *bon mots* was inspired by the sight of the Siamese twins. After carefully examining the mysterious ligature that had bound them together from birth, he looked up blankly at them and said, "B-b-br-brothers, I presume?"

Mr. Clews says that the last time he saw Travers, the genial broker called at his office. Looking at the tape, Clews remarked:

"The market is pretty stiff to-day, Travers."

"Y-y-yes, but it is the st-st-stiffness of d-d-death."

One day, many years ago, Mr. Travers was standing on the curb of New Street, opposite the Exchange, buying some stock from a gentleman whose aspect was unmistakably of the Hebrew stamp.

"Wh-wh-what is your name?" asked Travers.

"Jacobs," responded the seller.

"B-b-but wh-what is your *Christian* name?" reiterated Travers.

The Hebrew was nonplussed, and the crowd was convulsed with laughter.

The first time Mr. Travers attempted to find Montague Street, in Brooklyn, he lost his way, although he was near the place. Meeting a man, he said:

"I desire to r-reach M-Montague St-Street. W-will you b-be kik-kind enough to pup-point the way?"

"You-you are go-going the wrong w-way," was the stammering answer. "That is M-Montague St-Street there."

"Are y-you mimick-mimicking me; making fun of me-me?" asked Mr. Travers sharply.

"Nun-no, I assure you, sir," the other replied. "I-I am ba-badly af-flict-flicted with an imp-impediment in my speech."

"Why do-don't y-you g-get cured?" asked Travers solemnly. "G-go to Doctor Janvrin, and y-you'll get c-cured. D-don't y-you see how well I talk? H-he cu-cured m-m-me."

The best stammering story I know of happened with myself—actually happened. Travers wasn't in it. I lectured once before the Y. M. C. A. of Binghamton.

The chairman of the lecture committee, Major Stevens, who is a great stammerer, was rather late in calling on me at the hotel. When he finally came, I said:

"Major, where've you been. Where've you been?"

"I've b-b-been down to, been d-d-down t-t-to-to——"

"Where did you say?"

"I've been d-d-down to A-A-Albany, the c-c-c-capital."

"What have you been down to Albany for?"

"I've b-b-been there to see the m-m-members of the leg-leg-legislature."

"What did you want to see the members of the legislature for?"

"Well, I wanted to get 'em to c-c-change the State con-consti constitution."

"Why, what did you want to change the New York State constitution for?"

"Because the St-St-State constitution g-g-guarantees to ev-ev-every m-m-man f-f-free s-s-speech, and I w-w-want it, or I w-w-want the d-d-darned thing changed!"

CHAUNCEY DEPEW'S BEST STORIES.

Depew on the Poughkeepsie Farm—Discussing Demand and Supply—
The Crowded Connecticut Funeral—Absent-minded Daniel Drew—
The Spotted Dog and Other Stories—Depew in Ireland—Fun with
the Irish Girls—All of Depew's Stories.

I HAD the delightful pleasure of riding in the seat with William M. Evarts one day from New Haven to the senator's farm at Windsor, Vt. We had been talking about typical Americans like General Butler, Daniel Voorhies, and General Alger of Michigan. All at once the thought struck me, and I asked the great forensic lawyer and descendant of Roger Sherman this question:

"Who is our best typical American?"

"Why, Chauncey Depew, by all odds," said Mr. Evarts. "He will go into history as our best all-around representative typical American. His life shows what a poor boy with grit and the blood of the Puritans in him can accomplish. Here is a case of a man, born, not poor, but in ordinary circumstances, on a sterile farm back of Poughkeepsie, who graduates at Yale, becomes an accomplished scholar, an eloquent orator, a shrewd president of our greatest railroad, and with, perhaps, even presidential chances in the future."

Governor Russell J. Alger told me once that he was born in poorer circumstances than Depew. At the age of ten Alger's mother was left with twelve children.

They lived in a leaky tenement house near Canton, O., and little Russell often worked a whole week to earn money enough to buy a bushel of meal to keep his little brother and sisters from starving. Alger went into the war a private and returned a general. At the close of the war he took his ax and went into the woods in Michigan and actually cut cordwood. One man in Michigan now holds a receipt from Alger for sixteen dollars, in payment for cutting thirty-two cords of stove wood! So Depew and Alger are both typical Americans. General Alger so often suffered with the cold when a poor boy that he has for years kept a standing order at several Detroit coal yards to give a bucket of coal to any poor person in the city who needs it enough to carry it home.

Depew knew what it was to work when a boy; and many times this great railroad magnate, who now makes presidents, talks politics with Gladstone, and jokes with the Prince of Wales, has driven the cows home in the rain.

Mr. Depew's features are marked and individual. In his latest pictures he resembles Gladstone, and when he reaches the age of the eloquent sage of Hawarden his resemblance to the great English commoner will be startling. The great railroad magnate always beams with good humor, and is never too busy to see a friend, even if he has to say "hail and farewell" in the same breath.

Mr. Depew's stories, like Lincoln's, always fit the occasion, and prove or illustrate some point. One day at a railroad meeting several railroad presidents, like Sam Sloan and President Roberts, of the Pennsylvania, were gravely discussing the subject of passes and the

Interstate Commerce bill, when Depew remarked that a man gave him the queerest excuse for a pass that morning that he ever heard of.

"What was it?" asked President Roberts.

"Well, he came in and simply said he would like a pass to Albany."

"On what grounds?" asked Roberts.

"Simply these," said the man: "when I went up last Monday I was the only man on the train who didn't have a pass. General Husted had one, and Senator Irwin, and everybody else, and when I hauled out my ticket they all laughed at me. Now, Mr. Depew, I don't want to be laughed at."

"And you passed him on that?" asked Sloan.

"Yes, gave him an annual."

I was talking one day, with Mr. Depew, about demand and supply. I said the price of any commodity is always controlled by the demand and supply.

"Not always, Eli," said Mr. Depew; "demand and supply don't always govern prices. Business tact sometimes governs them."

"When," I asked, "did an instance ever occur when the price did not depend on demand and supply?"

"Well," said Mr. Depew, "the other day I stepped up to a German butcher, and out of curiosity asked:

"What's the price of sausages?"

"Dwenty cents a bound," he said.

"You asked twenty-five this morning," I replied.

"Ya, dot vas ven I had some. Now I ain't got none I sells him for dwenty cends. Dot makes me a repudation for selling cheab und I don'd lose nod-dings."

"You see," said Depew laughing, "I didn't want any

sausage and the man didn't have any; no demand or supply, and still the price of sausage went down."

Mr. Depew is perhaps the most popular dinner orator and dinner guest in New York. He is President of the Union League Club, and his popularity will probably keep him there as long as he can talk and eat. Besides presiding over his own club he is always booked for an annual speech at the New England, St. Patrick's, and St. Andrew's dinners.

One day I was talking with him about going out to dinner so much.

"Yes," he said, "I do go out a good deal."

"But how can you stand it? I should think it would give you dyspepsia. I suppose you can eat everything?"

"No, there are two things which I always positively refuse to eat for dinner," said Mr. Depew gravely.

"And what are they?"

"Why, breakfast and supper."

"But the great crowds you have to face in heated rooms—they must wear on you," I said.

"But the crowded dining-room," said Depew, "is more healthful than a funeral. Now, I have a friend in Poughkeepsie who goes out more than I do, but he goes to funerals. He never misses one. He enjoys a good funeral better than the rest of us enjoy a dinner.

"I remember one day how I attended a funeral with my Poughkeepsie friend over in Dutchess County. The house was packed. The people came for miles around—and everybody came to mourn, too. Many eyes were wet, and some good old farmers, who had never seen the deceased, except at a distance, groaned and shed real tears. After we had crowded our way

in among the mourners, I turned to my friend and said:

"‘George, I don’t see the coffin—where is it?’

"But George couldn’t answer.

"After a while I made a remark to my friend about a lovely eight-day clock standing in the hall.

"‘The clock!’ said George mournfully, ‘why, that isn’t a clock, that’s the coffin. They’ve stood him up in the hall to make room for the mourners!’"

Speaking of absent-minded men one day, Mr. Depew said:

"Daniel Drew was a very absent-minded man. Once he started for the Erie train and thought he had left his watch at home. First he thought he would go back after it. In an absent-minded way he took out his watch, looked at it, and exclaimed:

"‘Whew! five o’clock, and the train goes out 5:10. I won’t have time.’

"Then he put his watch back in his pocket and telegraphed his wife to send it to Albany by express.

"But Horace Greeley," said Depew, "was more absent-minded than Drew."

"Do you remember the instance?" I asked.

"Yes, Whitelaw Reid said when Greeley left the *Tribune* office one day he put a card on his office door, ‘Will return at three o’clock.’

"Happening to return at 1.30, and seeing the sign, he sat down in the hall and waited for himself till three o’clock. Greeley *was* absent-minded!"

Mr. Depew gives the credit for his success in life to his mother. When I asked him to please describe her to me, he said:

"My mother was a woman of broad culture and a

great reader. She was intensely religious and believed in the efficacy of church attendance on the Sabbath. She did not care for money and never gave any advice in regard to it. Rich people did not impress her, but she was never tired of enthusiastically speaking of the honors of life and of men who had become famous as statesmen, orators, or authors. She pleaded so earnestly and urgently the duty of going to church that I am as uncomfortable now for the remainder of the week if absent from service at least once on Sunday as I was when a boy. She valued education beyond all acquisition, and her constant injunction was to get knowledge. Her often repeated remark was: 'It requires little money to live and anybody who tries can earn it, but very few can win distinction. Strive for that.'

The father of the great railroad president was a very frugal farmer, and also a very pious man. He never liked to have any time wasted in the prayer-meeting. One night, when the experiences had all been told, and the exhortations flagged, and the prayers grew feeble, Brother Depew arose and solemnly remarked:

"I don't like to see this valuable time wasted. Brother Joslyn, can't you tell your experience?"

Brother Joslyn said he'd told his experience twice already.

"Then, Brother Finney, can't you make a prayer or tell your experience?"

"I've told it several times to-night, brother, and prayed twice."

"Well, my brethren," said Mr. Depew, "as the regular exercises to-night seem to halt a little, and as no one seems to want to pray or tell his experience, I

will improve the time by making a few observations on the tariff."

Mr. Depew took a trip to Blarney Castle and Killarney a year or two ago, and his reminiscences of that trip are very amusing. When I asked him if he saw any of those beautiful golden-haired Irish girls that we read about, he said:

"Yes, about forty joined our party at Killarney—and such rosy-checked, red-lipped Irish girls they were! Bright and merry as girls could be. They made a raid upon our pockets which cleaned out the last shilling, but it was fairly won and lost.

"'Sure, sor,' said a pretty girl, 'an' are the winters very cold in Ameriky?'

"'Yes,' I said.

"'Then,' said this bright-eyed siren, 'I have been expecting you, sor, and have knitted these woolen stockings to make you comfortable at home and keep your heart warm to ould Ireland.'

"'And is there nothing you will buy?' said another.

"'Nothing,' said I.

"'Well, then,' she cried, 'will yer honor give me a shilling for a sixpence?'

"'I am going to be married, sor,' lisped a mountain beauty, 'and me marriage portion is pretty near made up! and Pat's getting very weary waiting so long.'

"'My money is all gone,' said I, when, quick as a flash, I heard a friend say to her:

"'Mary, thry him on getting to Ameriky.'"

"Are the Irish really a witty people?" I asked.

"They are very bright," said Mr. Depew. "The Irish are the quickest and most cheerful of all the peasantry of Europe. While the English and Continental

people who are in like condition are little above the brutes, the Irish are as full of life, fire, and humor as if their state was one of frolic and ease. Touch one of them anywhere and at any time, and he bubbles with fun and smart repartee. When I was in Dublin, a political orator was describing his opponent as an extinct volcano, when a voice in the audience cried:

"'Oh, the poor crater.'

"I said to a jaunting-car driver at Queenstown, to whom I owed a shilling:

"'Can you change a half-crown (two and sixpence)?'

"'Change a half-crown, is it?' he cried, in mock amazement, 'do you think I have robbed a bank?'

"At Killarney," continued Mr. Depew, "I met a delicious bit of wit and blunder. I asked the hotel clerk to stamp a letter for me. He put on the postage stamp, which bears Victoria's image, and then starting back as if horrified, said:

"'Bedad, but I have stood her majesty on her head.'

"'Well,' I said, 'that is not astonishing for an Irishman; but that is a double letter, and won't go without another stamp.'

"'Another stamp, is it?' and slapping the second directly over the first, 'Begora,' said he, 'it will go now.'

"I love the witty Irish so well," continued Mr. Depew, "that you must let me illustrate some of their characteristics. Some friends of mine, and among them a disciple of Bergh, were walking through Cork, and saw a boy of sixteen beating a donkey. Said the member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals:

“‘Boy, stop beating your brother!’ And as quick as a flash the boy answered:

“‘I won’t, father!’

“‘I said to an Irish liveryman: ‘Give me a good horse for a long ride.’

“‘All right, your honor. The best in the world.’

“‘The horse broke down in half an hour, and I said: ‘You rascal, why did you cheat me in this way?’

“‘Sure, your honor, that horse is all right, but he is a very intelligent baste, and, knowing you are a stranger, he wants you to have time to see the scenery.’

“‘As I was bidding farewell to Ireland, I said to my faithful attendant: ‘Good-by, Pat.’

“‘Good-by, yer honor,’ he said pathetically. ‘May God bless you, and may every hair in your head be a candle to light your soul to glory.’

“‘Well, Pat,’ I said, showing him my bald pate, ‘when that time comes there won’t be much of a torch-light procession.’”

While in Edinburgh Mr. Depew visited Stirling Castle, overlooking the battlefield of Bannockburn, where Bruce saved Scotland. In this castle King James was born and baptized into the Romish Church. When I asked Mr. Depew about Scotch wit he said:

“‘The Scotch are witty when it pays to be witty. It was a Scotchman who advised his son to be virtuous, on the ground that virtue paid better than vice, and that he had tried both. At Stirling Castle my Scotch guide said:

“‘Sir, the tower is closed which contains the crown jewels, and you can’t get in.’

“‘The doors are locked, you say?’

"'Locked as tight as the Bank of England.'

"'Will a sovereign open them?'

"'The half of it will, sir!' he fairly yelled, in astonishment at the reckless prodigality of the offer."

Mr. Depew's idea of Scotch wit is a good deal like my own. The Scotch are so practical that the paradox outrages them.

The venerable Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, was a Scotch logician, and once wrote a magazine article on humor, but still this great philosopher could never see through a joke. I said this to President Andrew D. White of Cornell University at the States in Saratoga once.

"Do you really think so?" asked the president.

"I know it," I said. "Now, Dr. McCosh is up at the Clarendon; let us go up there, and I will tell him a joke with a paradox in it, and if he sees the point I will admit I am in error."

Well, we went up and called on the venerable Princeton president; and after we had talked about foreordination and the stoical philosophy of Seneca in the sweet reign of Marcus Aurelius, I told him the old paradoxical story that I have often told about Bill Nye: How, meeting Bill one day, I remarked upon his beautiful white teeth.

"Now, Mr. Nye," I said, "how do you keep your teeth so white?"

"Oh, that's easy," he said; "all teeth will remain white if they are properly taken care of. Of course I never drink hot drinks, always brush my teeth morning and evening, avoid all acids whatever, and, although I am forty years old, my teeth are as good as ever."

"And that is all you do to preserve your teeth, is it? You do not select the silicates instead of oleaginous food?"

"Oh, no; I do nothing at all—except—well—except I generally put them in soft water nights."

Dr. White laughed at the paradox, as does the reader, but logically minded Dr. McCosh put his hand to his brow as if in deep thought and remarked:

"Yes, yes, but as a scientist I cannot see what chemical property there is in warm water which can act upon the enamel of the teeth so as to make them white!"

Dr. White looked at me first in bewilderment and then he burst into a second laugh louder than the first.

Returning from Liverpool on the *City of Rome* I fell in with a Scotch journalist who said he could never see any fun in Artemus Ward. "He is so illogical, and says such impossible things!" he said.

"What is one illogical thing that Mr. Ward has said?" I asked.

"Why," said the Scotchman, "he said, 'he was bound to live within his means if he had to borrow money to do it.' Why, he wouldn't be living within his means if he borrowed money. Impossible! How absurd!"

Now this Scotchman's language was so precise and matter-of-fact, that he amused me as much as Artemus. When I asked my Scotch journalist what newspaper he wrote for, he said:

"I write serious editorials for the *Glasgow Herald*."

"Did you ever try to write humorous articles?" I asked.

"Very seldom," he said. "I am very good at comprehensive serious writing, but my wit, I fear, is constrained. I joke with difficulty."

I am perpetually amused at the stupidity of John Bull. He always misconstrues every idea. Our American exaggerated stories that come in from Colorado and Wyoming, always astound the Englishman. He believes these stories literally. I was very much amused at a party of English tourists whom I met at Queenstown after they had been doing the lakes of Killarney. When I asked a John Bull who it was who made up his Killarney party, he said:

"We had a rum fellow from Glasgow, a blarsted Yankee from Chicago, a bloody Irishman from Cork, a Canuck chap from Toronto, and two English gentlemen."

One day a steady going John Bull said to me at Kensington:

"You have queer people in St. Louis, 'av'n't you?"

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," he said, "don't chew know, I read a strange story in a newspaper about a St. Louis lady. Some one asked 'er on the steamer if she 'ad been presented at Court while in London, and she said:

"'Well, no. I didn't go to Court, myself, but my 'usband did; but he got let off with merely a nominal fine.'"

Then as his single eye-glass fell off, he remarked "Extraordinary, wasn't it?" Then after a moment's deep thought he screwed on his eye-glass and continued solemnly, "I dare say this St. Louis story is true, for I really read it in a Chicago newspaper!"

The French have a different humor from Sandy or John Bull. The Frenchman enjoys the impossible. He laughs at the paradox. One day in Paris I went to see the unveiling of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty. The

French President presented the statue to America and Minister Morton received it. After the ceremony Minister Morton introduced me to M. François Bricaire, the humorist of *Figaro*. I tried hard to get to the bottom of French humor. We exchanged our best stories. I find they have a different idea of humor from what we Americans have. All French stories are true. They never exaggerate, and the paradox is not funny to the Frenchman. It exasperates him.

I asked M. Bricaire to tell me the funniest thing he could think of.

"You Americans," he said, "are always funny to us. You do such unnatural things. Why, an American recently came here with a steam fire-engine. He was wild to have Paris adopt it. We said. 'Why, we never have any fires. Our buildings are fireproof.'

"'No fires?' he said. 'No fires in Paris?'

"'No, never.'

"'Pshaw,' he said, 'you are behind the times. It's because you have no steam fire-engines. Get the engines and the fires will come.' He made me laugh, ha, ha!"

"He was like a Frenchman," continued the humorist, "who claimed to be a great inventor. When the Academy asked him what he had invented, he said:

"'I have discovered how to take the salt out of cod-fish.' Ha, ha—that is our best joke."

But to return to Mr. Depew:

"The ride of six miles from Edinburgh to Roslyn," continued Mr. Depew, "gave me an unusual opportunity to mark the difference in intelligence between the nationalities of the coachman class. The Irish driver is full of wit, humor, and fun, but his information is lim-

ited, and he is a poor guide. The English driver is the stupidest of all mortals. He has neither imagination nor knowledge. I said to one as we drove through the ancient gates of an old walled town:

“ ‘What were those arches built for?’

“ ‘I don't know, sir.’

“ ‘How long have you lived here?’

“ ‘All my life, sir.’

“ ‘In the square at Salisbury stood a statue of Sidney Herbert, for many years a distinguished member of parliament. I asked the coachman: ‘Whose statue is that?’

“ ‘Mr. Herbert, sir.’

“ ‘Well,’ said I, ‘what did he do to deserve a statue?’

“ ‘I don't know, sir, but I think he fit somewhere.’

“ ‘Well, is that the reason he is dressed in a frock coat, and carries an umbrella instead of a sword?’

“ ‘Yes, sir, I think so.’

“ ‘I said to my driver at Torquay:

“ ‘Do many Americans come here?’

“ ‘Oh, yes, sir. H'Americans are very fond of Torquay. Only yesterday morning, sir, two h'Americans, young ladies, 'ad me out before breakfast, and they made me drive them to an h'American dentist to have a tooth plugged, and the next day I had to go there very early again, because there was some trouble with that plug. Oh, the h'Americans are very fond of Torquay, sir.’”

“ ‘What was the oldest ruin you visited in England?’ I asked.

“ ‘Well, old Stonehenge, ten miles from Old Sarum. The age of Stonchenge is not known. It is a mystery of the prehistoric past. There are four rows in circles

of rough, uncut stone columns, each circle within the other. Two uprights, standing about twenty-five feet high, are bound by a third, resting across them on the top, and so on all the way round. This structure is in the midst of a chalk plain, and there are no stones like it nearer than Ireland. The stones weigh about eleven tons each. Where did they come from? How did a primitive people get them there? How did they raise these vast blocks and place them upon the top of the upright supports? Have other races lived, flourished, and perished, with high civilization, before our own? I made all these inquiries, and many more, of the old guide at the temple, and finally he said:

“ ‘H’I can h’always tell h’Americans by the h’odd questions they ask. Now that big stone yonder fell h’over and broke in the year 1797, and when I told this to one of your countrymen he said:

“ ‘ ‘Well, did you see it fall?’ ”

“ ‘ ‘Good heavens,” said I, “that was nearly a hundred years ago.”

“ ‘Then I was only last week pointing out to a pretty young h’American lady, how only one day in the year, and that the longest day, the first rays of the rising sun come directly over that tallest stone, and strike on that stone lying down over there with the letter “h’A” on it, which means the altar.

“ ‘ ‘Oh,” she said, “I suppose you have seen it more than a thousand times.”

“ ‘ ‘Lord bless you, miss,” said I, “it only happens once a year.” ’

“ ‘Henry Irving, the actor, told me that Toole, the comedian, said to him one day: ‘And so you have done more in twenty years to revive and properly pre-

sent the plays of Shakespeare than any man living, and were never at Stratford? Let's go at once.' A few hours found them roaming over all the sacred and classic scenes by the Avon. As they were returning to the hotel in the early evening, they met an agricultural laborer coming home with his shirt outside his pantaloons, with his pipe in his mouth, stolid and content. Toole asked him:

"Does Mr. Shakespeare live here?"

"No, sor. I think he be dead."

"Well, do many people come to see his grave?"

"Oh, yes, sor."

"What did he do to make these great crowds visit his house and the church where he is buried?"

"I've lived here all my life," said Hodge, scratching his head in great perplexity, "but I don't know exactly, but I think he writ somethin'."

"What did he write?"

"I think," said Hodge solemnly, "I think it was the Bible."

I told Mr. Depew's dog story years ago, but the great story-teller has changed it lately, so the last time I saw him I asked him to give me the new version.

"But it is a chestnut, Eli," he said, and then he continued thoughtfully. "Everything good is a chestnut. A good dinner is a chestnut; and so is your old port wine, and your wife's love; but you never get tired of them. The dog story really happened, you know. You see, when I was about fourteen years old my father lived on the old farm up at Poughkeepsie. One day after I had finished a five-acre field of corn my father let me go to town to see a circus. While in town I saw for the first time a spotted coach dog. It took my fancy and

I bought it and took it home. When father saw it, his good old Puritan face fell.

"'Why, Chauncey,' he said sadly, 'we don't want any spotted dog on the farm--he'll drive the cattle crazy.'

"'No, he won't, father,' said I proudly; 'he's a blooded dog.'

"The next day," said Mr. Depew, "it was raining, and I took the dog out into the woods to try him on a coon, but the rain was too much for him. It washed the spots off. That night I took the dog back to the dog dealer with a long face. Said I: 'Look at the dog sir; the spots have all washed off.'

"'Great guns, boy!' exclaimed the dog dealer, 'there was an umbrella went with that dog. Didn't you get the umbrella?'"

At the last Presidential election the Democrats claimed every State. They claimed that Harrison was surely defeated, and that Cleveland had carried every State.

"The Democrats claiming everything so," said Depew, "reminds me of the Boston drummer who was dining at the Albany station. In announcing dessert the waiters sang out mince pie, apple pie, peach pie, and custard!

"'Give me a piece of mince, apple, and peach,' said the drummer.

"'I say,' said the waitress, as she hesitated a moment, 'what's the matter of the custard?'"

Mr. Depew worships a sweet, pure American joke, and he never gets mad if he is made the victim of it. When the jovial railroad president arrived from Europe the last time, the wits of the Union League Club

had a good joke ready for him. Elliott F. Shepard, Vanderbilt's son-in-law, and Wm. M. Evarts had told it, and Mr. Dana had it ready for the *Sun*. The next day after Mr. Depew arrived from Europe, and before he heard the story, I was in Cornelius Vanderbilt's room in the Grand Central Depot. The story was about Depew's experience on the steamer. I didn't know that Depew sat in the next room and overheard every word of the story through the half-open door.

"A new story on Depew?" said Vanderbilt.

"Yes, and Depew himself hasn't heard it yet."

"What is it—tell it?"

"Well," I said, "Evarts and the Union League fellows say that every evening on Depew's steamer, a dozen or so genial passengers clustered in the smoking saloon to tell stories and yarns about things in general. Every soul save one in the party kept his end up. The one exceptional member of the party did not laugh or indicate by even a twinkle of the eye any interest in the funniest jokes, and was as silent as a door-knob at the best stories.

"This conduct began to nettle Mr. Depew and the other spirits, and when the final séance came around they had lost all patience with the reticent and unresponsive stranger. Mr. Depew was finally selected to bring him to terms. They were all comfortably seated and in came the stranger.

"'See here, my dear sir,' said Mr. Depew, 'won't you tell a story?'

"'I never told one in my life.'

"'Sing a song?'

"'Can't sing.'

"'Know any jokes?' persisted Mr. Depew.

“‘No.’

“Mr. Depew and all were prepared to give it up when the stranger stammered and hesitated and finally made it known that he knew just one conundrum, but had forgotten the answer.

“‘Give it to us,’ said Mr. Depew and the others in chorus. ‘Yes, give it to us; we’ll find the answer.’

“‘What is the difference between a turkey and me?’ solemnly asked the stranger.

“‘Give it up,’ said Chairman Depew.

“‘The difference between a turkey and me,’ mildly said the stranger, ‘is that they usually stuff the bird with chestnuts after death. I am alive.’”

Vanderbilt smiled audibly, but a merry ha! ha! echoed from the next room.

It was the happy laugh of Depew himself, and it grew louder till I left the building. When I meet Mr. Depew now I give him the whole sidewalk, and when I ride on his railroad I walk.

NEW PHILOSOPHY OF WIT AND HUMOR.

Wit and Humor Distinctly Separated—Wit, Imagination ; Humor, the Truth—Wits and Humorists Classified—Mark Twain, Dickens, Will Carleton, Nasby, Josi Billings, Danbury *News* Man, Burdette—Pathos.

IT was years after I had left college ; yes, years after I had written humorous books and floated wit and humor as far as the English language goes, before I began to investigate philosophically the difference between them. It was also years before I could separate satire and ridicule. In making this investigation I had no books to go to. All the mental philosophers like Lord Kames, Whateley, Blair, and Wayland had left us only one erroneous definition, that "Wit is a short-lived surprise." Edison told me that he found all the data on electricity that had come down from Newton and Franklin and Morse erroneous. He threw their data away and commenced again. I did the same with wit and humor. I said, suppose a physician should give as silly a reason for the cause of death as the rhetoricians do of the cause of laughter. Suppose when I asked Dr. Hammond or Dr. MacKenzie what caused a patient's death, they should say :

"Why, he died from want of breath!"

"But what caused the want of breath? You are begging the question."

"Oh, disease (genus), small-pox (species)."

"Ah, now you have a perfect definition."

Now, I ask the rhetoricians what causes the surprise? They do not know. I have discovered this cause. It is the magnification or minification of a thought beyond the truth into the imagination. So I find all humor is pure truth or nature; while all wit is imagination. Humor is the photograph, while wit is an imaginative sketch.

Now we can separate the humorists from the wits. Dickens was a pure humorist. The stories of "Little Nell,"* and "Smike," and "Oliver Twist," were descriptions true in letter and in spirit. No imagination. The characters actually lived, and Dickens simply photographed them, dialects and all.

HUMOR.

Here is a little bit of pure humor: I caught it through the phonograph.

While they were carrying my phonograph across Central Park I stopped to have Moses, a little black boy, black my boots. When my boots were half done, Julius, who, it seems, had been quarreling with Moses in the morning, came up. I saw there was fire in his

* The London *Literary World* says: "Smike is still living in Bury St Edmunds, where he keeps a toy shop. He is a tall, hatchet-faced old gentleman, proud of his romantic eminence. Carker was connected, through his father, with an eminent engineering firm, and lived in Oxford Road, where he prowled about, a nuisance to all the servant girls in the neighborhood. Carker, Major Bagstock, Mrs. Skewton,—whose real name was Campbell,—and her daughter were well-known characters in Leamington. Fifty years ago the Shannon coach, running between Ipswich and London, was driven by a big, burly old fellow named Cole, who was the veritable elder Weller."

eye, and I held the phonograph and caught this exact dialogue:

"Look heah, boy: I'ze dun got my eye-ball on you, an' de fust thing you know I'll pound you to squash!"

"Shoo! Does you know who you is conversin' wid?"

"Doan' you talk to me dat way, black man."

"Who's black man?"

"You is."

"So is you."

"Look out, boy! A feller dun call me a niggah one time, and the county had to bury him."

"'An' you look out for me, black man; I'se mighty hard to wake up, but when I gits aroused I woz pizen all de way frew."

"Shoo! I just want to say to you dat de las' fight I was in it took eight men to hold me. Doan' you get me mad, boy; doan' you do it."

"Bum! I dass put out my hand right on yo' shoulder."

"An' I dass put my hand on yours."

"Now, what yer gwine ter do?"

"Now, what yer gwine ter do?"

"Shoo!"

"Shoo!"

As Moses moved away the phonograph ceased to catch his last words, but a flash Kodak camera would have shown him with his left hand waving defiantly, and a big "shoo" coming out of his mouth.

You can catch the present humor with the phonograph and camera for it goes to the eye and ear, but wit goes to the imagination and must be thought of to cause laughter. You cannot paint wit, for you cannot paint a thought. You can paint humor but not wit.

WIT.

Now here is a bit of wit that cannot be appreciated without a little thought:

It was in the rational psychology class at Princeton and Dr. McCosh was instructing the class in terminology.

Turning to a student, the doctor commenced:

"Now, Mr. Adams, take the terms, 'self evident'—terms often used; what do we mean by them? Can you express their meaning in other words?"

"Well, hardly, Doctor. I can't recall other words that would express the same meaning."

"I will be more explicit," said the doctor. "I will illustrate. Suppose, speaking anthropologically—suppose I should ask you if such a being as the fool killer ever existed?"

"I should say I don't know—I never met him."

"Ah, that is self evident," said the doctor. "The class is dismissed."

A fool cannot laugh at this story. It requires thought—imagination.

HUMOR.

Here is another bit of phonographic humor between Mr. Isaacstein and a customer:

"I sells you dot coat, my frent, for sayventeen shilling; you dake him along."

"I thought, Isaacstein, that you didn't do business on Saturday. Isn't this your Sunday?"

"My frent" (and the phonograph caught his low reverent voice), "my frent, to sell a coat like dot for sayventeen shilling vas not peesness, dot vas sharity."

The time will come when the phonograph and Kodak

will do more truthful humorous work than Dickens did.

Wit requires an afterthought. It is purely mental.

WIT.

Another case of wit :

A beautiful young lady, a member of the 400, came into Hazard's drug store, under the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and asked him if it were possible to disguise castor oil.

"It's horrid stuff to take, you know. Ugh!" said the young lady, with a shudder.

"Why, certainly," said Mr. Hazard; and just then, as another young lady was taking some soda water, Mr. Hazard asked her if she wouldn't have some too. After drinking it the young lady lingered a moment and finally observed :

"Now tell me, Mr. Hazard, how you would disguise castor oil?"

"Why, madam, I just gave you some——"

"My gracious me!" exclaimed the young lady, "why, I wanted it for my sister!"

HUMOR.

Here is a quaint little love story and a proposal given just as it occurred between a loving couple in East Tennessee. The very truth of it makes it humor:

"D'ye lak me, Sue?" he asked, in a faltering voice.

"Purty well, Jim."

"How much, d'ye reckon?"

"Oh, er good deal," and the blushes came to her cheeks.

"But how much, now?"

"Oh, er lot."

"How'd yer lak ter——"

"Oh, Jim!"

"How'd yer know what I war goin' ter say?"

"I know'd."

"What?"

"You know."

"I was goin' to ast ye ef ye'd go er fishin'?"

"Ye wasn't nuther."

"Yes, I war."

"Jim!"

"H'm!"

"Ye don't lak me."

"Yes, I do, a heap."

"No, ye don't."

"I orter know."

"How?"

"Why, Sue, didn't I jist ast yer ter git ready an' go——"

"Ye said ye war goin' to ast me ter go er fishin'."

"Sue!"

"What, Jim?"

"I didn't mean it."

"Then what did ye mean?"

"Oh, Sue, quit yer foolin' an' go an' ast yer paw."

_____!

_____!

The blank lines are to be supplied by the imagination and are really a phantom of wit, but the pure humor stops at "paw."

Would you like to read a courtship which occurred up in Puritan New England?

Here it is and a very good example of humor:

Seven long years ago, Jonas Harris began to "keep company" with Hannah Bell, and yet in all that time he had not mustered courage to propose a certain important question. . His house was lonely and waiting; hers was lonely enough to be vacated, and still Jonas could not bring himself to speak the decisive words. Many a time he walked up to her door with the courage of a lion, only to find himself a very mouse when she appeared. He had never failed in dropping in to cheer her loneliness on Christmas evening, and this year he presented himself as usual. The hearth was swept, the fire burned brightly, and Miss Hannah was adorned with smiles and a red bow. Conversation went serenely on for an hour or so, and then, when they both sat paring red-cheeked apples with great contentment, Jonas began to call upon his recollections.

"It's a good many years, ain't it, Hannah, since you and I sat here together?"

"Yes, a good many."

"I wonder if I shall be settin' here this time another year?"

"Maybe I shan't be at home. Perhaps I shall go out to spend the evening myself," said Miss Hannah briskly.

This was a blow indeed, and Jonas felt it.

"Where?" he gasped.

"Oh, I don't know," she returned, beginning to quarter her apple. "I might be out to tea—over to your house, for instance."

"But there wouldn't be anybody over there to get supper for you."

"Maybe I could get it myself."

"So you could! so you ^{could}!" cried Jonas, his eyes beginning to sparkle. "But there would be nobody to cook the pies and cakes beforehand."

"Maybe I could cook 'em."

At that moment Jonas's plate fell between his knees to the earth and broke in two, but neither of them noticed it.

"Hannah," cried he, with the pent-up emphasis of seven long years, "could you bring yourself to think of gettin' married?"

A slow smile curved her lips; surely she had been given abundant time for consideration.

"Maybe I could," she returned demurely, as she gently stroked the neck of the purring kitten.

"Who?" asked Jonas falteringly.

"It might be you, Jonas," and a film came into Hannah's eyes.

"O Hannah!"

And Jonas has admired himself to this day for leading up to the subject so cleverly.

When Mr. Blathwait asked Mark Twain why he liked "Huckleberry Finn" the best of all his books, he said:

"Because it has the truest dialect. I was born in the neighborhood where 'Huckleberry Finn' lived. He was a real character. I lived a great deal of my boyhood on a plantation of my uncle's, where Huckleberry Finn and forty or fifty negroes lived, and so I gradually absorbed their dialect."

Any dialect,—Irish, Scotch, or Negro,—when faithfully rendered, is humorous. There is no imagination used in rendering a true dialect; it is word painting. The humorist who can write a true dialect is as much an

artist as the man who can paint a true picture. One is done with the brush and the other with the pen.

But as the simple portrait painter who copies nature does not require the subtle imagination of the ideal artist who paints faith and hope and love and despair; so the humorist who copies nature with the pen does not require the imagination and fancy of the wit who soars into the realms of thought. Rubens, when he painted the humdrum portrait of his fat wife, did not use the imagination that he displayed in his Antwerp "Descent from the Cross," or that Murillo used in his "Immaculate Conception." Teniers was a humorous Dutch painter. His pictures were portraits. The same with Knaus and Bouguereau, only using characters higher up in the social scale. Zamacrois and Vibert were wits with the brush. They added imagination to nature. So were Hogarth and John Leach, and so was Nast before he became a mugwump and had to ridicule truth instead of error.

The dialects when rendered truthfully are charming humor. Dickens always used them and so does Geo. W. Cable in his Creole stories, and Joel Chandler Harris in his negro sketches. Bret Harte never fails to use the dialect of Calaveras, and John B. Gough was always felicitous when he told his Cornish stories. The charm of Denman Thompson is his life-like Yankee dialect, and Mrs. Burnett made her reputation by writing "That Lass of Lowrie's" in the purest Lancashire.

A writer will spend a week on one column of dialect.

To illustrate faithful dialect humor: My dining-room boy, François, whom we brought with us from Paris, could never understand what we meant by "Jack the Ripper," whom he called "Jacques ze Rippair." One

day it all came to him. He came to me wringing his hands in French glee, and said:

"I like ze language Americaine. It is sô strong, so true, so descripteeve. I go to ze man zat cut my hair, zat shave my barbe, vat you call my beard. I ask, 'Vat is Jacques ze Rippair?'"

"'Jacques ze Rippair,' he say, 'Jacques ze Rippair. He is a dandee.'"

"Zen, ven I gets home to my house, I takes my dictionnaire and I looks for 'Jacques ze Rippair,' but I not find him. Zen I look for dandee, and I find that ze word is dandy, and zat it means a 'lady-killer.' Zen, when to my friend I say, 'Jacques ze Rippair is a man vat kills ladees,' he says, 'Right you are.' I like ze language Americaine, Monsieur Landown, it is so eezec to understand."

It was another bit of true dialect humor—faithfully phonographed Irish brogue—when Michael Donan walked into the sick room of Patrick Kelly. Patrick lay there very pale, with his eyes closed, and we heard Michael exclaim:

"Howly Moses, Pat, it's murtherin' ill ye're lookin'! Fwat in the name av th' howly Virgin's the mather?"

"Michael Donan! an' is it yourself?"

"Yis."

"Well, yez knows that blatherin' spalpeen av Widdy Costigan's second husband?"

"That I do."

'He bet me a dollar to a pint I couldn't schwally an igg widout brakin' th' shell—th' shell av it."

"Naw!"

"Yis."

"Did ye do it?"

"I did."

"Then fwat's ailin' ye?"

"It's doon there," laying his hand on his stomach. "If I joomp about I'll br'ak it an' cut me stummick wid th' shell. If I kape quiet the dom. thing'll hatch oot an' I'll have a Shanghai rooster a-clawin' me insides."

Now who are the humorists and who are the wits among the poets? Judge for yourself by the above standard. Will Carleton is a humorous poet, and Lowell in "Hosea Biglow." Carleton's poems are true in letter and in spirit—fact and dialect. In his farm ballads he simply records nature faithfully. So does Bret Harte in "Jim," and John Hay in "Little Breeches."

James Whitcomb Riley tells me that his most humorous poems were written when a mere child worshipping at the shrine of nature. How true is his boy poem on "Our Hired Girl":

Our hired girl, she's 'Lizabeth Ann;
 An' she can cook best things to eat!
 She ist puts dough in our pie pan,
 An' pours in sompin' at's good and sweet.
 An' nen she salts it all on top
 With cinnamon; an' nen she'll stop,
 An' stoop, an' slide it, ist as slow,
 In the cook-stove so's 'twon't slop'
 An' git all spilled; nen bakes it—so
 It is custard pie, first thing you know!
 An' nen she'll say:
 "Clear out o' my way!
 They's time fer work, and time fer play,
 Take your dough an' run, child, run,
 Er I cain't git no cookin' done!"

Longfellow and Tennyson soar up into the imagination. Our sentimental poets are refined wits. They deal entirely in the imagination and fancy. You have no idea how much of our pleasure is caused by imagination or innocent exaggeration. We see it all around us. If a person imagines a thing and expresses it, that is exaggeration. You can't imagine a thing that is. You must imagine something that is not. It is only the brightest people who have vivid imaginations, and only the brightest people who have wit.

The sweetest charm of the poet is caused by his imagination or exaggeration. When the divine psalmist says, "The morning stars sang together," he don't want to deceive you; he exaggerates to please you. The stars never sang. Sentimental young people who have been out late at night have listened to these stars ever since Solomon prevaricated, but they never sang. Don't hold the poet to strict account.

Joaquin Miller, the sweet poet of the Sierras, in a late poem, speaks of the "clinking stars."

"Why, Joaquin," I said when I met him, "did you ever hear the stars clink?"

"No," he said, laughing, "but the old poetical exaggeration about the stars singing, got to be a 'chestnut,' and I thought I'd make mine clink."

Dear old Longfellow was a sweet Christian, and still he tuned his lyre and sang:

The sun kissed the dewdrops and they were pearls.

Now the sun never kissed any dewdrops, and it wouldn't have made pearls of them if it had. The æsthetic poet, in rugged Saxon, is a rank liar, but he

hides behind his poet's license, and we say he has the divine gift of imagination—divine afflatus!

When the poets drop exaggeration and fancy, and let their heroes talk the dialect of nature, they become humorists. Lowell's "Biglow Papers" and Will Carleton's dialect farm ballads, I say, are pure humor.

Mark Twain is both a humorist and a wit. Whenever he tells the absolute truth, close to life, like Dickens, he is a humorist; but just the moment he lets his imagination play—just the moment he begins to exaggerate—stretch it a little—then that humor blossoms into wit.

To show the reader the fine dividing line between wit and humor—the invisible line—and how humor can gradually creep into wit through exaggeration, Mark Twain, in one of his books, has a chapter on building tunnels out in Nevada. He goes on for five pages with pure humor—pure truth. He describes those miners just as they are—describes their dialects, describes their bad grammar, describes the tunnel; but Mark can't stick to the truth very long before he begins to stretch it a little. He soon comes to a miner who thinks a good deal of his tunnel. They all tell him he'd better stop his tunnel when he gets it through the hill, but he says he "guesses not—it's his tunnel," so he runs his tunnel right on *over the valley* into the next hill. You who can picture to yourselves this hole in the sky, *held up by trestle work*, will see where the humor leaves off and the wit begins—where the truth leaves off and the exaggeration commences.

We see humor all around us every day. Any one can write humor who will sit down and write the honest

truth. There is no imagination in humor, while wit is all imagination—like the tunnel. Humor is what has been; wit is what might be. I saw as good a piece of humor to-day as I ever saw in my life. I wish I had photographed it. I would if I had thought that it could be so good. A dear, good old lady and her daughter came into the depot at Poughkeepsie. She wasn't used to traveling, and was very nervous. Her eyes wandered about the depot a moment, and then she walked nervously up to the station window and tremblingly asked:

"When does the next train go to New York?"

"The next train, madam," said the agent, looking at his watch, "goes to New York at exactly 3.30."

"Will that be the first train?"

"Yes, madam, the first train."

"Isn't there any freights?"

"None."

"Isn't there a special?"

"No, no special."

"Now if there was a special would you know it?"

"Certainly I would."

"And there isn't any—ain't they?"

"No, madam; none."

"Well, I'm awful glad—awful glad," said the old lady. "Now, Maria, you and I can cross the track."

How does the humorist do his work?

I will tell you. I will lift the veil right here. The humorist takes any ordinary scene, like the old lady in the depot, and describes it true to life. That's all. Dickens used to go down into the slums of London and get hold of such quaint characters as Bill Sykes and Nancy. Then he used to watch them, hear every

word they uttered, hear their bad grammar and dialect, see every act they performed. Then he used to come into his room, sit down and write a photograph of what he saw and heard. And that was humor—truth in letter and in spirit.

The humorist is truer than the historian or the poet. The historian is only true in spirit, while the humorist is true in spirit and in letter. Sir Walter Scott, when he wrote true humor was truer than Macaulay. Take King James of Scotland. He had never stepped upon English soil. He could not speak the English language. He spoke a sweet Scotch dialect. But when Macaulay makes King James speak, he puts in his mouth the pure English of Addison and Dr. Johnson. He deceives us to add dignity to his history. Not so with Sir Walter Scott. When he describes King James in "Ivanhoe" he puts nature's dialect in his mouth—that sweet Scotch dialect; and Sir Walter Scott is truer than Macaulay.

Again, take the death-bed of Webster. Bancroft says the great orator "raised himself on his pillow, and for an instant the old time fires gleamed from his eagle eyes as he exclaimed, 'I still live!' and sinking back, was dead."

This sounds pretty, and it is the way the dignified historian has to treat the scene. The humorist would have more truth and less dignity. The humorist would describe the scene as Webster's nurse, who saw him die at Marshfield, described it to me:

"Webster," he said, "lay on his bed so quiet that it seemed as if he had passed away. As the physician entered the room he glanced at the reclining figure and repeated half to himself:

“ ‘Guess he’s gone now!’

“ ‘Not yet,’ said Webster, ‘gimme the brandy,’ and, after he drank it, he lay motionless; then a long sigh, and he never spoke again.”

Bancroft had to change this so as to make it heroic, but not truthful.

The most humorous thing the “Danbury *News* Man” ever wrote was that account of putting up a stovepipe, and that actually occurred. The Danbury *News* Man and his wife were going to church one day, and the stovepipe fell down. He called his wife back to help him put it up; but she was a very religious woman, and went on to church and left him to put up that stovepipe alone. He put up that stovepipe. That stovepipe did everything that any stovepipe could do. It didn’t go out of the room. I had a stovepipe once that got out the back door, went clear around the block twice, and came back and got on to the wrong stove. Well, after he got the stovepipe put up, he sat down and wrote a faithful account of it, and you enjoy reading it. You say, “That is so true! That man’s put up a stovepipe—he’s been there!”

Now, if the writer had wanted to add wit to his humor, he would only have had to add imagination. In his mind’s eye he could have put two joints on the stovepipe, and the soot could have poured right out of one joint down his shirt collar, and he could have shaken it out of the bottom of his trowsers; and the other joint could have slipped right over his head and taken off one of his ears. But that would have been a lie, for the stovepipe was No. 6 and his head was No. 7.

Another of the humorous creations of the Danbury *News* Man are his description of cording the bedstead,

and Mrs. Munson "shooing" the hen. We can see Mrs. Munson now. Her husband, the old farmer, had been at work all the morning with two hired men and three dogs trying to drive the hens into the coop. Mrs. Munson looked up from her churning, saw the situation, and screamed:

"John! I'll 'shoo' those hens!"

Then she goes out—gets her eyes on the hens—holds up her dress from both sides—just surrounds the hens—then drops her whole body as she says:

"Sh——!"

That settled the hen!

Among American writers C. B. Lewis (M. Quad) and the Danbury *News* Man are pure humorists. Their characters are all real. Old Bijah really lived in the Court House at Detroit. Yes, Brother Gardner once lived in the flesh, and the Lime-Kiln Club *was*. Mr. Lewis gave Brother Gardner's dialect so true to life in those Lime-Kiln Club sermons that many people believed the club actually existed. In fact, the humorist showed me three letters, recently received from three members of the Kansas Farmers' Alliance, who wanted to come to Detroit and join that club! Mr. Lewis has now moved the club over to Thompson Street, New York, and we expect to hear of the old Staten Island farmers coming up to the *World* office to inquire the way to Brother Gardner's church!

I asked Mr. Lewis one day what was the most humorous thing he had seen lately.

"I would be ashamed to tell you," he said. "It was such a little thing—but so true!"

"What was it?"

"Well, a man came into the house, rushed up to his

wife, and said, 'My dear wife, I've just done the smartest thing I ever did in my life.'

" 'Why, George,' said his wife, 'what did you do? What did you do?'

" 'Why' (looking down at his trowsers), 'I rolled up my trowsers this morning before they got muddy.'

"It was such a little thing, but *so true!*"

What of Mark Twain?

Well, Mark is both a humorist and a wit. His descriptions in "Roughing it" and "Innocents Abroad" are generally humorous. He uses the dialects truthfully, and his characters are natural. Then, all at once, he will run the reader plump up against the tomb of Adam or the bust of Columbus, where he convulses you with the wildest wit, the craziest of imagination. Tom Sawyer whitewashing the fence was a case of perfect humor, perfect truth—so natural!

Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn" is the truest and best thing he ever wrote. When Raymond Blathwait asked Mr. Twain about "Huckleberry Finn," he said:

"The only one of my own books that I can ever read with pleasure is the one you are good enough to say is your favorite, 'Huck Finn,' and partly because I know the dialect is true and good. I didn't know I could read even that till I read it aloud last summer to one of my little ones who was sick."

"How do you define wit?" was asked Mr. Twain.

"Wit is the legitimate child of contrast. Therefore, when you shall have found the very gravest people, and the most lighthearted people in the world, you shall also be able to say without further inquiry, 'I have found the garden of wit, the very paradise of wit. You

may not know it, but it is true, if a man is at a funeral and brokenhearted, he is quite likely to be persecuted with humorous thoughts. These thoughts are funny by contrast. Now, to illustrate, here is a story: "A clergyman in New York was requested by a man to come over to Brooklyn to officiate at his wife's funeral. The clergyman assented, only stipulating that there must be no delay, as he had an important engagement the same day. At the appointed hour they all met in the parlor, and the room was crowded with mourning people; no sounds but those of sighs and sobbings. The clergyman stood up over the coffin and began to read the service, when he felt a tug at his coat-tails, and bending down he heard the widower whisper in his ear:

"'We ain't ready yet.'

"Rather awkwardly he sat down in a dead silence. Rose again and the same thing took place. A third time he rose and the same thing occurred.

"'But what is the delay?' he whispered back. 'Why are you not ready?'

"'She ain't all here yet,' was the very ghastly and unexpected reply; 'her stomach's at the apothecary's.'

"You see," continued Mr. Twain, "it is the horizon-wide contrast between the deep solemnity on the one hand and that triviality on the other which makes a thing funny which could not otherwise be so. But in all cases, in occurrences such as that I have just described, it is solemn and grave, culminating in the ridiculous."

I think the best story about Mark Twain was his answer when they appealed to him to settle a religious controversy. They had been discussing about eternal

life and future punishment for the wicked. Is or is not there a hell or heaven, and where will the wicked go? A lady finally appealed to Mr. Twain and asked him what he thought about hell or heaven?

"I do not want to express an opinion," said Mr. Twain gravely. "It is policy for me to remain silent. I have friends in both places."

A serious love quarrel would be humor if described truthfully.

How many times we have all witnessed the little quarrels of loving brides and grooms. Picture to yourselves a young married couple fixing up their first home:

"How glad I am, dearie, that our tastes are so very similar," said young Mrs. Honeylip to her husband when they had returned from their bridal tour and were furnishing the flat in which they were to be "so perfectly happy."

"We agree about everything, don't we, darling?" she continued. "We both wanted cardinal and gray to be the prevailing tones in the parlor; we agreed exactly about the blue room, and both wanted oak for the dining-room and hall. We like the same kind of chairs. Oh, we agree exactly, don't we? and how nice it is. I'd feel dreadful if we didn't agree, particularly about any important thing."

"So would I, darling," he said. "It's lovely to live in such perfect harmony. Now, I guess I'll hang this lovely little water-color your aunt gave us right over this cabinet, shan't I?"

"I don't hardly know, my dear. Wouldn't it look better over that bracket on the opposite wall?"

"I hardly think so, love; the light is so much better here."

"Do you think so, George? Really, now, I don't like it in that light."

"You don't? Why, it's just the light for it. It's entirely too dark for a water-color on the other wall."

"I don't think so at all. Water-colors don't want a great deal of light."

"They certainly don't want to be in the shade."

"They certainly don't want to hang in a perfect glare of light."

"I guess I've hung pictures before to-day, and——"

"Oh, George, how cross you are!"

"I'm no crosser than you, and——"

"You are, too, and I—I—oh, how can you be so cruel?"

"Pshaw, Helen, I only said——"

"Oh, I know, and it has broken my heart."

"There, there, dear——"

"Oh, it has! I—I—George, do you really want me to go back to mamma and papa?"

"Why, darling, you know——"

"Be-be-cause, boo, hoo! if you d-d-o, boo, hoo! I will. It would be better, boo, hoo! than for us to quarrel so over everything, and——"

"There, there, my dear, I——"

"Mamma was afraid we were too unlike in disposition to get along well, but I—I—oh, George, this is too perfectly dreadful!"

I have known a kind of half sad humor where two earnest people misconstrue each other's thoughts. I once heard of a dialogue between a sweet, dear old clergyman in Arkansas and an illiterate parishioner, which illustrates this idea.

"Your children have all turned out well, I reckon," said the clergyman as he sat down to dinner with the

parishioner he had not seen in church for several years.

"Well, yes, all but Bill, pore feller."

"Drunk licker, I reckon," said the clergyman sorrowfully.

"Oh, no, never drunk no licker, but hain't amounted to nothin'. Bill was deceived, an it ruint him."

"Love affair? Married out of the church, may be?"

"Yes, an' a mighty bad love affair."

"She deceived him, eh?"

"Terribly! terribly."

"Ruined his spiritual life and he married a scoffer?"

"Oh, no, she married him; married him? I guess she did!"

"But, confidentially, what was the cause of your son's grief and ruin?"

"Well, you see, Brother Munson, she was a widder, an' let on she wuz well off, but she wan't. W'y she wan't able to get Bill a decent suit o' clothes the week airter they wuz married. Poor Bill has gone ragged ever since the weddin'. Poor boy, he's lost all confidence in wimmen, Bill has."

Humor is sometimes very sad—almost pathos; but you enjoy this pathos as much as you do humor. Enjoy pathos; you say? See me prove it! How many times you have seen a sentimental young lady reading a pathetic love story. She would read and cry—read and cry—the villain still pursued her! She enjoyed that pathos. If she didn't she'd throw that book away—only ten cents worth of book, but she wanted a dollar's worth of cry!

I saw an old slave woman die on a Louisiana plantation after the war. A truthful description of that scene would be humor and pathos blended.

Read this description to some old Southern mother on any old plantation in the South, and see joy in her face and her eyes suffused in tears.

"Doctor, is I got to go?" asked the venerable Christian, as her eyes filled with tears of joy.

"Aunt 'Liza, there is no hope for you."

"Bress de Great Master for his goodness. Ise ready."

The doctor gave a few directions to the colored women that sat around 'Liza's bed, and started to leave, when he was recalled by the old woman, who was drifting out with the tide:

"Marse John, stay wid me till it's ober. I wants to talk ob de old times. I knowed you when a boy long 'fore you went and been a doctor. I called you Marse John den; I call you de same now. Take yo' ole mammy's hand, honey, and hold it. Ise lived a long, long time. Ole marster and ole missus hab gone before, and the chillun from de ole place is scattered ober de world. I'd like to see 'em 'fore I starts on de journey to-night. My ole man's gone, and all the chillun I nussed at dis breast has gone too. Dey's waitin' for dere mudder on de golden shore. I bress de Lord, Marse John, for takin' me to meet 'em dar. Ise fought de good fight, and Ise not afraid to meet de Saviour. No mo' wo'k for poor ole mammy, no mo' trials and tribulations—hold my hand tighter, Marse John—fadder—mudder—marster—missus—chillun—Ise gwine home."

The soul, while pluming its wings for its flight to the Great Beyond, rested on the dusky face of the sleeper, and the watchers with bowed heads wept silently.

She was dead.

WILD WEST EXAGGERATIONS.

The Wit of Exaggeration—Wonderful Fishing and Hunting Stories—
The Lying Tournament of the Press Club—Western Imagination—
Wild Bill, Bill Nye, and Eli Compete.

I HAVE always found the greatest exaggerators in the West. They live where the mountains are high and the prairies are broad. Their imaginations are affected by great distances and great heights. That is the reason all the great stories which astonish the East come in from Colorado or Wyoming. The imagination of the city man who looks up against a brick wall is dwarfed, but when we stand on the broad plains of Kansas and look a hundred miles and see Pike's Peak rearing her snowy dome into the azure skies, why our stories smack of the distance. Then in the West thought is free, and they are not troubled with these compunctions of conscience. In the East here many of us are so good—so good!—that if we get hold of an exaggerated joke we go right out back side of the orchard, get right down in the corner of the fence and giggle—all to ourselves. That's the meanest kind of close communionism. But in the West, if a man discovers a good joke, he wants to get on the mountain top and proclaim his good tidings of great joy to all the world. So go West to find imagination: go to the prairies or the mountains, go to Kansas or Nebraska; that's where exaggeration lives, that's

where it stays. Let exaggeration get away from Kansas, and, if there isn't a string tied to it it will go right back there again—so natural!

Yes, I've met some of our grandest imaginers in prairie schooners,—tattered and torn and ragged, roaming through the nation's public land, away from civilization, and where no man had seen the rivers or walked on that virgin soil before.

One day, out in Sioux County, the extreme north-western county of Nebraska, I met one of these professional homesteaders. He stood by a prairie schooner, out of which came a stovepipe. Behind was a cow and calf and two dogs.

"Where is your home?" I asked.

"H'n't got no house," he said, as he kicked one of the dogs and took a chew of tobacco.

"Where do you live?"

"Where d' I live!" he exclaimed, with the grandeur of a king. "Where d' I live? I don't have to live anywhere. I'm marchin' ahed of civ'lization, sir. I'm homesteadin'."

"Well, where do you sleep?"

"Sleep? I sleep over on the government land, drink out of the North Platte, eat jack rabbits and raw wolf. But it's gettin' too thickly settled round here for me. I saw a land agent up at Buffalo Gap to-day, and they say a whole family is comin' up the North Platte fifty miles below here. It's gettin' too crowded for me here, stranger. I leave for the Powder River country to-morrow. I can't stand the rush!"

Again, I was out in Kansas City after that great cyclone they had there three years ago. Terrible cyclone! A third of Kansas City blown away—three

splendid churches went up with the rest. But they were all perfectly happy. You can't make those Kansas people feel bad since they've got prohibition. If they have grasshoppers out there now, they telegraph right over to New England, "Got grasshoppers! Got grasshoppers!!" And then they claim that their land is so rich that they raise two crops, grasshoppers and corn.

Well, the next day after I got to Kansas City, I went up on the bluffs with Colonel Coates. He was going to show me where his house had stood the day before the cyclone. Not one brick left on another; trees blown out by the roots!

Said I, "Colonel, you had a terrible cyclone here yesterday, didn't you?"

"Well, there was a little d-r-a-f-t——"

"Well," said I, "Colonel, how hard did it blow here in Kansas City? Don't deceive me, now; how hard did it blow?"

"Blow," he said, "why, it blew—it blew my cook stove—blew it away over—blew it seventeen miles, and the next day came back and got the griddles!"

"Did it hurt anybody?"

"Hurt anybody! Why, there were some of those Farmers' Alliance members of the legislature over here looking around with their mouths open. We told 'em they'd better keep their mouths closed during the hurricane, but they were careless—left their mouths open, and the wind caught 'em in the mouth and turned 'em inside out!"

"Did it kill them?" I asked eagerly.

"No," said the colonel, wiping his eyes, "it didn't kill 'em, but they were a good deal discouraged.

"Why," he continued enthusiastically, "it blew some of those Farmers' Alliance men—blew 'em right up against a stone wall and flattened 'em out as flat as pancakes—and——"

"Why, what did you do with them?" I asked.

"Do with them! Why, we went out the next day—scraped them farmers off—scraped off several barrels full of 'em—and sent them over to New England and sold them for liver pads!"

Out in Dakota they have imaginations as elastic as their climate: "One day," said Elder Russell, "it is a blizzard from Winnipeg, and the next day it is a hot simoon from Texas. Sometimes the weather changes in a second. Now, one morning last spring, to illustrate, Governor Pierce, of Bismarck, and I were snow-balling each other in the courtyard of the capitol. Losing my temper, for the governor had hit me pretty hard, I picked up a solid chunk of ice and threw it with all my might at his excellency, who was standing fifty feet away."

"Did it hurt him?" I asked.

"Yes," said the clergyman regretfully, "it did hurt him, and I'm sorry I did it now, but it was unintentional. You see, as the chunk of ice left my hand, there came one of those wonderful climatic changes incident to Dakota; the mercury took an upward turn, the ice melted in transit, and the hot water scalded poor Governor Pierce all over the back of his neck."

I have heard a good deal of exaggeration among our newspaper men. The smart reporter is boiling over with ideas which he cannot hold within the narrow boundaries of truth.

But the reporter tries to be truthful. All the best

humor we have comes from the pen of the conscientious reporter who describes little true things close to life. Dickens was a reporter, and the stories of "Little Dorrit," and "Dick Swiveller," and "David Copperfield" were little true descriptions of real characters which he had met in his reportorial career.

Uncle John Wood, the father of the New York Press Club, and who used to run his blue pencil through the first articles I ever wrote, told me about an enterprising and truthful reporter in Chicago.

"A Chicago reporter," said Uncle John, "was detailed to write up a case of dissection of a drowned young lady in the medical college. He was very ambitious and went to his work early in the day—hours before the dissection took place. Before the doctors assembled, he saw the corpse, with several others, laying on the table. To kill time, before the doctors arrived, he commenced writing a description of the room and a description of the corpse. All at once he was startled to see one of the corpses on a side table move. Then he heard a rustling. Then the corpse sat up and spoke!

"'Who are you?' asked the corpse, pointing his finger at the reporter.

"'I'm a reporter on the morning *News*. I'm Eugene Field. I've been sent here to describe the dissection of the drowned girl.'

"'What are you writing about now?'

"'I'm describing the appearance of the room and the beautiful corpse.'

"'Oh, pshaw, young man, you're too late for that. I sent that in to the *Tribune* yesterday. I've been laying here two days.'"

Can newspaper men exaggerate?

Sometimes, if the fee is commensurate with the imagination required.

One night, after I had made a little speech at a dinner given by the New York Press Club to General Felix Angus of the Baltimore *American*, the boys got to telling exaggerated stories about mean men.

"Talking about mean men," said Colonel Cockerill, "I know a man on Lexington Avenue who was the meanest man in New York."

"How mean is that?" I asked:

"Why, Eli," he said, "he is so mean that he keeps a five cent piece with a string tied to it to give to beggars; and when their backs are turned, he jerks it out of their pockets!"

"Why, this man is so confounded mean," continued the gentleman, "that he gave his children ten cents apiece every night for going to bed without their supper, but during the night, when they were asleep, he went upstairs, took the money out of their clothes, and then whipped them in the morning for losing it!"

"Does he do anything else?"

"Yes, the other day I dined with him, and I noticed the poor little servant-girl whistled all the way upstairs with the dessert—and when I asked the mean old scamp what made her whistle so happily, he said:

"Why, I keep her whistling so she can't eat the raisins out of the cake.' "

"But," I said, "I knew a meaner man than that up in central New York."

"Well, now, hear that!" they all said. "But how mean was he?"

"Why, his name was Deacon Munson, and his

neighbors said he was so mean that he used to stop his clock nights—to keep the gearing from wearing out.”

“Oh, come off!”

“I didn’t see this, gentlemen,” I continued, “but the neighbors said the deacon kept a dairy, and after skimming his milk on top, he used to walk up and down the street, and if no one was looking, he would turn it over and skim it on the bottom. But that wasn’t dishonest. It was only frugal. He had a perfect right to skim it on the sides—on the end—an——”

“Oh, now Eli!” interrupted several voices.

“Fact,” I said, “honest fact; but there was one frugal thing the deacon did that I have never yet mentioned. He was very close about domestic matters—about the cooking. Didn’t want anything wasted; and he used to go over to the butcher’s shop every Saturday night, take off his old slouch hat, full of something or other, and ask the butcher if he wouldn’t please restuff—them—sausage skins?”

I looked around for a response, but the Press Club was gone.

One solitary man remained. He was an old miner from Idaho, who had come as a guest.

“Such Sunday-school stories as you New Yorkers have just told,” he said, “don’t startle an old Idaho miner at all; and for the credit of my State I want to present her claims for meanness before I go.”

“What, Idaho people mean?” I said.

“The most selfish people on earth, sir. I’m an Idaho man myself.”

“How mean are they?”

"Well, take my case. I run a 'wildcat' under a schoolhouse in Boise City, and struck a rich mine, and yet they were so mean that they wouldn't let me do any blasting during school hours for fear of disturbing the children. I had to work at nights altogether, and they even charged me thirty cents for breaking the windows."

"Indeed!"

"And in another case, three Idaho men jumped a fellow's claim before I could get there, and they wouldn't let me join 'em. D'you know what I had to do? Why, I dug a canal from the river three miles away and let the water in and druv them jumpers out, and then the coroner who sat on the bodies made me pay for the coffins, and charged me \$12 for a funeral sermon of seven minutes long! No, sir; don't you never go beyond Colorado if you want fair treatment."

They were talking one night down at the Press Club about "presence of mind," when Major Bundy, of the *Mail and Express*, said:

"Why, one day Amos J. Cummings was sitting at his desk in the *Sun* office writing up one of his imaginary clambakes, when a stroke of lightning descended through the roof, stripped him of his clothing, even to his boots, then threw him down on to the bronze statue of Franklin and left him paralyzed and unable to move a muscle.

"Oh!" exclaimed Joseph Howard, "and poor Amos was killed?"

"No, sir. Mr. Cummings retained complete consciousness through it all, and being on the spot was enabled to write up a veracious account of the affair.

He has fully recovered and is now a member of congress, in good standing."

Again, you will see imagination among the sailors as you sail down the long rivers or up to the Arctic Seas or around Cape Horn. Sailors' yarns extend around the world. It is the imagination of the sailor which creates the sea serpent and the imaginative terrors of Scylla and Charybdis, which are as much a myth as the mountaineer's creation of William Tell.

You see the imagination among the owners of swift horses. The race tracks and long races of fast horses help imagination in Kentucky. Let a Kentuckian get hold of a new joke, and he just leaps on to a thoroughbred horse and flies for his neighbors. If a horse ever got lame around Lexington his master lamed him getting there early with a new joke, and no mean man does that. Oh, the man that rides up in front of your house a cold, stormy day, beckons to you, and you come shivering down to the gate, and he tells you a joke that makes you laugh, ha! ha! and you go back into the house and put your arms around your wife's neck and kiss her—no mean man does that!

Now, I was down in Kentucky last spring, during the overflow on the Ohio, and I went across the Ohio to Cairo—Cairo on the Ohio River—and sometimes under it. It was a great deluge. But the women were all perfectly happy. If there is anything that a woman loves—utterly loves—it is to have plenty of nice, wet water to wash, and as the water had been pouring down the chimneys for the last week faster than it could run out of the front door, they were perfectly happy. But the next day after I got

there, the river went down and the streets were very muddy. I met a Kentucky clergyman there who told me about the mud.

"You ought to see the mud over in Levy Street," he said; "mud! mud! mud! Why, I was riding over there in my carriage this morning, and I jumped off and went into the mud clear to my ankles."

"Why," said I, "that wasn't very deep."

"Well," he said, "I jumped head first."

"But you ought to go over on Water Street, there's mud for you! Why, I was walking along on Water Street—walking along carefully (they all walk carefully in Cairo—buckshot land), walking along carefully right in the middle of the street, when I saw a stovepipe hat. I ran up to it and kicked it, and hit a man right in the ear."

"What are you doing here?" I asked; "what are you doing here?"

"Keep still, keep still, keep still!" he said. "I'm sitting in a load of hay."

After lecturing at Deadwood I went over to the Red Cloud Agency with the Quaker Indian Commissioners. Wild Bill, the famous hunter and Indian scout, was in the party. On the trip the conversation started about famous rain storms; and Wild Bill had been giving his experience to General Miles.

A little while afterward a Quaker clergyman, who was seeking after reliable information for his government report, came up to Bill and said:

"Let me see, what was that story thee was narrating about storms to General Miles?"

"Well," said Wild Bill, as he winked one eye at the general and looked down the muzzle of his pistol to

see if it was loaded, "I was tellin' the ginral how I seen clouds makin' to the north'ard and I knowed it was going to settle in for thick weather round Deadwood. I told my son to look out, and in less than half an hour there broke the doggondist storm I ever seed. Rain! Why, gen'lemen, it rained so hard into the muzzle of my gun that it busted the darned thing at the breech! Yes, sir. And the water began to rise on us, too. Talk about your floods down South! Why, gen'lemen, the water rose so rapidly in my house that it flowed up the chimney and streamed 300 feet up in the air! We got it both ways that trip, up and down!"

"Do we understand thee is relating facts within the scope of thine own experience?" demanded the clergyman, with his mouth wide open.

"Partially mine and partially my son's," answered the truthful Bill. "He watched it go up, and I watched it come down! But you can get some idea of how it rained when I tell you that we put out a barrel without any heads into it, and it rained into the bung-hole of the barrel faster than it could run out at both ends!"

"Which of you saw this, thee or thy son?" inquired the clergyman.

"We each watched it together, my son and me," returned Wild Bill, "till my son got too near the barrel and was drowned. Excuse these tears, gen'lemen, but I can never tell about that storm without crying."

"Verily the truth is sometimes stranger than fiction," said the clergyman. "Verily it is."

That night, after we got back to General Miles's camp, several of the old scouts who heard Wild Bill's

success with the Quaker Indian Commissioners began telling storm stories.

"Talking about winds, heavy winds," said Sandy McGuire, "why, I saw a man in Cheyenne sitting quietly on his doorstep eating a piece of pie. Suddenly, before he could get into the house, the wind struck him. The gale first blew the house down, and then seized the man, carried him through the air a hundred yards or so, and landed him in a peach tree. Soon afterward a friendly board from his own house came floating by. This he seized and placed over his head to protect himself from the raging blast, and—finished his pie."

"That was a windy day for that part of Wyoming, I presume," said Mr. Wm. Nye, of Laramie; "but that would not compare with one of our Laramie zephyrs. Why, gentlemen, out in Laramie, during one of our ordinary gales, I've seen bowlders big as pumpkins flying through the air. Once, when the wind was blowing gravestones around, and ripping water pipes out of the ground, an old Chinaman with spectacles on his nose was observed in the eastern part of the town seated on a knoll, calmly flying his kite—an iron shutter with a log-chain for a tail."

"Yes," said a young Harvard graduate, who had just come from Dakota, "they do have quite windy weather out in Wyoming, but if you want to see real wind you must see a Dakota blizzard. They are very remarkable. One day as I was passing a hotel in Bismarck the cap flew from one of the chimneys. It was a circular piece of sheet iron, painted black, slightly convex, and the four supports were like legs. The wind carried it down street, and it went straddling along like a living thing."

"Well, what was it?" asked Wild Bill.

"Why, it turned out to be a cockroach from the hotel, and, by George! I never saw anything like it," then he added—"outside of Boston."

"They used to say out in Kansas," said Sandy McGuire, "that wind would blow grasshoppers away. I guess not. I saw a Kansas grasshopper face a hurricane the other day for seven hours, and then yanked a shingle off the house and commenced fanning himself, saying it was awful sultry."

Now and then we meet hunters and fishers in New England who can tell a fair story. Such a man was old Nat Willey, who lived up in the White Mountains near the Conway House. One evening there were a group of guests sitting around the blazing logs of the Conway House. There were several Kentuckians, a Colorado man, and Old Nat. They had all told stories of long shots, but Old Nat kept perfectly quiet. A Kentuckian told about his father, who was a pioneer with Daniel Boone, and how he had killed a deer at a distance of two miles!

Then there was a long silence, which was broken by Charley Head, who said to Old Nat:

"Look here, Uncle Nat, how about that rifle that General Knox gave you. That could shoot some, couldn't it?"

"You mean the one I had to fire salted balls from?"

"Yes, tell us about it."

"Pshaw! It don't matter. Let the old piece rest in its glory."

And modest Old Nat would have sat back out of the way, but the story-tellers had become suddenly interested.

"Let us hear about it," pleaded the gentleman whose father had been a compatriot with Daniel Boone. "Did I understand you that you salted your bullets?"

"Always," said Nat, seriously and emphatically.

"And what for, pray?"

"Because," answered the old mountaineer, with simple honesty in look and tone, "that rifle killed at such a distance that, otherwise, especially in warm weather, game would *spoil with age before I could reach it.*"

SATIRE KILLS ERROR

The Great Satirists, Cervantes, Dean Swift, Juvenal, Nasby—Christ uses Satire to Kill Error—Satirizing the Jury System—Satirizing Blustering Lawyers—Satirizing Society and the Dude—Satirizing the Agnostic—Satirizing Huxley, Herbert Spencer, and Ingersoll—Satire in Politics brings Letters from Blaine and President Harrison.

AFTER discovering the difference between wit and humor, and after describing and illustrating this difference so plainly that a schoolboy can see it, I turn my thought toward satire and ridicule. I find satire and ridicule are species of the genus wit. Neither are true. Both are exaggerations. Satire is to kill error and ridicule is to kill truth. The satirist and ridiculer deal in the imagination. The satirist exaggerates an error, makes it hideous, and you indignantly stamp it out. The ridiculer exaggerates a truth, makes it grotesque, and you laugh it out.

Satire is one of the strongest weapons we have. The Satires of Juvenal changed the politics of Rome, Dean Swift changed the political aspect of England with his "Tale of a Tub," Cervantes broke up the awful custom of knight-errantry in Spain with his "Don Quixote," and Nasby, with his cross-road letters, did more for the Union during the last war than a brigade of soldiers.

I say Nasby was a satirist. He always called himself a satirist—not a humorist. He never tried to produce laughter. His aim was to convince people of

error, by exaggerating that error so that they could see it. His mission was to exaggerate error, or overstate it and make it hideous. So Nasby never told a truth in his life—in the newspapers. Of course he has told private truths at home—to his wife. Even the date of every letter Nasby ever wrote began with an exaggeration. There is no such place as the "Confederate cross-roads" in Kentucky; no "Deacon Pogram"—all an exaggeration!

Nasby created red-nosed Deacon Pogram, placed him in the Kentucky cross-road saloon, filled him with bourbon whisky, slavery, and secession; made him abuse the "nigger" and the Republican party, and defend slavery. He made the secessionist odious, and did more with his satire to kill slavery and rebellion than Wendell Phillips did with his denunciation.

To illustrate how Nasby exploded the pro-slavery error of disfranchising black citizens of the republic, I give this satirical incident as the great satirist gave it to me:

"One day," said Nasby, "a poor ignorant white man came to the polls in Georgia to vote.

" 'I wish you would oblige me by voting this ticket,' said a bright mulatto, who was standing near the polls.

" 'What kind of ticket is it?' asked the poor white man.

" 'Why,' said the mulatto, 'you can see for yourself.'

" 'But I can't read.'

" 'What! can't you read the ballot you have there in your hand, which you are about to vote?' exclaimed the colored man.

" 'No,' said he, 'I can't read at all.'

" 'Well,' said the colored man, 'this ballot means that

you are in favor of the fifteenth amendment giving equal franchise to both white and colored citizens.'

" 'It means to let the nigger vote, does it?'

" 'Yes, sir.'

" 'Then I don't want it. *Niggers don't know enough to vote!*' "

It was thus that Thackeray satirized snobs and snobbery out of England, and it was this same weapon, satire, that Juvenal used to shame the rotten aristocracy of Rome. You can kill more error with exaggeration in a week than you can kill with truth in a thousand years.

How long had they been trying to break up that awful error of knight-errantry in Spain. They couldn't do it. They flung arguments at it; the arguments fell to the ground, and the error of knight-errantry went on. One day Cervantes, that great Spanish satirist, wrote "Don Quixote"—a pure exaggeration. No Don Quixote ever existed, no Sancho Panza. It was knight-errantry exaggerated, and the people saw the crime and ground it under their feet.

Satire is used all through the Bible to kill error. Job used it, and so did Elijah and our Saviour. What cutting satire did our Saviour use to call the attention of the Jews to their crimes. Don't you remember, when the Jews were washing their hands before and after every meal,—little one-cent observances, while great crimes went creeping into Judea,—Christ wanted to call their attention to their crimes? He used satire. With what dreadful satire he exclaimed:

"Ye are blind leaders of the blind. Ye strain at a *gnat* and swallow a CAMEL!"

Our Saviour didn't mean to say these Jews could

literally swallow a camel—he knew they'd try, but they couldn't do it!

If I wanted to draw the attention of the public to the humbuggery of the present high opera music in the churches, I would exaggerate the singing of a hymn a little, and the people would see the absurdity of it. Thus:

We have everything high in our church now. We have hi-church, hi-opera, hi-bonnets, and hi-heels, and hi-pocracy. This is the way we sing our hymns:

When ther moo-hoon is mi-hild-ly be-heaming
 O'er the ca-halm and si-hi-lent se-e-e-e-a ;
 Its ra-dyunce so-hoftly stre-heam-ing,
 Oh ! ther-hen; oh, ther-hen,
 I thee-hink of thee, O Lord !
 Hof thee-hee.
 I thee-hink,
 I thee-hink,
 I thee-hink,
 I thee-he-he-hehehehe-hink hof thee-e-e-e-e ! O Lord !

My friend Lewis, our most prolific humorist, tells a little satirical story about the Foreign Benevolent Society which was established in Chicago by a party of women not noted for attending to domestic matters at home. They had just organized the society and came to Mr. Jonathan Rigdon, a matter-of-fact business man, for a donation of a few dollars as a foundation to commence the benevolent work in Ethiopia.

"Yes, Mr. Rigdon," began Mrs. Graham, the presidentess, "it would be so pleasant in after years for you to remember that you gave this society its first dollar and its first kind word."

The shrewd old business man slowly opened his

wallet, drew out a ten-dollar bill, and as the ladies smacked their lips and clapped their hands, he asked:

"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" they chorused.

"And it wants money?"

"Yes—yes."

"Well, now," said Rigdon, as he folded the bill in a tempting shape, "there are twenty married women here. If there are fifteen of you who can make oath that you have combed the children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, blackened the cook stove, and made the beds, I'll donate ten dollars."

"I have," answered two of the crowd, and the rest said:

"Why, now, Mr. Rigdon!"

"If fifteen of you can make oath that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, the money is yours," continued the wretch.

"Just hear him!" they exclaimed, each one looking at the other.

"If ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of their pants, this X goes to the society," said Rigdon.

"Such a man!" they whispered.

"If there are five pairs of stockings in this room that do not need darning, I'll hand over the money," he went on.

"Jonathan Rigdon," said Mrs. Graham, with great dignity, as she sat down to cover up her stockings, "the rules of this society declare that no money shall be contributed except by members; and as you are not a member, I beg that you will withdraw and let us proceed with the routine business."

SATIRIZING THE JURYMAN.

If I want to satirize the humbuggery of our jury system, I exaggerate a juryman's ignorance, and then the people see it. For example: A Chicago lawyer was visiting New York for the first time. Meeting a man on the crowded street, he said:

"Here, my friend, I want you to tell me something about this city."

"I don't know anything about it," said the hurrying business man, with a far-away look.

"What street is this?"

"I don't know," said the busy man, with his mind occupied, and staring at vacancy.

"What city is it?"

"Can't tell; I am busy."

"Is it London or New York?"

"Don't know anything about it."

"You don't?"

"No."

"Well, by Heavens, sir, you are the very man I'm looking for. I've been looking for you for years."

"What do you want me for?"

"I want you to go to Chicago and sit on a jury."

I repeated this colloquy about the juryman to Bret Harte once, and he asked if I had ever heard his story satirizing the early California jury. I had heard it, but not from the lips of the author of the "Luck of Roaring Camp." So I gladly let him tell it again.

"It was over in the Mariposa Gulch in '50," began Mr. Harte. "They had never had a jury trial there. If a man stole a horse they lynched him, and that settled it. But the people, many of whom came from

Massachusetts, began to tire of lynch law and sigh for the good old Puritan jury trial of the East. So one day, when Bill Stevens had jumped a poor man's claim, the Massachusetts fellows resolved to give him a good old-fashioned jury trial. They took Bill into the back end of the board post-office, selected a jury, and the trial commenced."

"How did it result?" I asked.

"Well, dozens of witnesses were called, and finally the jury retired to agree upon a verdict. When they had been out about twenty minutes, and about concluded that Bill was innocent, the boys outside came banging at the door.

"'What do you fellows want?' asked the foreman through the keyhole.

"'We want to know if you hain't about agreed on the verdict. If you hain't you'll have to get out. We want this room to lay out the corpse in.'"

I once arranged a satire on the examination of jury-men when once impaneled. It was a real case, only a little exaggerated.

The candidate for juryman wore No. 12 shoes, and a No. 6 hat, and the examination was like this:

"Are you opposed to capital punishment?" asked the lawyer.

"Oh, yes; yes, sir."

"If you were on a jury, then, where a man was being tried for his life, you wouldn't agree to a verdict to hang him?"

"Yes, sir; yes, I would."

"Have you formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Your mind, then, is made up?"

"Oh, no; no, it ain't."

"Have you any bias for or against the prisoner?"

"Yes, I think I have."

"Are you prejudiced?"

"Oh, no; not a bit."

"Have you ever heard of this case?"

"I think I have."

"Would you decide, if on the jury, according to the evidence or mere rumor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Perhaps you don't understand. Would you decide according to evidence?"

"Evidence."

"If it was in your power to do so, would you change the law of capital punishment or let it stand?"

"Let it stand."

The Court: "Would you let it stand or change it?"

"Change it."

"Now, which would you do?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Are you a freeholder?"

"Yes, sir; oh, yes."

"Do you own a house and land, or rent?"

"Neither; I'm a boarder."

"Have you formed an opinion?"

"No, sir."

"Have you expressed an opinion?"

"Think I have."

The Court: "Gentlemen, I think the juror is competent. It is very evident he has never formed or expressed an opinion on the subject."

SATIRIZING THE LAWYER.

About six years ago the proprietors of the *St. Jacob's Oil Almanac* wrote to me and offered \$1 a line for a hundred line satire on the browbeating lawyer. Here is my dollar-a-line satire:

"I used to have a strong contempt for lawyers. I thought their long cross-examinations were brainless dialogues for no purpose. But ever since Lawyer Johnson had me as a witness in a wood case, I have had a better opinion of the lawyer's skill. In my direct testimony I had sworn truthfully that John Hall had cut ten cords of wood in three days. Then Johnson sharpened his pencil and commenced examining me.

"'Now, Mr. Perkins,' he began, 'how much wood do you say was cut by Mr. Hall?'

"'Just ten cords, sir,' I answered boldly. 'I measured it.'

"'That's **your** impression?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Well, we don't want impressions, sir. What we want is facts before this jury—f-a-c-t-s, sir; facts!'

"'The witness will please state facts hereafter,' said the judge, while the crimson came to my face.

"'Now, sir,' continued Johnson, pointing his finger at me, 'will you swear that it was more than nine cords?'

"'Yes, sir. It was ten cords—just——'

"'There! never mind,' interrupted Johnson.

"'Now, how much less than twelve cords were there?'

"'Two cords, sir.'

"'How do you know there were just two cords less,

sir? Did you measure these two cords, sir?' asked Johnson savagely.

"'No, sir; I——'

"'There, that will do! You did not measure it. Just as I expected. All guess-work. Now didn't you swear a moment ago that you measured this wood?'

"'Yes, sir; but——'

"'Stop, sir! The jury will note this discrepancy.'

"'Now, sir,' continued Johnson slowly, as he pointed his finger almost down my throat; 'now, sir, on your oath, will you swear that there were not ten cords and a half?'

"'Yes, sir,' I answered meekly.

"'Well, now, Mr. Perkins, I demand a straight answer—a truthful answer, sir. How much wood was there?'

"'T-T-Ten c-c-c-ords,' I answered hesitatingly.

"'You swear it?'

"'I-I-d-d-do.'

"'Now,' continued Johnson, as he smiled satirically, 'do you know the penalty of perjury, sir?'

"'Yes, sir; I think——'

"'On your oath, on your s-o-l-e-m-n oath, with no evasion, are you willing to perjure yourself by solemnly swearing that there were more than nine cords of wood?'

"'Yes, sir; I——'

"'Aha! Yes, sir. You *are* willing to perjure yourself, then? Just as I thought' (turning to the judge); 'you see, your Honor, that this witness is prevaricating. He is not willing to swear that there were more than nine cords of wood. It is infamous, gentlemen of the jury, such testimony as this.' The jury nodded assent and smiled sarcastically at me,

" 'Now,' said Johnson, 'I will ask this perjured witness just one more question.'

" 'I ask you, sir—do you know—do you realize, sir, what an awful—a-w-f-u-l thing it is to tell a lie?'

" 'Yes, sir,' I said, my voice trembling.

" 'And, knowing this, you swear on your solemn oath that there were about nine cords of wood?'

" 'No, sir; I don't do anything of——'

" 'Hold on, sir! Now, how do you know there were just nine cords?'

" 'I don't know *any such thing*, sir! I——'

" 'Aha! you don't know then? Just as I expected. And yet you swore you *did* know. Swore you measured it. Infamous! Gentlemen of the jury, what shall we do with this perjurer?'

" 'But I——'

" 'Not a word, sir—hush! This jury shall not be insulted by a perjurer!'

" 'Call the next witness!'

SATIRE ON THE LAW.

I have given a satire on the ignorant juror, a satire on the browbeating lawyer, and I now follow them with a satire on our curious laws:

I find that all law is based on precedents. Two or three precedents establish a certain law. There is no use of studying Blackstone any more. No use of weighing the question of justice. Precedents are what rule the Court. This principle established, I am a full-fledged lawyer now. I am E. Perkins, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, ready to practise even in the Supreme Court at Washington.

Whenever a client comes to me and tells me he has committed a great crime, I read up the precedents and

tell him what will become of him if he don't run away.

In cases where clients contemplate great crimes, I tell them beforehand what will be the penalty if they don't buy a juryman.

Yesterday a man came to me and said he wanted to knock Henry Watterson's teeth down his throat. "What will be the penalty, Mr. Perkins?" he asked.

"Are they false teeth or real teeth?" I inquired.

"False, I think, sir."

"Then, don't do it, sir. False teeth are personal property; but if they are real, knock away."

These are the precedents:

I. A fellow on Third Avenue borrowed a set of false teeth from the show case of a dentist, and he was sent to Sing Sing for four years.

II. Another fellow knocked a man's real teeth down his throat, and Judge Barnard let him off with a reprimand!

The next day Grover Cleveland came to me and wanted to knock out Mr. Chas. A. Dana's eye, because Mr. Dana wrote such long editorials.

"Are they real eyes or glass eyes, Mr. Cleveland?" I asked.

"One looks like glass, the other is undoubtedly real," said the ex-President.

"Ah," I said, "the glass eye is personal property and the real eye is a part of the person. Let's see, the precedents for taking real property are as follows:

- I. Making off with a man's glass eye—two years in Sing Sing.
- II. Tearing out a man's real eye—a fine of five dollars.
- III. Stealing a man's crutch—two years' imprisonment.
- IV. Breaking a man's leg—a fine of ten dollars or reprimand from the judge.

"Mr. Cleveland," I said, "you must be careful about disturbing Mr. Dana's glass eye, but you can scratch out that real eye with impunity. Fee for professional advice, please, twenty-five dollars."

As the ex-President handed me the change, I remarked gratis:

"Damage to a man's property—the penitentiary."

"Damage to a man's body, or destruction of a man's life—acquittal, or a recommendation to mercy."

SATIRE ON SOCIETY.

My earlier writings, in "Saratoga in 1901," are usually satires. I have always despised the brainless dude who lived on his father's reputation and money till he could marry a rich girl and board with her mother. Worthy girls often marry these aimless dudes, and, after a fashionable wedding, spend a lifetime mourning because they did not marry a brave, strong working-fellow, who would have felt rich in their affections, and who, with a little help from his father-in-law, would have hewed his way to wealth and position.

RULES FOR MAKING HEARTLESS DUDES.

These are the ten rules I wrote showing how the brainless son of a rich father can become a dude:

First.—If your father is rich and holds a high social position, don't go to school yourself, take lectures in the scientific course at Harvard one year to get the dude dialect, and learn to wear peaked-toed shoes.

Second.—When you return home with the Harvard stamp, if you haven't sense enough to make a living, pay your addresses to some rich girl—and marry her, if you can.

Third.—Go home and live with her father, and magnanimously spend her money. Keep up your flirtations around town just the same. Gamble a little, and always dine at the clubs.

Fourth.—After your wife has nursed you through a spell of sickness, and she looks languid and worn with anxiety, tell her, like a high-toned gentleman, that she has grown plain looking—then scold her a little and make love to her maid.

Fifth.—If your weary wife objects, I'd insult her—tell her you won't be tyrannized over. Then come home drunk once or twice a week and empty the coal scuttle into the piano, and pour the kerosene lamp over her Saratoga trunk and into baby's cradle. When she cries, I'd twit her about the high (hic) social position of your own (hic) family.

Sixth.—If, weary and sick and heartbroken, she finally asks for a separation, I'd blacken her character, deny the paternity of my own children, get a divorce myself. Then by wise American law you can keep all her money, and while she goes back in sorrow to her father, you can magnanimously peddle out to her a small dowry from her own estate.

Seventh.—If she asks you—audaciously asks you—for any of her own money, tell her to go to the devil (the very one she has come to).

Eighth.—Now I'd keep a mistress and a poodle dog, and ride up to the park with them in a gilded landaulet every afternoon. While this miserable, misguided woman will be trodden in the dust by society, you can attain to the heights of modern chivalry by leading at the charity balls in New York, playing polo at Newport, and raising pug dogs for the dog show.

Ninth.—After you have used up your wife's last money in dissipation, and brought your father's gray hairs down in sorrow to the grave, I'd get the delirium tremens and shoot myself. This will create a sensation in the newspapers, and cause every other rich dude to call you high-toned and chivalrous.

Tenth.—Then that poor angel wife, crushed in spirit, tried in the crucible of adversity, and purified by the beautiful "do-unto-others" of the Christ-child, will go into mourning, and build, with her last money, a monument to the memory of the man who crushed her bleeding heart.

Here is a little satire on the poor dude:

There are three kinds of dudes in New York. There is the inanimate rich dude, who don't want to do anything on earth but exhibit himself. Then there is the poor dude, who dresses like the rich dude, and who wants to marry a rich girl and board with her mother; and, lastly, there is the wicked clubhouse dude, who wastes his rich father's money, and then marries four or five rich women, kills them off, and lives off their estates.

THE POOR DUDE.

The poor dude wears the same one-barreled eye-glass that the rich dude does. He wears apparently the same high collar, the same peaked-toed shoes, with drab tops, the same English top-coat, and the same embroidered kids; but when you examine them closely they all prove to be an inferior imitation, made on Sixth Avenue. The poor dude don't have rooms at Delmonico's. He rents a hall bedroom and eats where he is invited. He goes to the opera on one-dollar-stand-up tickets, and

then goes and visits some rich young lady who is sitting in a twenty dollar box. They always go to parties as escorts, the poor dudes do, and let some rich young lady find the carriage.

I knew a poor New York dude whose pet theory for years has been to marry a rich orphan girl with a bad cough—with the consumption. One day he came into my room almost heartbroken.

"My pet theory is exploded, Eli," he said. "I am discouraged. I want to die."

Then the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"What is it, Charley? Oh, what has happened?" I asked.

"Oh-o-o-o, Eli," he sobbed, and then he broke down.

When his feelings recovered he took my hand trembling in his and told me all about it:

"The other day," he sobbed, "I met a very rich young lady—the rich Miss Astor, sister of Jack Astor of Fifth Avenue. She was very wealthy—wore diamonds and laces—had government bonds, but alas! she didn't have any cough to go with them. She had oceans of money but no sign of a cough—no quick consumption—just my luck!"

And then he buried his face in his hands.

"What else, Eugene?" I asked.

"Well, yesterday, Eli, I met a beautiful young lady from Chicago. She was frail and delicate; had just the cough I wanted—a low, hacking, musical cough. It was just sweet music to listen to that girl's cough. I took her jeweled hand in mine and asked her to be my bride; but, alas! in a fatal moment I learned that she hadn't any money to go with her cough, and I had to give her up. I lost her. Oh, I lost her!"

And then the hot, scalding tears trickled through his fingers and rolled down on his patent-leather boots.

SAD REFLECTIONS.

A kind old father-in-law on Madison Avenue, who is supporting four or five poor dudes as sons-in-law, went down to see Barnum's Fejee cannibals.

"Why are they called cannibals?" he asked of Mr. Barnum.

"Because they live off of other people," replied the great showman.

"Oh, I see!" replied the unhappy father-in-law. "Alas! my four dude sons-in-law are cannibals, too—they live off me!"

The genial Hugh J. Hastings despised the snobbish moneyed aristocracy of New York. "They are cads," he said one day; "their fathers were tailors, oyster-openers, snuffmakers, and muskrat-skin peddlers. I want you to write a strong article, and stand up to the idea that 'worth makes the man and want of it the fellow.'"

"No," I said, "I will write a simple satire on the growth of aristocracy;" and I wrote this satirical

STORY OF EZRA GREEN, JR.

His name was Ezra Green, Jr. He was a high-toned New York Englishman, and he turned and cast upon me an imperial look, as he said in scorn:

"I disdain a Yankee," and then he frowned at me through a single eye-glass.

I thought this was queer when I remembered that his old father and mother still live on Second Avenue—over there where the Fifth Avenue fellows go to flirt with the girls Sunday afternoons.

Alas! Ezra was once a tailor himself on Avenue II. Time passed, and this respectable Second Avenue tailor grew to be a

.....
MERCHANT
 TAILOR.

More time went on. Providence prospered Ezra, and his coats fitted well. He spent much of his feeble income in improved signs. One day I saw a flashy painter paint these letters over his door:

EZRA L. GREEN,
MERCHANT Tailor and **IMPORTER.**

More time skipped along, the tailor moved up town, and I saw *Ezra* raise the imperial arms of England and France on each end of his sign. Then it read, in bright gilt letters:

E. LIVINGSTONE GREEN,
PARIS. IMPORTER. LONDON. :

Alas! "the poor tailor" became smaller and smaller, until it faded entirely away—and still Ezra made clothes.

One day a retired Broadway merchant saw the imposing sign, and, stepping in, innocently asked Ezra the price of "exchange on London."

"The price of the which?" inquired Ezra, sticking his shears behind his ears.

"Oh! I am mistaken. You do not do bank business."

Ezra said he made clothes for a good many bankers, but the Broadway merchant slid away as if ashamed of his mistake.

Fortune smiled upon Ezra, affluence gilded his destiny, and his clothes wore well. He rode in a liveried landaulet, traveled in foreign climes, reveled with the nobility in palaces without expending a cent outside for patching his pants. His career was happy and glorious abroad, and his breeches never ripped at home.

And now Ezra, Jr., has become a great swell. He is the Dude of Dudes. He has a corner house on Fifth Avenue, gives dinners to the 400, and dances at the Patriarchs' Ball. He is president of the Polo Club, drives a tandem team at Newport, plays baccarat, leads the coaching parade, and every night he adorns a front proscenium box at the opera. He despises labor so much that when his coat loses a button he goes into the clothes press where no mortal eye can see him and—sews it on. He would not even speak to an ignoble tailor.

By and by the aristocratic children of E. Livingstone Green will put up a bronze statue of the evolved tailor in the public park, and it will be next to a Mr. Dodge who sold tin and—well, we do not remember what else.

In satirizing social matters, the satirical proposal by the fashionable worldly dude is quite *apropos*:

The scene is laid at Tuxedo; the youth a *blasé* member of the Knickerbocker Club:

Her eyes shone a beautiful, joyous light when he leaned forward and said:

"Julia, I have something confidential to tell you."

"What is it, Augustus?" she asked, in a low, silvery voice—a kind of German silvery voice.

"Well, Julia, to be frank with you, I think that under some circumstances I might love you. Now, do you love me?"

"Yes, Augustus, I do love you; you know I do," and then she flung her alabaster arms around his neck.

"I am very glad, Julia," he said, "for I like to be loved."

"Well, Augustus?"

But Augustus never said another word. Fashionable fellows never say more than that nowadays.

A similar proposal on the part of Miss Warren, a Boston young lady, occurred at Saratoga. The Boston girl had been flirting for hours on the lovers' balcony of the States with Mr. Jack Astor of New York. They had talked about love in all its phases, but Mr. Astor was slow to take the hint. She could not force him up to the proposing point. Finally I saw Miss Warren look lovingly up into Mr. Astor's eyes and pathetically remark:

"Love—oh, love is sweet, Mr. Astor!—my dear Mr. Astor; but nobody loves me—nobody——"

"Yes, Miss Warren, God loves you; and—your mother loves you."

"Mr. Astor, let's go in."

And five minutes afterward Miss Warren was trying the drawing-out dodge on another poor, innocent, unsuspecting fellow.

A day or two after the dude proposal I met Julia at a party. She seemed quite indignant at something.

"Do you know?" she said, "that a married man actually tried to flirt with me at Tuxedo?"

"He did? that was dreadful; a married man flirting! What did you say to him?"

"I told him his wife must have been a Third Avenue chump to marry a man who couldn't flirt any better than he could. Oh, I crushed him!"

How sweet it is to read the old-fashioned proposal after these satires! Proposals like this:

"May I call you Paula?" he asked modestly.

"Yes," she said faintly.

"Dear Paula; may I call you that?"

"I suppose so."

"Do you know I love you?"

"Yes."

"And shall I love you always?"

"If you wish to."

"And will you love me?"

Paula did not reply.

"Will you, Paula?" he repeated.

"You may love me," she said again.

"But don't you love me in return?"

"I love you to love me."

"Won't you say anything more explicit?"

"I would rather not."

They were married in the spring.

The shortest courtship I ever heard of occurred out in Ohio.

"Widder Jenkins," said old farmer Dobson of Windy Hill, as he hustled into the widow's house one morning, "I am a man of business. I am worth \$10,800, and want you for a wife. I give you three minutes to answer."

"I don't want ten seconds, old man," she replied, as

she shook out the dishcloth. "I'm a woman of business, worth \$16,000, and I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth! I give you a minute and a half to git."

The most dignified satire I ever wrote was a satire on the Old World ruins, delivered in a lecture before Princeton College. I give it as reported in the *Princetonian*:

"My Uncle Consider," said Mr. Perkins, "went to see the Prince of Wales while he was here. They had a long talk, the Prince and Consider did.

"'How do you like our country—America?' asked my uncle, as he held the Prince's trembling hand in his.

"'It is great, Mr. Perkins—g-r-e-a-t. Europe, with her two thousand years of civilization, only excels you in one thing.'

"'What is that, your Highness?'

"'Alas! in her magnificent ruins, Mr. Perkins——'

"'But, your Worshipful, we have a remedy for that. You have old ruins in Germany and England, but we build our houses very shabbily, and we shall soon have ruins—s-p-l-c-n d-i-d young ruins, here, too. Look at Washington monument.* It looks like a y-o-u-n-g r-u-i-n now. [Laughter.] Go to Mount Vernon and see the crumbling tomb of the Father of our Country. Go to Princeton and see the sidewalks.' [Loud laughter.]

"'Yes, Mr. Perkins, I see the enterprise of you Americans on the ruin question, but you cannot quite

* Washington's monument was at this time half built. It had remained looking like a young ruin for twenty-five years. It has since been finished.—MELVILLE D. LONDON.

compete with us yet. You have the crumbling tomb of the Father of your Country, but you have no Kenilworth; you have Washington monument, but you have no Pantheon, no Coliseum, no ruined Senate Hall, no——'

"'But your Worshipful has not seen all our ruined halls. You have not seen our magnificent ruins of Tammany Hall and Mayor Hall. They are beautiful to behold. They are the reward of virtue.'

"'Yes,' continued my uncle thoughtfully, 'we have other and grander ruins than all of these. We have the ruins of a standing army; we have the ruins of aristocracy and caste; we have the ruins of nullification and secession; and we have that still grander ruin, the ruin of human slavery. [Applause.] We have the ruins of that old feudal law of entail and primogeniture; and we have the ruins of that stupendous fallacy of you Old World despots, the divine right of kings!'

"'Yes, Mr. Perkins,' interrupted the Prince, as he laid his hands on my uncle's shoulders and looked him straight in the face, 'and on these ruins you have reared your magnificent civilization. On these ruins you have reared a nation whose sublime progress makes Europe look like a pigmy!'

"'And this,' he continued, 'is American Democracy. Alas!' he continued to mourn, 'if we had more of your republican ruins, more ruins of slavery and despotism, more ruins of aristocracy in place of our ruined towers and pyramids, cathedrals and coliseums, we would be better off!'" [Applause.]

POLITICAL SATIRES.

Is satire a strong weapon?

It is the strongest weapon known; but it must be addressed to an intelligent audience. It has to be double discounted. The most cruel satire is to call a right wrong and a wrong right. The reader feels outraged. His prejudices all disappear and his superior judgment rises up and exclaims, with the intense wrath of Greeley, when he said:

"You lie—you villain; you lie!"

The most cutting piece of political satire I ever wrote was a letter addressed to W. H. Barnum, the chairman of the Democratic Committee in 1888, giving very satirical reasons for deserting Harrison and coming out for Cleveland. The heading deceived many Democratic editors, who published it, and followed the next day with an apology to their Democratic readers. The theory of the satire was to exaggerate Cleveland's mild vices and short comings into sweet angelic virtues and praise them, and to exaggerate Harrison's virtues and logical political beliefs into shocking vices and condemn them. It was written in the heat of the campaign and all devices are fair in love and politics. Friend and foe must always admit that Cleveland made an honest president, and his administration was as free from scandal as the administrations of Hayes or Harrison.

The satirical letter ran like this:

“HARRISON DESERTED AGAIN!

“*W. H. Barnum, Chairman Democratic Committee:*

“DEAR SIR: Below I give my reasons for deserting Harrison and protection and coming out for your noble Grover Cleveland and free trade.

“I am against Harrison because he is an honest Christian; because he is for temperance, and for twenty years has been a Christian vestryman, and twice a day bows down in family prayer.

“I am against Harrison because he drew his sword for the republic in 1861, while noble Grover Cleveland bravely stayed at home and hired a substitute, and paid him with the money earned by hanging criminals. I am down on Harrison because he did not desert the nation, as did the noble Democratic party, with secession in the Senate, theft in the War Department, bankruptcy in the Treasury, and treason in the field.

“I am a Democrat.

“I am against Harrison and the Republican party because they freed 4,000,000 slaves in 1863, because they made them citizens and gave them the right to vote for the nation for which they fought, and because, to-day, if Harrison were President, he'd honestly count these freedmen's votes and stop our noble Grover from holding by fraud the Presidential office.

“I am a Democrat.

“I am opposed to Harrison and protection because the English aristocracy hate them worse than they hate an Irish patriot, and because if Harrison becomes our President he'll watch the tariff and see that it protects our workingmen.

“I am a Democrat.

"I am down on the Republican party for saving the republic when seventeen Democratic States trod down our flag; down on the Republican party for slaughtering 100,000 free trade rebel Democrats, and down on Lincoln, Grant, and Garfield—yes, and Logan, Hale, and Conkling—for making England give up Mason and Slidell, spit on that rebel rag, and reverently cheer the Stars and Stripes.

"I am a Democrat.

"I am down on Harrison because, if once made President, he'll surely kill Mills's English tariff bill for lowering the wages of our Northern workingmen; down on him because he says he'll keep the Chinese out and hold back ignorant paupers coming in to oust our high-priced workmen of the North.

"I'm down on Harrison because he'll keep such copperheads as Thurman, Vallandigham, and Daniel Voorhees out; because I love those noble Democrats who, when we were soldiering, cursed old Abe Lincoln and stabbed us in the back.

"I am a Democrat.

"I am for Cleveland and free trade because all our ex-secessionists are for them; because with free trade they can grind down the poor mechanic of the North and pay him back for stamping on the rebel flag.

"I am for Cleveland because the British minister says he favors building up great English industries by breaking down American manufacturers; because he wants the Yankee workmen to live on English pay, and because he wants the free trade South to ship direct from England and kill our Yankee workmen in the North.

"I am for Cleveland and free trade because every

rebel who shot into our flag is for them. I am a Democrat for free trade and against the Yankee workingman because Jeff Davis is, and Beauregard and every old slave driver of the South.

"I am a Democrat.

"Yes, I'm down on Harrison because he wants every Union-loving freedman in the South to cast his honest vote, when he knows so well an honest count will break the Democratic South and stop another president by fraud.

"Yours truly,

"ELI PERKINS.

"Harrison Deserter, No. 32."

When we consider how Harrison has stood for the Election Bill, which is really nothing more or less than Cleveland's "Ballot Reform," and how he has stood for a protective tariff, my satire sounds to me now almost prophetic.

The reader will appreciate the power of satire when I say that the above seventy lines were copied into thousands of newspapers, and were read by probably 10,000,000 people within a week. It brought back bushels of letters *pro* and *con* to the writer, and among them letters from so great a man as James G. Blaine, and the two Presidential candidates, Cleveland and Harrison. President Harrison's letter is given below:

"INDIANAPOLIS, November 26, 1888.

"674 North Delaware Street.

"*Eli Perkins, Esq., New York:*

"MY DEAR SIR: Please accept my very sincere thanks, not only for your friendly words but also for

your zealous and effective work during the campaign. I have not until now been able to make my acknowledgment to you.

"Very truly yours,

"BENJAMIN HARRISON."

During the previous Blaine and Hancock campaign, I wrote my satirical reasons for abandoning Blaine and indorsing Hancock, which brought this letter from the Plumed Knight:

"SENATE CHAMBER, WASHINGTON.

"MY DEAR SIR; Words of 'truth' are not rare with you,—but 'truth and soberness' combined have not been your peculiar characteristic,—but your last effort in that line is an 'amazing hit' with me, for which I tender my sincere and grateful thanks.

"You can render great aid, and I shall cordially *acknowledge and reciprocate* both good intentions and good works.

"Hastily, Yours sincerely,

"J. G. BLAINE.

"*Eli Perkins.*"

The following is a facsimile of Mr. Blaine's letter:

SENATE CHAMBER

WASHINGTON

My dear Sir:
Words of "truth"
are not rare
with you - but
"truth & sternness"
combined have
not been your
peculiar character-
istic — But
your past effort
in that line
is an "amazing
mix" with me
for which I thank

My sincere and
grateful thanks —

You can render
 great aid - and
 I shall cordially
 acknowledge and
 reciprocate both
 your intentions
 & good works

Very truly
 & Sincerely

Yr Obedt Servant
Wm L. Chapin

In 1880 I was called upon by Governor Jewell, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, to make thirty-six speeches in Indiana. I was coupled with Judge Albion W. Tourgee, who had just made a national reputation as the author of "The Fool's Errand." My speeches were entirely satirical. I append a few lines of my Fort Wayne speech, as reported by the Fort Wayne *Gazette*:

"What will the South give the North if they elect a president and become the nation?

"All we know is what they did give us when they had the power. Last year the Democratic party had the upper and lower house. What did they give the great North. Who did they give the chairmanship of the great committee on "finance" to? Did they give it to the great State of New York? No, they gave it to the little rebel State of Delaware. They gave it to Bayard, who made a speech for secession.

"Who did they give the next great committee-ship to—the committee-ship of appropriations? Did they give it to the great State of Indiana? No, they gave it to the rebel General Atkins, of Tennessee.

"What did they give to the great State of Indiana? What did they give to your splendid Daniel Voorhees your Tall Sycamore of the Wabash?

"I will tell you. They made him chairman of the committee on seeds—library and seeds! [Laughter.] Now picture to yourselves, Indianians, your splendid Daniel Voorhees as he goes to the Agricultural Department. He says, I will have a paper of holly-hock seeds for Terre Haute. [Laughter.] I will have turnip seeds for Evansville. [Laughter.] I will have them! I am the King of Seeds." [Loud laughter.]

Ridicule can be used in politics when the people are tired of reading serious arguments. During the last election the people got so tired of tariff discussions that the very mention of the word tariff would cause a man to change his seat in the cars. It got to be a joke, as much of a chestnut as "Annie Rooney."

Meeting Congressman Amos Cummings one day, I asked him how he was getting on financially.

"Splendidly," said the old journalist. "I've just been offered a splendid situation,"

"What is it?" I asked.

"Well, I'd spent all my congressional salary, and felt pretty poor, and this afternoon I went into the Eden Musée and asked for a situation.

"What can you do?" asked the manager.

"I'm a freak," I said.

"Well, what can you do?"

"This, sir," I said. 'I've been in New York now for ten days and haven't said a word about the tariff.'

"All right, I'll give you sixty dollars a week.'"

SATIRIZING THE AGNOSTICS.

The most scientific way to destroy the errors of the agnostics is to satirize them—intensify them. The agnostic assaults Christianity with ridicule, as I shall show later on. Satire kills error, while ridicule harms truth. This is the way I would satirize the theories of such agnostics as Spencer, Huxley, and Ingersoll:

Yes, I am an agnostic. I reject the Bible and agree with Huxley, Darwin, and Ingersoll in a religion of reason and not of inspiration. Down with wicked Christianity and the churches. The old theory of creation is all wrong. Nothing was created. Everything grew. In the old Bible we read: "In the beginning God created heaven and earth."

"Now this is all wrong," say Darwin and I. Our new Bible is to commence like this:

GENESIS. CHAP. I.

1. There never was a beginning. The Eternal without us, that maketh for righteousness, took no notice whatever of anything.

2. And Cosmos was homogeneous and undifferen-

tiated, and somehow or another evolution began, and molecules appeared.

3. And molecule evolved protoplasm, and rhythmic thrills arose, and then there was light.

4. And a spirit of energy was developed and formed the plastic cell, whence arose the primordial germ.

5. And the primordial germ became protogene, and protogene somehow shaped eocene—then was the dawn of life.

6. And the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit, after its own kind, whose seed is in itself, developed according to its own fancy. And the Eternal without us, that maketh for righteousness, neither knew nor cared anything about it.

7. The cattle after his kind, the beast of the earth after his kind, and every creeping thing became evolved by heterogeneous segregation and concomitant dissipation of motion.

8. So that by survival of the fittest there evolved the simiads from the jelly-fish, and the simiads differentiated themselves into the anthropomorphic primordial types.

9. And in due time one lost his tail and became a man, and behold he was the most cunning of all animals; and lo! the fast men killed the slow men, and it was ordained to be so in every age.

10. And in process of time, by natural selection and survival of the fittest, Matthew Arnold, Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Charles Darwin, and Robert Ingersoll appeared, and behold it was good!

RIDICULE KILLS TRUTH.

Ridiculing Truth and Laughing it out of Court—Randolph ridicules Clay—Ingersoll ridicules Christianity—How to meet Ridicule—Ridiculing Ritualism—Beecher ridicules Bob—Ridicule a Lawyer's weapon, not the Clergyman's—Christ used Satire but not Ridicule.

AFTER making the discovery that satire destroys error, I commenced investigating ridicule. The rhetoricians have never separated the two. I found that when Cervantes wanted to kill knight-errantry in Spain he exaggerated it, and that when Ingersoll wanted to kill Christianity he ridiculed it. I found that the lawyer who was on the wrong side in a case always ridiculed the right side. Satire is to exaggerate an error till you see it and stamp it out; while ridicule is to exaggerate a truth, deform it, and you laugh it out. With satire the error goes with a kick, while with ridicule the truth goes with a laugh. Ridicule is an awful weapon, because with it you can harm the truth. In fact the only way to harm truth is to ridicule it. Deny truth? That don't hurt truth any. You will simply impeach your own veracity—kill yourself. But you can ridicule truth and, as the lawyers say, "laugh it out of court."

This is the reason why lawyers always use ridicule—in all law cases only one side is right; the other must be wrong; and the man who is on the wrong side, if he is a good lawyer, will not say a word about his side, but

he will walk over to the right side, exaggerate it, and "laugh it out of court."

To show you how lawyers ridicule the truth, to kill it: I attended a murder case a while ago in Akron, O. It was a homicide case—a case where a man had accidentally killed his friend. This lawyer wanted to win the sympathy of the jury, and he told the jury, in a very pathetic and truthful manner, how bad his client felt.

"Oh, my client felt so bad," he began, in weeping tones, "felt so bad when he killed his friend, the tears rolled down his cheeks; he knelt down by that fallen form!"

Well, the jury knew that his touching pathos was true, and so did the other lawyer. But the opposing counsel could not let it stand, because it had touched the jury. What did he do? Why, he took that true pathos right over on the other side, exaggerated it, and turned it into ridicule, and laughed it out of court.

"Yes," he said, with exaggerated pathos, "the accused did feel bad when he killed his friend. The tears *did* roll down his cheeks. He took off one boot, and emptied it [laughter by the jury]; then he cried some more; then he emptied his other boot [laughter]; then he tied his handkerchief around his trousers—cried 'em full, boo-hoo!" [Laughter by the jury.]

In a moment he had that jury laughing at exaggerated truth and pathos.

The truth was gone!

A good lawyer never denies a true statement before the jury; it is much easier to exaggerate that statement, and make the jury "laugh it out of court."

Colonel Ingersoll often squelched the opposing coun-

sel by a blast of ridicule. One day in Peoria they were trying a patent churn case. The opposing counsel used many scientific terms. He talked about the science of the machine, and how his client had contributed to science a valuable discovery.

"Science!" yelled Colonel Ingersoll. "The opposing counsel is always talking about science, and see" (looking over at the opposing counsel's brief), "he spells it with a 'y'—with a 'y,' sir! *C-y-e-n-c-e.*"

The jury burst out laughing and the truth-loving scientist lost a good case.

If you read Æschines or Aristippus, the cynic and pupil of Socrates, in the old Greek, you will see most charming ridicule. Aristippus was full of it.

On one occasion, when Athens was running to muscle instead of brains, Sinon, a swell young athlete, came to Aristippus and others and commenced boasting about his muscle.

"I tell you, sir," said the boasting Sinon, "I can swim farther than any man in Athens."

"And so can a goose," said Aristippus.

"Yes, and I can dive deeper than any man in Greece."

"And so can a bull-frog," said Diogenes.

"And, more than that, I can kick higher than any man in Athens, and——"

"And so can a jackass," interrupted Æschines.

"And more than all of these, everybody says I'm the handsomest man in Athens."

"And so is a brass statue,—a hollow brass statue,—and it has neither life nor brains," said Aristippus.

"And they say I have the most musical voice in the city."

"And so has a tin horn. A tin horn with an idiot

behind it can make better music than any singer in Greece."

This made Sinon mad, and he twitted Aristippus with having no children.

"The gods will not permit any more such cynics to be born, while I have many children," said the singer.

"Yes, you ignoramus," said Aristippus, "you boast of a quality in which all slaves are your equal and every jackass your superior!"

Strange to say, eighteen hundred years afterward, John Randolph used Sinon's reply to Clay when he twitted the cynic of Roanoke with having no children.

But Clay afterward used Randolph all up when he made this witty reply, which will live as long as history:

One day Clay met his disagreeable enemy, Randolph, on the sidewalk. The cranky old Virginian came proudly up, and occupying most of the sidewalk hissed:

"I never turn out for scoundrels!"

"I always do," said Clay, stepping aside with mock politeness.

Ridicule will use a man up quicker than abuse. Abuse makes a man combative and he will fight back, while ridicule is unanswerable.

I remember the case of an indignant commercial traveler at a Mississippi railroad eating-house, who was utterly routed by a little ridicule from the landlord. This particular commercial man was a great fault-finder, and that day he was growling when he went in, and he growled all the while he was eating, and when he slouched up to the desk to pay his seventy-five cents he broke out with:

"Them sandwiches are enough to kill a dog!"

"What sandwiches?"

"Why, them on the table."

"But we have no sandwiches on the table, sir," protested the landlord.

"You haven't? Well, I should like to know what you call them roasted brickbats on that blue platter?"

"You didn't try to eat one of those, did you?" asked the landlord solemnly.

"Yes, I did!"

"Then, my friend, you had better go for a doctor at once! Those are table ornaments, made of terra-cotta, and were placed there to help fill up space! Great Caesar! you must have lived in a canebrake all your life!"

The commercial man rushed into the car and began to drain a brandy flask, and he didn't get over looking pale for three hours.

"And they were sandwiches after all," said the landlord; "real good ham sandwiches, made that day."

The landlord had adopted that particular style of ridicule instead of using a club.

Ingersoll often used ridicule effectively in politics. One evening a lot of Democrats at the Manhattan Club were grumbling because the Republicans boasted so much about the past. "You Republicans," said Daniel Voorhees, "are always talking about how you broke up slavery and fought through the war. Oh, bury the past. Speak about the present. We Democrats are not always lugging in the past!"

"Yes," said Colonel Ingersoll, "I should think the Democratic party would bury its past, and its future, too, if it ever has any. If the Democratic party had a glorious past it would not wish to forget it. If it were not for the Republican party there would be no United

States now on the map of the world. The Democratic party wishes to make a bargain with us to say nothing about the past and nothing about character. It reminds me of the contract that the rooster proposed to make with the horse: Let us agree not to step on each other's feet."

The colonel's reply laughed Voorhees out of court.

Mr. Beecher probably made the wittiest joke on Ingersoll that history will record, and it is recorded in this book for the first time. I was talking with the great Plymouth preacher about the eloquent agnostic, when Beecher remarked solemnly:

"Yes, Robert Ingersoll is eloquent—very eloquent."

"Do you think his works and sayings will live?" I asked.

"Yes, he will go down with Voltaire and Thomas Paine, and I should like to write his epitaph if the great agnostic would forgive me for it."

"What would you write?"

"Simply this line," said Beecher, smiling:

ROBERT BURNS

It is seldom that Ingersoll meets a man who can stand up against his eloquence and wit. The great agnostic and Mr. Beecher met on the Alton train one day just after a famous Christian banker had defaulted and fled to Canada.

"That's the way with you Christians," said Ingersoll. "Here is a professed Christian who has been a class leader and a vestryman, and now the hypocrite robs a bank and away he goes to Canada."

"Did you ever hear a Christian make an uproar, Colonel, when an anti-Christian committed a crime—

when he robbed a bank and fled to Canada?" asked Beecher.

"I don't remember any such case now," said Ingersoll.

"No, you are not surprised when a worldly man commits a crime. You don't notice it. It is nothing unusual. You see," continued Beecher, "you expect us Christians to be perfect. You expect us to be as pure and holy as our religion."

"Of course," said Ingersoll.

"And when you say 'of course,' you pay us a compliment, and when you show great surprise that one of us should chance to do wrong, you pay us a still finer compliment. Don't you?"

Mr. Ingersoll was silent, and commenced winding his Waterbury watch.

As the train passed Joliet, Ingersoll commenced complaining in a bantering way about the hardships Christian people have to endure in this world. "They have cyclones in Iowa," he said, "grasshoppers in Kansas, famines in Ireland, floods in Pennsylvania, yellow fever in Galveston, George Francis Train in New York, and small-pox epidemics in Baltimore. It is very hard," said Mr. Ingersoll.

"What does all this prove?" asked Beecher.

"It proves that the universe is not governed by a personal God, but by law, law, law. There is no personal God or devil. Such ideas are only worthy of a savage. Huxley, and Darwin, and Galileo would laugh at such ideas. Was it a personal God who burned up five hundred people in the Chicago fire? No, it was not God. It was law. Foolish Mrs. O'Leary tipped over her lantern. By the law of combustion fire started and burnt saints and sinners to death."

"If there were a personal God, and you were in his place, could you make anything better than it is being made?" asked Beecher.

"Why, yes. I could make some things better than they are," said Mr. Ingersoll.

"Now what is one thing that you would change and improve? Tell me one thing that you would make different than it is? Do you mean to say that with our feeble intellect we could improve on anything the Almighty has made?"

"Yes, certainly I could," said Ingersoll, pushed to the wall.

"Well, tell me one single thing that you could improve on."

"My dear sir," said Ingersoll, "if I had my way in this world, I would make health catching, instead of disease catching!"

Before the train reached Chicago, Beecher got even with the great agnostic. In the seat by the Brooklyn preacher was a beautiful celestial globe—a present from a manufacturer in Bloomington. On it was an excellent representation of the constellations and stars which compose them. There were the rings of Saturn and satellites of Uranus. Ingersoll was delighted with the globe. He examined it closely and turned it round and round.

"It's just what I want," he said. "Who made it?"

"Who made it?" repeated Beecher. "Who made this globe? Oh, nobody, Colonel; it just happened!"

"No, no, it couldn't happen!" said Ingersoll.

"Then no more could this great universe happen," said Beecher enthusiastically. "God made it!"

The great agnostic was silenced,

To illustrate ridicule, I reprint a talk I made before the Portsmouth Y. M. C. A. last winter. I give it as reported in the morning newspaper:

"Ridicule," said Eli Perkins, "is to kill truth. A good lawyer will never deny a truth before a jury. That would impeach his veracity and disgust the jury. His true weapon is ridicule. He must exaggerate that truth, overstate it, deform it, and make the jury laugh it out of court.

"Ingersoll, in his discussions with Talmage, never denied a true statement of Talmage. I use Ingersoll to illustrate my theory because the genial agnostic is the king of ridiculers. Ridicule is his weapon, and truth is his target. I say Ingersoll exaggerated the true statements of Talmage and made them ridiculous. For instance, Talmage made a statement about Jonah. He said, 'perhaps the whale didn't swallow Jonah. Perhaps the whale simply took Jonah in his mouth, carried him round a day or two, and then vomited him up.' That was enough for Bob. He didn't deny it. He went across the platform, and exaggerated Talmage's statement. 'Yes,' said Ingersoll, 'I can see Jonah in the whale's mouth. He ties himself up to a tooth and when the whale chews, Jonah, he crouches down—crouches down [laughter, while Bob crouches down, keeping time with the whale's jaw], and by and by, when the whale isn't looking, Jonah, he jumps over into a hollow tooth, builds a fire, reaches out and catches a few fish and fries 'em; peek-a-boo!' [Great laughter.] And so he laughs Talmage's statement out of court; but has he denied it? Not at all.

"Now, again, when Ingersoll wants to ridicule the Church, he doesn't take the Church of to-day. He

couldn't ridicule that. So what does he do? Why, he goes back four hundred years for that Church. He goes back to the barbarous Inquisition, when every man was a savage, with a spear in one hand and a hatchet in the other, trying to kill his fellow-man. [Applause.] He goes back to bloody Spain, where the State had seized the Church, and they were burning Protestants at the stake, pulling their arms out on the rack, or boring their eyes out with augers; or he goes to England in the time of Bloody Mary, when the State had seized the Church, and the Church was not [applause]; where they were toasting John Huss and Cranmer and Latimer in the fires of the Inquisition; where they were burning the saints' eyes out; I say, he finds the Church in the hands of Bloody Mary, and he takes that Church and puts it down before our young men of to-day. Then he sets Deacon Thompson to boring Deacon Monson's eyes out with an auger, and then asks our young if they want to belong to any such wicked old church as that? [Laughter.]

"Now, that isn't the church they are asked to belong to. [Applause.]

"Ridicule is to harm truth, not error. Our clergymen have no occasion to use ridicule, for the business of the clergyman is not to harm truth but to harm error. So he can use satire all day long, because our Saviour used it. Our Saviour never used ridicule. [Applause.]

"In fact, when any man uses ridicule in speech or editorial he is trying to stab the truth, for that is what the weapon is for.

"I heard Ingersoll deliver his great lecture on the 'Mistakes of Moses,' in Indianapolis. Splendid speech! I wouldn't take one plume from the hat of that eloquent

infidel! But what did that speech consist of? Like all of his speeches, it was made up of nine magnificent truths about human liberty, and human love, and wife's love, and then he took one little religious truth, multiplied it by five, turned it into ridicule, and 'laughed it out of court.' And the result? Why, the next day, as usual, all our clergymen came out and denied the whole lecture—denied ridicule! That is the mistake our clergymen have been making for ten years. I meet young men every day trembling in the balance, because you clergymen have denied too much and not explained at all. You have not met the infidel logically. If I had followed the great agnostic, I should have said:

"'Why, Ingersoll, you have just found out that Moses and the Jews, the anti-Christ, made mistakes! We Christians knew that Moses made mistakes two thousand years ago. It is written there in the Bible as plain as day how Moses murdered an Egyptian, hid him in the sand, and lied about it. Why, Bob, if Moses and the Jews hadn't made mistakes there wouldn't have been any New Testament, there wouldn't have been any Christianity, there wouldn't have been any need of Christ. Christ came to correct the mistakes of Moses. [Applause.] Why, Bob, where did you get your news? You must have just got your Jerusalem Herald—delayed in a storm!' [Laughter.]

"Then I would have said to those Ingersollized Christians, 'Why, my dear, trembling brothers and sisters, we haven't got to defend Moses, the Jew, because he made mistakes, because he murdered and lied [sensation]; we Christians haven't got to defend the faltering Noah when he got drunk; we Christians haven't

got to defend David when he became a Nero and slayed and debauched his people; and we Christians haven't got to defend that miserable king of the Jews, Solomon, when he had four hundred more wives than Brigham Young. [Sensation.] But all we Christians have got to do, and it is so easy, is to stand by the Bible account—that the Bible is true, just as it is written in black and white! They did make mistakes, those Jews did, and they made such grievous mistakes that God threw the whole Jewish dispensation overboard as a failure,—God did nothing in vain,—and started a new dispensation, the Christian dispensation, and sent his only beloved Son, Christ, to sit on the throne at the head of it. [Applause.] What! you defending the unbelieving Jew—the anti-Christ? God never defended them. They did just the best they could, those poor Jews did, without Christ. [Applause.] There could be no perfection without Christ. [Applause.]

“ ‘Now Christians, wait till some one shall assault Christianity, not Judaism; wait till some one shall assault Christ, not Moses. But no one has assaulted Christ. Renan? Never. Ingersoll? Never. When they come to Christ they stand with heads uncovered. [Loud applause.]

“ ‘I would say more on this theological subject—I would kill the devil—I hate him and I would kill him, but I see there are several clergymen present and they—have—their—families—to—support!’ [Loud laughter drowned the speaker's voice.]

“The fact is, a great many people who never think of reading the Scriptures, but who keep a dusty Bible to press flowers in and as a receptacle for receipts for

making biscuits, often cavil about some theology that they hear about in the corner grocery. A grocery theologian said to me one day, 'You don't believe in Noah and the flood, do you?' 'Yes,' I said, 'and in the Johnstown flood too, when 18,000 were eating and drinking, and "that flood came and took them off." Christ said that "when He should come again it would be as in the days of Noah."' "

" 'And the whale story, too. Do you believe that?'

" 'Now there is your corner grocery theology again. The Bible don't say anything about a whale. It says, "And God prepared a great fish." And if God could make the universe; if He could say, "let there be light," He could say, "let there be a big fish." The world is a miracle, the violet is a miracle; man is a miracle, the fish is a miracle.'

" 'And that story of Balaam. Do you believe that?' says the grocery theologian. 'Why, scientists have examined the mouth of an ass, and they say it is physically impossible for him to speak.'

"To this I answered, with all the sarcasm of Moody, 'If you will make an ass, I will make him speak!' It's all a miracle, life, joy, laughter, tears, and death; and He who can create man can resurrect his soul and waft it away to eternal joy!" [Loud applause.]

The argument *reductio ad absurdum* is an argument of ridicule. This was one of Wendell Phillips' favorite arguments.

"One day," said Oliver Wendell Holmes, "I was riding in the cars near Philadelphia, when several Southern clergymen got into the car. When one of them heard that Wendell Phillips, the great antislavery agitator,

was on board, he asked the conductor to point him out. The conductor did so, and the Southern clergyman came up to the orator, and bowing, said:

"I beg pardon, but you are Mr. Phillips—Mr. Wendell Phillips, of Boston?"

"Yes, sir."

"I should like to speak to you about something, and I trust, sir, you will not be offended," said the Southern clergyman politely.

"There is no fear of it," was the sturdy answer; and then the minister began to ask Mr. Phillips earnestly why he persisted in stirring up such an unfriendly agitation in the North about the evil of slavery, when it existed in the South.

"Why," said the clergyman, "do you not go South and kick up this fuss and leave the North in peace?"

"Mr. Phillips was not the least ruffled, and answered smilingly:

"You, sir, I presume, are a minister of the Gospel?"

"I am, sir," said the clergyman.

"And your calling is to save souls from hell?"

"Exactly, sir."

"Then why do you stay here in Pennsylvania, agitating the question of salvation? why don't you go right down to hell, where the sinners are, and save 'em?"

The Southern clergyman saw his absurd position at once.

Wendell Phillips was once accosted by Dr. Monson, a professed deist, who asked him:

"Do you think a man has a soul?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever see a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever taste a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever smell a soul?"

"No."

"Did you ever feel a soul?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the doctor, "there are four of the five senses against one upon the question whether there be a soul."

"Look here, Dr. Monson," said Mr. Phillips, "you are a physician, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever see a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever hear a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever taste a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever smell a pain?"

"No."

"Did you ever feel a pain?"

"Yes."

"Well, then," said Mr. Phillips, "there are also four of the senses against one upon the question whether there be a pain. And yet sir, you know that there is a pain, and I know that there is a soul."

One of Ingersoll's favorite arguments against the old Connecticut blue laws was the *reductio ad absurdum* fallacy.

One day Ingersoll was talking with Talmage about laws for the enforcement of Sunday observance, when he asked the great Brooklyn preacher these questions:

"Would you like to live in a community, Mr. Talmage, where not one cigar could be smoked and not one drop of spirituous liquor could be sold or drunk?"

"Certainly," said Talmage; "that would be a social heaven."

"And you would like to live where no one could play on the Sabbath day; where no one could laugh out loud and enjoy a frolic?"

"Certainly."

"And where every one had to go to church?"

"Yes, sir; that would suit me. It would be paradise to live in a community where every one was compelled to go to church every Sunday, where no one could drink a drop, where no one could swear, and where the law would make every man good. There the law would make every man's deportment absolutely correct."

"And you think such a man would be a good Christian—a better man than I am?"

"Why, of course, Colonel."

"Then," said Mr. Ingersoll, "I advise you to go right to the penitentiary. At Sing Sing there is a community of 1500 men and women governed in precisely that manner. They are all good by law."

The witty Quaker lecture committeeman at Swarthmore College used this same fallacy when he came to pay me my lecture fee. He came up to me with a roll of bills in his hand and a twinkle in his eye, and said, as he counted out my fee:

"Eli, my friend, does thee believe in the maxims of Benjamin Franklin?"

"Yea," I said.

"Well, friend Eli, Benjamin Franklin, in his Poor Richard maxims, says that 'Time is money.'"

"Yea, verily, I have read it," I said.

"Well, Eli, if 'time is money,' as thy friend Poor Richard says, and thee believes so, then verily we will keep the money, and thee can take it out in time."

ELI EXPLAINS REPARTÉE.

The Repartee of Diogenes and Aristippus of Greece, Talleyrand and Madame de Staël of France, Charles Lamb and Douglas Jerrold of England, and Tom Corwin, Randolph, Thad. Stevens, Sam Jones, Ben. Butler, Wendell Phillips, and Sam Cox of America—Blaine and Conkling's Repartee.

REPARTÉE, like ridicule and satire, is a species of wit. It is a quick flash of the imagination—a sort of intellectual stab.

In the case of the bull or blunder, a person stumbles into a witticism; but repartee shows design and thought.

Repartee is always a smart reply, but it is not necessarily unkind. Still cranky and ill-natured men like Diogenes, Charles Lamb, Thomas Carlyle, and John Randolph have always used it prolifically.

Repartee is a case where one *speaker* makes a plain statement, aimed in a certain direction, which a *hearer* collides with and reverses so as to shoot straight back at the speaker.

"What I want," said a pompous orator, aiming at his antagonist, "is good common sense."

"Exactly," was the whispered reply; "that's just what you need."

Repartee is often very unkind, but its unkindness is excusable when the person indulging in it has been attacked. For instance, Abernethy, the famous surgeon,

swore violently at a poor Irish paver who had piled some paving-stones on the doctor's sidewalk.

"Remove them! away with them!" screamed Abernethy, with an oath.

"But where shall I take them to?" asked Pat.

"To hell with them!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Hadn't I better take them to heaven? Sure, an' they'd be more out of your honor's way there," said Pat, as he leaned on his spade.

George Francis Train told me once that in his opinion the finest piece of repartee in the English language was the instance where two Irishmen were walking under the gibbet at Newgate. Looking up at the gibbet, one of them remarked:

"Ah, Pat, where would you be if the gibbet had done its duty?"

"Faith, Flannagan," said Pat, "and I'd be walking London—*all alone!*"

A fine bit of repartee is attributed to Douglas Jerrold.

"Have you seen my 'Descent into Hell'?" inquired an author, a great bore, who had written a book with a fiery title:

"No," replied Douglas Jerrold, "but I should like to."

I heard a bright little reply at Spokane Falls, while on a recent lecture trip, which was smart enough to be repartee:

There were about a dozen witty commercial men at dinner and a very pretty waiter girl was waiting on them. She had sweet rosy cheeks, ivory teeth, and a smile that bewitched the traveling men.

After chaffing the pretty waitress a while, one commercial man looked up, and asked:

"What is your name, my pretty waitress?"

"My name," said the young lady, blushing, "is Pearl."

"Pearl!" repeated the commercial man. "That is a very pretty name—a v-e-r-y pretty name." Then thinking a moment he asked:

"Are you the pearl of great price?"

"No," modestly replied the pretty girl, "I am the pearl before swine."

Aristippus, the cynic, and a pupil of Plato, was famous for his repartee, although the translators have usually spoiled his jokes by a too literal translation.

Cræsus, a rich Greek belonging to the 400 of Athens, brought his stupid son to Aristippus one day to have him educated.

"How much will you charge to make my boy a scholar?" he asked.

"How much?" mused Aristippus, as he put his hand on the boy's head. "How much? Why, five hundred drachmas."

"Five hundred drachmas!" exclaimed the shoddy father. "Why, that's too dear! Why, with five hundred drachmas I can buy a slave."

"Then go and buy him," said Aristippus, "and you'll have twins. You'll have a pair of 'em."

"But how will it benefit my son five hundred drachmas' worth?" asked the shoddy Greek.

"Why, when you go to look for him in the theater you can distinguish him from the wooden benches."*

* The literal Greek reply was, "He will not be one stone setting on another." The seats of the Athenian theater were of stone.

It was a good bit of repartee that Henry Watterson got on Oscar Wilde, the long-haired æsthetic:

Wilde, in his Louisville lecture, was delivering himself of an eloquent tirade against the invasion of the sacred domain of art by the meaner herd of tradespeople and miscellaneous nobodies, and finally, rising to an Alpine height of scorn, exclaimed:

"Ay, all of you here are Philistines—mere Philistines!"

"Yes," whispered Watterson softly, "we are Philistines, and I suppose that is why we are being assaulted with the jawbone of an ass."

It would take a book to record all of Tom Corwin's bright and cutting instances of repartee. Many of them are familiar to the old reader, but I record them here for the coming man, the boy growing up.

John C. Calhoun once pointed to a drove of mules just from Ohio, and said to Corwin: "There go some of your constituents."

"Yes," said Tom gravely, "they are going down South to teach school."

Governor Brough was once matched against Corwin, and in the midst of his speech said:

"Gentlemen, my honored opponent himself, while he preaches protective tariff and home industry, has a carriage at home which he got in England, and had it shipped across the ocean in an English ship. How is that for supporting home industry and labor?"

When Corwin came on the stand he made a great show of embarrassment, stammered, and began slowly:

"Well, gentlemen, you have heard what my friend Mr. Brough has to say of my carriage. I plead guilty to the charges, and have only two things to say in my

defense. The first is that the carriage came to me from an English ancestor as an heirloom, and I had to take it. Again, I have not used it for seven years, and it has been standing in my back yard all that time, and my chickens are roosting on it to-day. Now, gentlemen," with a steady look at Brough, "I have nothing further to say in my defense; but I would like to know how Brough knows anything about my carriage if he has not been visiting my chicken roost."

When I lectured before the Carlisle (Pa.) Teachers' Institute they told me innumerable stories about that grim old patriot and antislavery agitator, Thad. Stevens, which almost bordered on repartee.

One day the old man was practicing in the Carlisle courts, and he didn't like the ruling of the presiding judge. A second time the judge ruled against "old Thad," when the old man got up, with scarlet face and quivering lips, and commenced tying up his papers as if to quit the court-room.

"Do I understand, Mr. Stevens," asked the judge, eyeing "old Thad" indignantly, "that you wish to show your contempt for this Court?"

"No, sir; no, sir," replied old Thad. "I don't want to show my contempt, sir; I'm trying to conceal it."

Alex. H. Stephens, of Georgia, weighed but seventy-four pounds; yet he was always considered in the South as a man of weight.

Mr. Stephens once severely worsted a gigantic Western opponent in debate.

The big fellow, looking down on Stephens, burst out, "You! why, I could swallow you whole."

"If you did," answered the latter, "you would have

more brains in your bowels than ever you had in your head."

Wendell Phillips said hundreds of things that were so sharp that his audiences didn't know whether it was Phillips, lightning, or repartee.

I met the grand old Abolitionist on the streets of Boston in 1866. He was going along faster than usual, and said he was on his way to Faneuil Hall, where there would probably be a very exciting meeting. The ex-rebels had shot into the negroes at the polls, and President Grant had called out the troops in New Orleans to suppress riots. There was a great Democratic crowd in the old historic hall, and it appeared dangerous for a Republican to attempt to speak. I entered in front, and just as I cast my eyes on the platform, I saw Mr. Phillips begin to ascend it from the speakers' entrance. A Democratic orator was speaking, but no sooner had Mr. Phillips' head appeared above the platform than the people began to shout, "Phillips, Phillips!" Very soon he was addressing the audience, and endeavored to conciliate and pacify his hearers.

"In all cases where any citizen, white or black, is in danger," he said, "it is the duty of the government to protect him." No sooner had he finished the sentence than a number of men began to hiss.

The great orator paused a moment, and then an inspired wrath took hold of him, his great eyes gleamed, and in a blast of irony he exclaimed:

"Truth thrown into the caldron of hell would make a noise like that!"

When the cheers had ceased, the silver-tongued orator showered down the following red-hot sentences:

"In the South," he said, "we have not only an army to conquer, but we have a state of mind to annihilate. When England conquered the Highlands, she held them—held them until she could educate them; and it took a generation. That is just what we have to do with the South; annihilate the old South, and put a new one there. You do not annihilate a thing by abolishing it. You must supply the vacancy."

The mildest bit of repartee I know of occurred between the Poet Saxe and Oliver Wendell Holmes. They were talking about brain fever when Mr. Saxe remarked:

"I once had a very severe attack of brain fever myself."

"How could you have brain fever?" asked Holmes, smiling. "It is only strong brains that have brain fever."

"How did you find that out?" asked Saxe.

The Scotch are always very blunt with their repartee:

Sandy complained that he had got a ringing in his head.

"Do ye ken the reason o' that?" asked Donald.

"No."

"I'll tell ye—it's because it's empty."

"And ha'e ye never a ringing in your head?" asked the other.

"No, never."

"And do ye ken the reason—because it's cracked."

The man who uses repartee is like the wasp; he stings when he is attacked. It was so with Diogenes, Chateaubriand, and Charles Lamb.

A dear friend was once expatiating to Talleyrand on

his mother's beauty, when the mean wit said, "Then it must have been your father who was ugly."

When some one said that Chateaubriand complained of growing deaf, Talleyrand replied: "He thinks he is deaf because he no longer hears himself talked of."

A well-known author exclaimed, "During my life I have been guilty of only one mistake."

"Where will that end?" inquired Talleyrand.

A friend of Mr. Blaine once asked Conkling if he would take the stump for Blaine in the campaign of '84.

"I can't," said Conkling spitefully. "I have retired from criminal practice."

Mr. Blaine got even with Conkling for this by telling a story about Conkling's vanity. "One day," said Mr. Blaine, "when Conkling and I were friends, the proud New York senator asked Sam Cox whom he thought were the two greatest characters America ever produced?"

"I should say," said Cox solemnly, "I should say the two most distinguished men in America have been General Washington and yourself."

"Very true," said Conkling, "but I don't see why you should drag in the name of Washington."

I witnessed a cutting rebuke and a sharp reply on the part of an American in Germany. The German officers before the Franco-Prussian war used to be arrogant and pedantic. The German army had not proved its prowess then, and the officers were sensitive. But since the war with France has proved that they are the best soldiers in the world, that sensitiveness has all gone. They are sure of their position and can afford to be magnanimous. The Heidelberg student, though, is

still pompous, arrogant, and egotistical; painful to Democratic Americans.

I was on the steamboat platform at Heidelberg a few years ago with a party of Americans. There was a good deal of jamming and crowding, and an American happened to crowd a Heidelberg student, a famous class duelist, when he drew himself up pompously, his scarred face all scowls, and exclaimed:

"Sir, you are crowding; keep back, sir!"

"Don't you like it, sonny?" asked the American.

"Sir!" scowled the student.

"Don't you like it, sonny?" repeated the American derisively.

The German gave one look full of pedantry and hatred, then thrusting his card in the American's face hissed out:

"Allow me to tell you, sir, that you have insulted me, and that I am at your service—at any time and place!"

"Oh, you are at my service, are you?" said the American. "Then just carry this satchel to the hotel for me!"

I have had several tilts with General Butler during the last twenty years, although I am a great admirer of the man who gave the first order making old slaves contraband of war. That order of Butler's settled the question of slavery on this continent, and Lincoln's proclamation of freedom became a necessity.

Even before the war I had written this parable on the general:

Old Deacon Butler, of Lowell, had one son, Ben, who was very smart at everything, but the deacon could not tell what profession to give him. So one

day he put the boy in a room with a Bible, an apple, and a dollar bill.

"If I find Ben reading the Bible when I return," said the deacon, "I shall make him a clergyman; if eating the apple, a farmer; and if interested in the dollar bill, a banker."

"What was the result?" you ask.

"Well, when the deacon returned he found his son sitting on the Bible with the dollar bill in his pocket, and the apple almost devoured."

"What did he do with him?"

"Why, he made him a politician, and is still running for governor of Massachusetts. Ben is still devouring that apple."

During the war I set this little bit of satire afloat:

General Butler went into a hospital in Washington not long since, to express sympathy with the patients.

"What is the matter with you, my man?" asked the general, as he gazed at the man with a sore leg.

"Oh, I've got gangrene, General."

"Gangrene! why, that's a very dangerous disease, my man; v-e-r-y d-a-n-g-e-r-o-u-s," said General Butler. "I never knew a man to have gangrene and recover. It always kills the patient or leaves him demented. I've had it myself!"

Well, General Butler bided his time. He waited until he got me in front of him at a Grand Army dinner—got me surrounded and then bottled me up with his best story.

After Chauncey Depew and Horace Porter had told some exaggerated stories, Butler arose in a very dignified manner and said:

"Speaking of liars, Mr. Depew, I have the honor of

knowing three of the greatest liars, the greatest living liars, in this world."

"Who are they?" asked the venerable Sam Ward, as he dropped a chicken partridge to listen to the general.

"Well, sir," said the general, as he scratched his head thoughtfully, "Mark Twain is one, and Eli Perkins is the other two!"

I forgave General Butler for that story on account of the good story he told on the city of Philadelphia. This story has been attributed to a dozen different people, but Butler was the man who told it. "Oliver Wendell Holmes," says Butler, "happened to be seated next to George W. Childs at a Boston dinner.

" 'Speaking of Boston,' said Ben, 'she is a fine city, isn't she?'

" 'Yes, Boston is a very compact and substantial city,' said Mr. Childs; 'but she is not so well laid out as Philadelphia.'

" 'No,' said Ben, with his eyes more on a bias than usual, 'Boston is not so well laid out as Philadelphia, I admit that; but she will be when she is as dead as Philadelphia.' "

The staid New York *Tribune* came near jumping over into the realms of wit and repartee when it published this paragraph:

Eli Perkins, who is a vestryman in an uptown church, in the absence of a Sunday-school teacher, kindly offered to take her class in the Sabbath-school. After teaching the class four weeks Mr. Perkins was presented with a Bible by his class. People can draw their own inferences.

A bright, though not very orthodox bit of repartee was made by Sam Jones to Elder Smitzer, who was

lecturing Sam for the sin of chewing tobacco. "Brother Jones," exclaimed Brother Smitzer, without stopping to ask any other question, "is it possible that you chew tobacco?"

"I must confess I do," quietly replied Mr. Jones.

"Then I would quit it, sir," energetically continued Brother Smitzer. "It is a very unclerical practice, and I must say a very uncleanly one. Tobacco! Why, sir, even a hog would not chew it."

"Brother Smitzer," responded his amused listener, "do you chew tobacco?"

"I? No, sir!" he answered gruffly, with much indignation.

"Then, pray, my dear brother," said Sam, "which is most like the hog, you or I?"

"If your habits were as good as your logic, Sam Jones," said Brother Smitzer, smiling, "you would be saved in spite of your bad taste."

ARTEMUS WARD.

The Father of American Humor—Personal Reminiscences—Where Eli Perkins got his *nom de plume*—From the Maine Farm to Kensal Green—His original MSS. left to the Writer.

I FIRST met Artemus Ward in Memphis, in the spring of 1865. He had just returned from his overland stage trip from California, and was making a lecture tour of the States. I little thought then that I should be called upon in 1876, by Geo. W. Carleton, to write his biography and edit a complete edition of his works.*

On that occasion the humorist accompanied me to my plantation at Lake Providence, La., where I had 1700 acres of cotton. I had previously been on General A. L. Chetlain's staff in Memphis.

The negroes were a perpetual delight to Artemus; and they used to stand around him with staring eyes, and mouths wide open, listening to his seemingly serious advice.

I could not prevail upon him to hunt or to join in any of the equestrian amusements with the neighboring planters, but a quiet fascination drew him to the negroes. Strolling through the "quarters," his grave words, too deep with humor for darky comprehension, gained their entire confidence.

* The Complete Works of Artemus Ward (four volumes in one), with his Mormon Lecture, and Biography by Eli Perkins. G. W. Carleton, New York; and Chatto & Windus, London.

One day he called upon Uncle Jeff, an Uncle-Tom-like patriarch, and commenced in his usual vein :

"Now, Uncle Jefferson," he said, "why do you thus pursue the habits of industry? This course of life is wrong—all wrong—all a base habit, Uncle Jefferson. Now, try and break it off. Look at me—look at Mr. Landon, the chivalric young Southern plantist from New York; he toils not, neither does he spin; he pursues a career of contented idleness. If you only thought so, Jefferson, you could live for months without performing any kind of labor, and at the expiration of that time feel fresh and vigorous enough to commence it again. Idleness refreshes the physical organization—it is a sweet boon. Strike at the roots of the destroying habit to-day, Jefferson. It tires you out; resolve to be idle; no one should labor; he should hire others to do it for him." And then he would fix his mournful eyes on Jeff and hand him a dollar, while the eyes of the wonder-struck darky would gaze in mute admiration upon the good and wise originator of the only theory which the darky mind could appreciate.

As Jeff went away to tell the wonderful story to his companions, and backed it with the dollar as material proof, Artemus would cover his eyes, and bend forward on his elbows in a chuckling laugh.

One of the queerest sights was to see his trunks spread along the hall outside of his room. Each trunk was fully labeled. One would be labeled, "A. Ward, his store close"; and another, "A. Ward, his Sunday suit."

One evening I asked him to tell me about his childhood up in Maine, and he said :

"I was born up at Waterford, but afterward moved

to Skowhegan. My father's name was Levi, and my mother's name was Caroline. I had four uncles in Waterford: Daniel, Mallory, Jabez, and Thaddeus."

"Were you Puritans?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "father's name was Levi, and we had a Moses and a Nathan in the family, so I think we must have come from Jerusalem. But," he continued thoughtfully, "my brother's name was Cyrus, and perhaps that made us Persians."

I had many practical ideas about the plantation, and Artemus was constantly saying, during the visit:

"You are a regular Eli Perkins kind of a man—you are. I think I'll call you Eli."

An Eli Perkins kind of a man with Ward was some one with dry philosophical ideas, original and startling. After this he never addressed me by any other name. The name Eli Perkins seemed to give him infinite amusement, and at Natchez and New Orleans it was a never ending source of pleasure, when the crowd called upon him, to turn around, smile, and say:

"Allow me to introduce Mr. Eli Perkins, the chivalric young Southern plantist from—from New York."

When I parted with Artemus at New Orleans he came to the gang-plank, smiled, and said loudly:

"You know so much about farming, Eli, that I'm going to make you manager of my plantation up in Maine."

And sure enough, he wrote this letter a month or so afterward, which appears in most of his books, and which caused me to take the name "Eli Perkins" as a *nom de plume* in 1871, when I wrote my first book. "Saratoga in 1901."

This was Ward's letter :

NEW YORK, June 12, 1865.

To the Farmers' Club, Cooper Institute.

GENTLEMEN: I have been an honest farmer for some four years. My farm is in the interior of Maine. Unfortunately my lands are eleven miles from the railroad. Eleven miles is quite a distance to haul immense quantities of wheat, corn, rye, and oats ; but as I haven't any to haul, I do not, after all, suffer much on that account.

Two years ago I tried sheep-raising.

I bought fifty lambs, and turned them loose on my broad and beautiful acres.

It was pleasant on bright mornings, after coming back from a lecturing tour, to stroll leisurely out on to the farm in my dressing-gown, with a cigar in my mouth, and watch these innocent little lambs as they danced gayly o'er the hillside.

One day my gentle shepherd, Mr. Eli Perkins, said, " We must have some shepherd dogs."

I had no very precise idea as to what shepherd dogs were, but I assumed a rather profound look, and said :

" We must, Eli. I spoke to you about this some time ago."

I wrote to Boston for two shepherd dogs, and the dogs came forthwith. They were splendid creatures—snuff-colored, hazel-eyed, long-tailed, and shapely jawed.

We led them proudly to the fields.

" Turn them in, Eli," I said.

Eli turned them in.

They went in at once, and killed twenty of my best lambs in about four minutes and a half.

My friend had made a trifling mistake in the breed of these dogs.

Eli Perkins was astonished, and observed :

" Waal! *did* you ever ?"

I certainly never had.

There were pools of blood on the green sward, and fragments of wool and raw lamb chops lay round in confused heaps.

The dogs would have been sent to Boston that night, had they

not rather suddenly died that afternoon of a throat-distemper. It wasn't a swelling of the throat. It wasn't diphtheria. It was a violent opening of the throat, extending from ear to ear.

Thus closed their life stories. Thus ended their interesting tails.

I failed as a raiser of lambs. As a sheepist I was not a success.

Last summer Mr. Perkins said, "I think we'd better cut some grass this season, sir."

We cut some grass.

To me the new mown hay is very sweet and nice. New mown hay is a really fine thing. It is good for man and beast.

We hired four honest farmers to assist us, and I led them gayly to the meadows.

I was going to mow, myself.

I saw the sturdy peasants go round once ere I dipped my flashing scythe into the tall, green grass.

"Are you ready?" said E. Perkins.

"I am here!"

"Then follow us!"

I followed them.

Followed them rather too closely, evidently, for a white-haired old man, who immediately followed Mr. Perkins, called upon us to halt. Then, in a low, firm voice, he said to his son, who was just ahead of me, "John, change places with me. I hain't got long to live, anyhow. Yonder berryin' ground will soon have these old bones, and it's no matter whether I'm carried there with one leg off and ter'ble gashes in the other or not! But you, John—*you* are young."

The old man changed places with his son. A smile of calm resignation lit up his wrinkled face, as he said, "Now, sir, I am ready!"

"What mean you, old man?" I said.

"I mean that if you continue to bran'ish that blade as you have been bran'ishin' it, you'll slash h—— out of some of us before we're a hour older!"

There was some reason mingled with this white-haired old peasant's profanity. It was true that I had twice escaped mowing off his son's legs, and his father was, perhaps, naturally alarmed.

I went and sat down under a tree. "I never know'd a literary man in my life," I overheard the old man say, "that know'd anything."

Mr. Perkins was not as valuable to me this season as I had fancied he might be. Every afternoon he disappeared from the field regularly, and remained about some two hours. He said it was headache. He inherited it from his mother. His mother was often taken in that way, and suffered a great deal.

At the end of the two hours, Mr. Perkins would reappear with his head neatly done up in a large wet rag and say he "felt better."

One afternoon it so happened that I soon followed the invalid to the house, and as I neared the porch I heard a female voice energetically observe, "You stop!" It was the voice of the hired girl, and she added, "I'll holler for Mr. Brown!"

"Oh, no, Nancy!" I heard the invalid E. Perkins soothingly say, "Mr. Brown knows I love you. Mr. Brown approves of it!"

This was pleasant for Mr. Brown!

I peered cautiously through the kitchen blinds, and, however unnatural it may appear, the lips of Eli Perkins and my hired girl were very near together. She said, "You shan't do so," and he *do-soed*. She also said she would get right up and go away and, as an evidence that she was thoroughly in earnest about it, she remained where she was.

They are married now, and Mr. Perkins is troubled no more with the headache.

This year we are planting corn. Mr. Perkins writes me that "on accounts of no skare krows bein' put up krows cum and digged fust crop up but soon got nother in Old Bisbec, who was frade youd cut his sons leggs of, Ses you bet go and stan up in feeld yrself with dressin gownd on & gesses krows will keep way. this made Boys in store larf. no More terday from Yours respectful,

ELI PERKINS."

P. S.—Eli has done better since he got married.

ARTEMUS WARD.

After Artemus died in London in 1867, I visited his grave in Waterford and talked with his mother, who af-

terward wrote me several letters. I learned in Waterford that Artemus was full of fun when a boy. His mother, from whom the writer received several letters, told me that Artemus was out very late one night at a spelling-bee, and came home in a driving snowstorm.

"We had all retired," said Mrs. Browne, "and Artemus went around the house and threw snow-balls at his brother Cyrus's window, shouting for him to come down quickly. Cyrus appeared in haste, and stood shivering in his night-clothes.

"'Why don't you come in, Charles? The door is open.'

"'Oh,' replied Artemus, 'I could have gotten in all right, Cyrus; but I called you down because I wanted to ask you if you really think it is wrong to keep slaves.'"

Charles received his education at the Waterford school, until family circumstances induced his parents to apprentice him to learn the rudiments of printing in the office of the Skowhegan *Clarion*, published some miles to the north of his native village. Here he passed through the dreadful ordeal to which a printer's "devil" is generally subjected. He always kept his temper; and his amusing jokes are even now related by the residents of Skowhegan.

In the spring, after his fifteenth birthday, Charles Browne bade farewell to the Skowhegan *Clarion*; and we next hear of him in the office of the *Carpet-Bag*, edited by B. P. Shillaber ("Mrs. Partington").

In these early years young Browne used to "set up" articles from the pens of Charles G. Halpine ("Miles O'Reilly") and John G. Saxe, the poet. Here he wrote his first contribution in a disguised hand, slyly put it into

the editorial box, and the next day enjoyed the pleasure of setting it up himself. The article was a description of a Fourth of July celebration in Skowhegan. The spectacle of the day was a representation of the battle of Yorktown, with George Washington and General Cornwallis in character. The article pleased Mr. Shillaber, and Mr. Browne, afterward speaking of it, said: "I went to the theater that evening, had a good time of it, and thought I was the greatest man in Boston."

While engaged on the *Carpet-Bag*, Artemus closely studied the theater and courted the society of actors and actresses. It was in this way that he gained that correct and valuable knowledge of the texts and characters of the drama which enabled him in after years to burlesque them so successfully. The humorous writings of Seba Smith were his models, and the oddities of "John Phoenix" were his especial admiration:

After leaving Boston, Artemus became a reporter and compositor in Tiffin, O., at four dollars a week. From there he went into the *Toledo Commercial*, and in 1858, when he was twenty-four years of age, Mr. J. W. Gray, of the *Cleveland Plaindealer*, secured him as local reporter, at a salary of twelve dollars per week. Here his reputation first began to assume a national character, and it was here that they called him a "fool" when he mentioned the idea of taking the field as a lecturer. Speaking of this circumstance, while traveling down the Mississippi with the writer in 1865, Mr. Browne musingly repeated this colloquy:

Wise Man. "Ah! you poor, foolish little girl—here is a dollar for you."

Foolish Little Girl. "Thank you, sir, but I have a

sister at home as foolish as I am; can't you give me a dollar for her?"

In 1860 the humorist became the editor of *Vanity Fair* in New York, succeeding Charles G. Leland.

Speaking of his experience on *Vanity Fair*, Artemus said:

"Comic copy is what they wanted for *Vanity Fair*; I wrote some and it killed it. The poor paper got to be a conundrum and so I gave it up."

After lecturing in Clinton Hall, December 23, 1862, Ward went to California to lecture. His lecture on "Babes in the Woods," took the Californians by storm. It consisted of a wandering batch of comicalities, touching upon everything except the "Babes." Indeed, it was better described by the lecturer in London, when he said, "One of the features of my entertainment is, that it contains so many things that don't have anything to do with it."

In the middle of his lecture, the speaker would hesitate, stop, and say: "Owing to a slight indisposition, we will now have an intermission of fifteen minutes." The audience looked in utter dismay at the idea of staring at vacancy for a quarter of an hour, when, rubbing his hands, the lecturer would continue: "But, ah—during the intermission I will go on with my lecture!"

On returning from California on the overland stage, Artemus lectured in Salt Lake City. He took a deep interest in Brigham Young and the Mormons. The Prophet attended his lecture. When the writer lectured in the Mormon theater fifteen years afterward, Brigham Young was present. The next day my wife and I were entertained at the Lion House, the home of

the Prophet, when he and Hiram Clausen gave me many reminiscences of Artemus Ward's visit.

When I wrote the humorist's biography, Mr. Carleton gave me a trunk full of his old MSS., which I have been looking over to-day.* Before me is this sketch of Brigham Young in Artemus Ward's handwriting. It was written in 1862, while the war of the Rebellion was going on; but after Joe Johnson's campaign against the Mormons. Any journalist will see, by his correct punctuation, that he was a man of culture. This lithographed sketch shows his character. It proves that he was once a type-setter. It is the best index to the culture and technical knowledge of the humorist that could be given:

The reader will see by Mr. Ward's diary that the Mormons were jealous of the national troops encamped at Salt Lake.

*The Prophet as I describe
pleasantly about New England,
and other matters. He is
unmolested by clerks, who*

* A package of these Ward sketches, with autograph letters from President Harrison, the Prince of Wales, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Geo. W. Curtis, Cable, Talmage, Depew, General Sherman, Cardinal Gibbons, and forty others were stolen from the Sixth Avenue elevated train after this was written. It is hoped that autograph collectors into whose hands they will come will communicate with Mr. Landon,

are busily at work. Some say that every word a Gentile utters in the Prophet's presence is faithfully written down by a short-hand reporter, who is behind a desk, while a draughtsman ~~draws~~ ^{sketches} ~~again~~ takes a transcript of ^{his} ~~face~~ face. This, I fancy, is of the book, Pashy. Our conversation was not of a political character; I thought, however, that the Prophet's predilections were conservative. He is said to have been

an ~~great~~ admirer of the
late Stephen A. Douglas.
I was told that he was
friendly to the North in
this struggle for the life of
the Republic. The majority of the
people of Utah, however, are
foreigners, and they seem^{ed} to
be rather indifferent about
the matter. Politics are un-
known in Utah, in fact: Only
one ticket is ^{even} in the field,
whether ~~the~~ the election is
for a Constable or
Delegate to Congress. There

may be a slight skirmish
over ~~the~~ nomination, but:
when it is made all
opposition is withdrawn.

Some vote and others do not—
but the man is
elected, "triumphantly."

I suspect the Mexicans
are not particularly fond of
the General Government. They
are compelled to regard the
present army ^{in their midst}, with its guns
pointed toward their city, as
a standing ^{menace} ~~threat~~, and they
have not forgotten the ^{Hormon} war.

On his return from California Artemus wrote his lecture on the Mormons and delivered it throughout New England for one hundred nights, the trip netting him \$8000.

His life in America was a constant round of jolly revelry. His friends persecuted him with adoration and kindness. Wherever he lectured there was sure to be a knot of young fellows to gather around him, go home to his hotel, and spend the night in telling stories, drinking, and singing songs. Five years of such life made the humorist almost a physical wreck.

In the spring of 1866, Charles Browne first timidly thought of going to Europe. Turning to Mr. Hingston one day, he asked: "What sort of a man is Albert Smith? Do you think the Mormons would be as good a subject to the Londoners as Mont Blanc was?" Then he said: "I should like to go to London and give my lecture in the same place. Can't it be done?"

Well, he went to London, and became a lion at once.

Scholars, wits, poets, and novelists came to him with extended hands, and his stay in London was one ovation to the genius of American wit. Charles Reade, the novelist, was his warm friend and enthusiastic admirer; and Mr. Andrew Halliday introduced him to the "Literary Club," where he became a great favorite. Mark Lemon came to him and asked him to become a contributor to *Punch*, which he did. His *Punch* letters were more remarked in literary circles than any other current matter. There was hardly a club meeting or a dinner at which they were not discussed. "There was something so grotesque in the idea," said a correspondent, "of this ruthless Yankee poking among the revered antiquities of Britain, that the beef-eating British

themselves could not restrain their laughter." The story of his Uncle William, who "followed commercial pursuits, glorious commerce—and sold soap!" and his letters on the Tower and "Chowser," were palpable hits, and it was admitted that *Punch* had contained nothing better since the days of "Yellowplush." This opinion was shared by the *Times*, the literary reviews, and the gayest leaders of society. The publishers of *Punch* posted up his name in large letters over their shop in Fleet Street, and Artemus delighted to point it out to his friends. About this time Mr. Browne wrote to his friend, Jack Rider, of Cleveland:

This is the proudest moment of my life. To have been as well appreciated here as at home, to have written for the oldest comic journal in the English language, received mention with Hood, with Jerrold and Hook, and to have my picture and my *pseudonym* as common in London as New York, is enough for

Yours truly,

A. WARD.

Mr. Browne's first London lecture, on the Mormons, occurred in Egyptian Hall, November 13, 1866. It set England on fire. Crowds were turned away, but sickness came and his brilliant life soon ended. On Friday, the sixth week of his engagement, he broke down, the disappointed audience went away mournfully, and Mr. Browne's friends took him to the Isle of Jersey. Jersey doing him no good, he returned to London, died, and his remains were taken to Kensal Green from the rooms of Arthur Sketchley, Rev. M. D. Conway preaching his funeral sermon. The humorist was removed from Kensal Green by his American friends, and his body now sleeps by the side of his father, Levi Browne,

in the quiet cemetery at Waterford, Me. Upon the coffin is the simple inscription :

CHARLES F. BROWNE,

Aged 32 Years.

BETTER KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS
"ARTEMUS WARD."

I can say from personal knowledge, and E. P. Hingston, Richard H. Stoddard, and T. W. Robertson will agree with me, that Charles Farrar Browne was one of the kindest and most affectionate of men, and history does not name a man who was so universally beloved by all who knew him. It was remarked, and truly, that the death of no literary character since Washington Irving caused such general and widespread regret.

In stature he was tall and slender. His nose was prominent—outlined like that of Sir Charles Napier, or Mr. Seward; his eyes brilliant, small, and close together; his mouth large, teeth white and pearly; fingers long and slender; hair soft, straight, and blond; complexion florid; mustache large, and his voice soft and clear. In bearing, he moved like a natural born gentleman. In his lectures he never smiled—not even while he was giving utterance to the most delicious absurdities; but all the while the jokes fell from his lips as if he were unconscious of their meaning. While writing his lectures, he would laugh and chuckle to himself continually.

There was one peculiarity about Charles Browne—he never made an enemy. Other wits in other times have been famous, but a satirical thrust now and then

has killed a friend. Diogenes was the wit of Greece, but when, after holding up an old dried fish to draw away the eyes of Anaximenes' audience, he exclaimed, "See how an old fish is more interesting than Anaximenes," he said a funny thing, but he stabbed a friend. When Charles Lamb, in answer to the doting mother's question as to how he liked babies, replied, "B-b-boiled, madam, boiled!" that mother loved him no more; and when John Randolph said "thank you!" to his constituent, who kindly remarked that he had the pleasure of "passing" his house, it was wit at the expense of friendship. The whole English school of wits, with Douglas Jerrold, Hood, Sheridan, and Sydney Smith, indulged in repartee. They were parasitic wits. And so with the Irish, except that an Irishman is generally so ridiculously absurd in his replies as to excite only ridicule. "Artemus Ward" made you laugh and love him too.

The wit of "Artemus Ward" and "Josh Billings" is distinctively American. Lord Kames, in his "Elements of Criticism," makes no mention of this species of wit, a lack which the future rhetorician should look to. We look in vain for it in the English language of past ages, and in other languages of modern time. It is the genus American. When Artemus says, in that serious manner, looking admiringly at his atrocious pictures, "I love pictures—and I have many of them—beautiful photographs—of myself," you smile; and when he continues, "These pictures were painted by the old masters: they painted these pictures and then they—they expired," you hardly know what it is that makes you laugh outright; and when Josh Billings says in his proverbs, wiser than Solomon's, "You'd better

not know so much than know so many things that ain't so," the same vein is struck, but the text-books fail to explain scientifically the cause of our mirth.

The wit of Charles Browne is one of the most exalted kind. It is only scholars and those thoroughly acquainted with the subtlety of our language who fully appreciate it. His wit is generally about historical personages like Cromwell, Garrick, or Shakespeare, or a burlesque on different styles of writing, like his French novel, when "hifalutin" phrases of tragedy come from the clodhopper who "sells soap, and thrice refuses a ducal coronet."

Mr. Browne mingled the eccentric even in his business letters. Once he wrote to his publisher, Mr. G. W. Carleton, who had made some alterations in his MSS.: "The next book I write I'm going to get you to write." Again he wrote in 1863 :

DEAR CARL : You and I will get out a book next spring, which will knock spots out of all comic books in ancient or modern history. And the fact that you are going to take hold of it convinces me that you have one of the most massive intellects of this or any other epoch.

Yours, my pretty gazelle,

A. WARD.

When Charles F. Browne died he did not belong to America, for, as with Irving and Dickens, the English language claimed him. Greece alone did not suffer when the current of Diogenes' wit flowed on to death. Spain alone did not mourn when Cervantes, dying, left Don Quixote the "knight of la Mancha." When Charles Lamb ceased to tune the great heart of humanity to joy and gladness, his funeral was in every Eng-

lish and American household, and when Charles Browne took up his silent resting-place in the somber shades of Kensal Green, jesting ceased, and one great Anglo-American heart,

Like a muffled drum went beating
Funeral marches to his grave.

BILL NYE IN LARAMIE.

How he Introduced Perkins to an Audience—He Interviews an English Joker—He Writes his Biography for this Book.

I SHALL never forget my first lecture in Laramie, Wyo. It was in 1878. It was then that Bill Nye was discovered. I discovered him. He was running his little newspaper called the *Boomerang*, and was having a terrible fight with an editor across the way. The other editor, George Sanders, was madly jealous of Nye. He would write ponderous editorials abusing Nye; then Nye would answer with a quaint, good-natured paragraph, making fun of his opponent, which would be copied into a thousand newspapers. This copying of Nye's articles made Sanders madder than ever.

"The fact of it is," said Sanders, "this Nye is a fool. His stuff is all twaddle. Now look at my editorials," he said, as he pointed proudly to a double-leaded article on "Southern Outrages," and "Coming Wars in Europe." "They are solid. They are dignified. You can see they are written by a scholar. Now look at Nye's paper! See what trash—and still they all copy him. It makes me sick. Look at this," he said, holding up Nye's paper, and pointing to a paragraph round which he had drawn a lead-pencil mark:

"Men may be rough on the exterior, but they can love, oh, so earnestly, so warmly, so truly, so deeply, so intensely, so yearningly, so fondly, and so universally!

“Did you ever see anything so silly? And here’s another:

“ ‘What becomes of our bodies?’ asks a soft-eyed scientist, and we answer in stentorian tones that they get inside of a red flannel undershirt as the maple turns to crimson and the sassafras to gold. Ask us something difficult, ethereal being.

“And this,” continued Sanders, as he grew red in the face, “is one of Nye’s mean slurs of my dignified editorial on ‘The Growth of Empire’:

“Dignity does not draw. It answers in place of intellectual tone for twenty minutes, but after a while it fails to get there. Dignity works all right in a wooden Indian or a drum-major, but the man who desires to draw a salary through life, and to be sure of a visible means of support, will do well to make some other provision than a haughty look and the air of patronage.”

“That’s enough,” I said; “that settles Nye. We can all see that he will never amount to anything.”

A look of inexpressible gratitude settled all over Sanders’ face as I said this.

That night Mr. Nye introduced me to the opera house audience. He did it in so sweet and amiable a manner that I was completely won over and regretted that I had agreed with Sanders. I shall never forget the modest and trembling manner in which Mr. Nye faced the audience, and commenced his introduction:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I am glad that it has devolved upon me to-night to announce that we are to have an interesting lecture on lying by one of the most distinguished—l—l—[There was a long pause, for Mr. Nye’s inflection indicated that he had finished, and the audience roared with delight, so that it was some time before the sentence was concluded] lecturers from the East.

Mr. Nye continued :

We have our ordinary country liars in Laramie ; but Mr. Perkins comes from the metropolis. Our everyday liars have a fine record. We are proud of them. But the uncultured liars of the prairie cannot be expected to cope with the gifted and more polished prevaricators from the cultured East. Ladies and Gentlemen, permit me to introduce to you Eliar Perkins.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," I said, in reply, "I feel justly flattered by your Laramie humorist's tribute to my veracity ; but truly I am not as great a liar as Mr. Nye——" and then I seemed to falter. The audience saw my dilemma and applauded, and finally I couldn't finish the sentence for some moments ; but continuing, I said, "I am not as big a liar as Mr. Nye would have you think."

A day or two after this I picked up *The Boomerang*, and read this paragraph :

When Mr. Perkins was passing through Laramie, he said he was traveling for his wife's pleasure.

"Then your wife is with you?" suggested a *Boomerang* reporter.

"Oh, no !" said Eli, "she is in New York."

After the lecture the growing humorist confided in me and told me the story of his life.

"I was born," he said, "on Moosehead Lake, Maine. We moved from Moosehead Lake when I was very young, and lived in the West among the rattlesnakes and Indians until I grew up. I practiced law for about a year, but," he added, without changing a muscle, "nobody knew much about it ; I kept it very quiet. I was Justice of the Peace, in Laramie, for six years."

"Did you ever marry any one?"

"Oh, yes; I married my wife, and after that I used to marry others, and then try them for other offenses."

The attention of the public was first called to the humorist's writings on account of his vigorous English. His language was of the Wild-West order. For example: Some one asked the editor of *The Boomerang* the question, "What is literature?"

"What is literature!" exclaimed Bill, half contemptuously, pointing to the columns of *The Boomerang*, "What is literature! Cast your eye over these logic-imbued columns, you sun-dried savant from the remote precincts. Drink at the never-failing *Boomerang* springs of forgotten lore, you dropsical wart of a false and erroneous civilization. Read our 'Address to Sitting Bull,' or our 'Ode to the Busted Snoot of a Shattered Venus de Milo,' if you want to fill up your thirsty soul with high-priced literature. Don't go around hungering for literary pie while your eyes are closed and your capacious ears are filled with bales of hay."

I asked Mr. Nye that night about his politics. "Well," he said, "I think I am a celluloid Republican."

"But what do you think of the Democratic party?"

"The Democratic party?" he repeated. "Why, a Democrat keeps our drug store over there, and when a little girl burned her arm against the cook stove, and her father went after a package of Russia salve, this genial drug store Democrat gave her a box of 'Rough on Rats.' What the Democratic party needs," said Mr. Nye, "is not so much a new platform, as a car-load of assorted brains that some female seminary had left over."

An Englishman came into my room just then and commenced talking with Mr. Nye about English and American humor.

"And now, Mr. Nye," he said, "what do you think of the jokes in our London *Punch*?"

"The average English joke," said Mr. Nye, who wished to be polite, "has its peculiarities. A sort of mellow distance. A kind of chastened reluctance. A coy and timid, yet trusting, though evanescent intangibility, which softly lingers in the untroubled air, and lulls the tired senses to dreamy rest, like the subdued murmur of a hoarse jackass about nine miles up the gulch."

"Possibly; possibly," said the Englishman.

"He must be a hardened wretch, indeed," continued Mr. Nye, "who has not felt his bosom heave and the scalding tear steal down his furrowed cheek after he has read an English joke. There can be no hope for the man who has not been touched by the gentle, pleading, yet all-potent, sadness embodied in the humorous paragraph of the true Englishman."

"In my opinion," said the Englishman haughtily, "the humor of the United States, if closely examined, will be found to depend, in a great measure, on the ascendancy which the principle of utility has gained over the imaginations of a rather imaginative people."

"Just so," replied Bill, warming up to the issue, "just so; and, according to my best knowledge, the humor of England, if closely examined, will be found just about ready to drop over the picket fence into the arena, but never quite making connections. If we scan the English literary horizon, we will find the humorist up a tall tree, depending from a sharp knot thereof by

the slack of his overalls. He is just out of sight at the time you look in that direction. He always has a man working in his place, however. The man who works in his place is just paring down the half sole and newly pegging a joke that has recently been sent in by the foreman for repairs."

"I dare say—I dare say it is possibly so," gasped the Englishman.

During the preparation of my "Kings of Platform and Pulpit," published by Belford Clark & Co., Chicago, Mr. Nye kindly sent me the following note, which gives the true history of his family:

DEAR ELI: You ask me how I came to adopt the *nom de plume* of Bill Nye, and I can truthfully reply that I did not do so at all.

My first work was done on a Territorial paper in the Rocky Mountains some twelve years ago, and was not signed. The style, or rather the lack of it, provoked some comment and two or three personal encounters. Other papers began to wonder who was responsible, and various names were assigned by them as the proper one, among them Henry Nye, James Nye, Robert Nye, etc., and a general discussion arose, in which I did not take a hand. The result was a compromise, by which I was christened Bill Nye, and the name has clung to me.

I am not especially proud of the name, for it conveys the idea to strangers that I am a lawless, profane, and dangerous man. People who judge me by the brief and bloody name alone, instinctively shudder and examine their firearms. It suggests daring, debauchery, and defiance to the law. Little children are called in when I am known to be at large, and a day of fasting is announced by the governor of the State. Strangers seek to entertain me by showing me the choice iniquities of their town. Eminent criminals ask me to attend their execution and assist them in accepting their respective dooms. Amateur criminals ask me to revise their work and suggest improvements.

All this is the cruel result of an accident, for I am not that kind

of a man. Had my work been the same, done over the signature of "Taxpayer" or "*Vox Populi*," how different might have been the result! Seeking, as I am, in my poor, weak way, to make folly appear foolish, and to make men better by speaking disrespectfully of their errors, I do not deserve to be regarded, even by strangers, as a tough or a terror, but as a plain, law-abiding American citizen, who begs leave to subscribe himself,

Yours for the public weal,

EDGAR WILSON NYE.

CHILDREN'S WIT AND WISDOM.

They Make us Laugh and Cry—Child Theology—Ethel's Funny Blunders.

LITTLE children often say very wise things. One night Ethel's mother went to the great Charity Ball, taking her maid with her and leaving little Ethel all alone. When her mother returned she said :

"Ethel, did you say your prayers last night?"

"Yes, mamma, I said 'em all alone."

"But who did you say them to, Ethel, when your nurse was out with me?"

"Well, mamma," said little Ethel, "when I went to bed I looked around the house for somebody to say my prayers to, and there wasn't nobody in the house to say 'em to, and so I said 'em to God. Did I do wrong?"

"No, no, no, Ethel!" and then tears of joy almost came to her mother's eyes.

Ethel loved her dear old grandmother, and never forgot her.

One day in the country, at her grandmother's, she was carrying a basket of eggs, when she tumbled down and broke them.

"O Ethel!" cried all the country children, "won't you catch it when your mother sees those broken eggs. Won't you, though!"

"No, I won't catch it, either," said Ethel. "I won't catch it at all. I'z dot a dranmother!"

Ethel used to make a good many blunders that made us all laugh. She couldn't understand why we laughed, but when she grows up and reads this book she will know. When some little girls called on her one day she was quite troubled.

"Oh, dear!" she said, "I do have so many cares. Nothing but trouble all the time."

"What has happened now, Ethel?" asked her sympathetic playfellow.

"Why, yesterday a little baby sister arrived, and papa is on a journey. Mamma came very near being gone too. I don't know what I should have done if mamma hadn't been home to take care of it!"

Ethel was so honest, and told everything she thought so naturally, that we all liked to question her just to hear her answer. She used to play sometimes in the Sabbath school, but Uncle Harry Groesbeck was the superintendent, and he loved all the children so that he couldn't correct them. One day, however, she had been very quiet. She sat up prim and behaved herself so nicely that, after the recitation was over, the teacher remarked:

"Ethel, my dear, you were a very good little girl to-day."

"Yes'm. I couldn't help being dood. I dot a tif neck!"

But the funniest thing was when she went to her first party, and one of the little Groesbeck boys kissed her.

"O Ethel, I'm ashamed to think you should let a little boy kiss you!" said her mother.

"Well, mamma, I couldn't help it," said Ethel.

"You couldn't help it!" exclaimed her mother.

"No, mamma. You see Harry and I were dancing

the polka. Harry had to stand up close to me, and all at once his *lip slipped* and the tiss happened."

Many things that are plain to grown people are very mysterious to children. They were mysterious to old people once. Think of the first time a child sees a tree in blossom, or the big new moon come up, or the first gray hair, or the sweet baby in the coffin!

I remember the first time Ethel saw a gray-haired lady. It was at Saratoga. She toddled up to the beautiful Mrs. Robert Cutting, whose white hair was the wonder of the Springs, and, smoothing her little hand cautiously over the old lady's beautiful silver tresses, she said:

"Why, ou has dot such funny hair—ou has." Then, pausing a moment, she looked up and inquired, "What made it so white?"

"Oh, the frosts of many winters turned it white, my little girl," replied the old lady.

"Didn't it hurt ou?" asked the little thing, in childish amazement.

Oh, the puzzling questions of these children!

"Papa," commenced little Ethel, "does the sausage come out of his hole on Candlemas Day and look around for its shadow, so as to make an early spring? Ma says it does."

"Why, darling, what are you talking about?" I asked, looking up from my writing. "It's the ground hog that comes out of its hole, not the sausage."

"Well, papa," said Ethel, opening her eyes, "isn't sausage ground hog?"

One of our good old clergymen asked a knotty question of the Sabbath-school class.

"What is it?" he asked, "to bear false witness against thy neighbor?"

"It's telling falsehoods about them," said little Emma.

"Partly right, and partly wrong," said the clergyman.

"I know," said Ethel, holding her little hand high up in the air. "It's when nobody did anything and somebody went and told of it," and a professor of theology couldn't have answered it more correctly.

And how deeply in earnest some children will get, and what imaginations they have!

Little Edna Mapleson came to see Ethel one day and I heard them talking up in the little playroom.

"When I grow up," said Ethel, with a dreamy, imaginative look, "I'm going to be a school teacher."

"Well, I'm going to be a mamma and have six children," said Edna.

"Well, when they come to school to me I'm going to whip 'em, whip 'em, whip 'em" (with crescendo intonation).

"You mean thing!" exclaimed Edna, as the tears came into her eyes, "what have my poor children ever done to you?"

One day Ethel, who is very proud of her voice, said proudly:

"Edna, what would you do if you had a voice like me?"

"Well," said Edna, "I 'spose I'd have to put up with it!"

Ethel, like all little girls, likes to sit up late nights. One night her mother, to persuade her, used a little argument. She said:

"You know, Ethel, the little chickens always go to bed at sundown."

"Yes, I've seen them, mamma; and the old hen, their mother, always goes with them."

I remember when Ethel's mother took her to the first wedding. The little child was very observing. When she got home her mother said:

"Now, Ethel, do you remember all about the ceremony?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Does my little girl remember the words?"

"Yes, every word, mamma."

"And what did the preacher say?"

"He said, 'Ye have now entered the holy band of hemlock—no, padlock—and you twine are now one—one fish.'"

"But, mamma," she asked afterward, "why did the preacher talk about his ears so much?"

"Why he didn't say anything about his ears, Ethel."

"Why, yes, mamma, he kept saying, 'Oh, my hearers!' Didn't he mean his ears?"

But oh, the love of the sweet innocent children!

It was a sweet love saying, and worthy of Him who took little children up.

Little Philip fell downstairs one day and injured his face so seriously that for a long time he could not speak. When he did open his lips, however, it was not to complain of pain. Looking up at his mother, he whispered, trying to smile through his tears:

"I'm pretty glad 'twasn't my little sister!"

THOSE WICKED, WICKED BOYS!

Their First Boots and First Pockets—That Naughty Uncle William—
Grandma Loves them and Grandpa makes a Fool of Himself.

BOYS' wit and blunder are so different from girls'! Girls are sweet and confiding, while boys are robust and sometimes cruel in their answers. The fact is, boys are boys, and girls are girls. Sometimes I think our little Johnnie, Ethel's brother, is positively wicked.

One evening when Johnnie was saying his prayers he broke out:

"Oh, I do so wish I had a little pug dog!"

"Had a what, Johnnie?" exclaimed his mother.

"Why, a little pug dog, mamma. I do want one so much."

"Why, what does mamma's darling want one of those ugly brutes for? Why could you want it, Johnnie?"

"I want it because I know where I could sell his skin for fifteen dollars to a dog-stuffer, by ginger!"

Where Johnnie got that "by ginger" we never knew, but after his mother had scolded him a little about using such words, she suggested that he finish his evening prayer, which he did, praying:

"Oh, Lord, bless the baby and make him so he can't cry. Bless brother Bill and make him as good a boy as I am. Good-by, Lord. I'm going to the circus in the

morning. Amen." Then, as if he had forgotten something, Charley hollered out: "Oh, Lord, don't forget Bill."

The boy comes out the strongest in the youth on the possession of the first pair of boots or pants with big pockets in them. It's the pockets that make a boy jump from a boy to a man in an hour. When Johnnie put on his first trousers he was very proud. He strutted up and down in front of his mother almost crazy with delight. Then he burst out:

"Oh, mamma, pants makes me feel so grand! Didn't it make you feel grand when——" But an awful consciousness came over him that this bliss had never been shared by his mother, and he laid his wee, chubby hand pityingly against her cheek, saying pathetically:

"Poor mamma! poor mamma!"

The question is often asked what makes our dear little baby boy so rude? I can answer that the boy's uncle is generally to blame. It amuses the uncle and he does not think that he is really spoiling the boy.

Now our little Johnnie was especially beloved by his Uncle William. Still his uncle used to tease him a good deal and teach him all kinds of nonsense rhymes just to plague his mother. One day I was telling the children about Satan. I told them that Satan was a wicked tempter and that is why our Saviour said, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

"Now," said I, "can any of you children tell me anything about Satan?"

"Johnnie can," said Ethel.

"Well, Johnnie," I said, "you can stand up and tell us what you know about Satan."

Then Johnnie arose proudly and repeated in a boyish key:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I die before I wake,
It'll puzzle Satan to pull me straight.

"Why, Johnnie," I said in amazement, "did your mother teach you that?"

"No, but Uncle William did; and he taught me 'by ginger,' too!"

Oh, this wicked, wicked Uncle William.

Boys are usually shrewder than girls. They will show deep diplomacy in order to gain a point. One morning Johnnie climbed up into his grandmother's lap and showed great affection.

"Gran'ma," he said, as he twined his arm lovingly around her neck, "how old are you?"

"About sixty-six," said the grandmother.

"You'll die soon, won't you, gran'ma?"

"Yes, dear, I expect to."

"And when I die, gran'ma, can I be buried 'side of you?"

"Yes, dear," said she, as her heart warmed toward the little one, whom she folded closer in her arms.

"Gran'ma," softly whispered the little rogue, "gimme ten cents."

One day Johnnie was sliding down the banisters and making a great noise in the hall when his grandmother came to the head of the stairs and said:

"Boys, boys! I wouldn't slide down those banisters—I would not do it."

"Why, gran'ma, you can't," said little Charley disdainfully, as he picked himself up from the hall floor.

Yes, Johnnie is a sweet child, and loved his mother, but the boy in him was always breaking out. When his mother got sick he came and stood by the bed, his great big eyes all full of tears, and said:

"Oh, dear mamma, I hope 'ou won't die till the circus comes!"

Johnnie's sister Ethel had been cautioned when they went up to their grandmother not to take the last egg, the nest egg, out of the nest. One morning, however, Ethel got it, and Johnnie came into a parlor full of company screaming, in a high tenor voice:

"Oh, grandma! Ethel's got the egg the old hen measures by!"

Children often stumble into an exceedingly good joke. I think this is the best one I know of. The teacher was questioning the arithmetic class.

"Boys," he said, "before slates were in use, how did the people multiply?"

"I know, thir," said Johnnie, "I read it in my gog'fry this morning; they 'multiplied on the face of the earth.' "

"Right, Johnnie," said the teacher. "And now, Joseph," he added, addressing another boy, "why is it that Johnnie can multiply so much quicker than you?"

"Because 'fools multiply very rapidly,' thir."

Johnnie's first composition on dogs ran as follows:

One time there was a feller bot a dog of a man in the market, and the dog it was a biter. After it had bit the feller four or five times he threw a closline over its neck and led it back to the dog man in the market, and he said to the dog man, the feller did. "Ole man, didnt you use to have this dog?" The dog man be loked at the dog, and then he thot awhile and then he said, "Well,

yes, I had him about haf the time and the other haf he had me." Then the feller he was fewrious mad, and he said, "Wat did you sell me such a dog as thisn for?" And the old man he spoke up and sed, "For four dollars and seventy 5 cents, loffe money." Then the feller he guessed he wude go home if the dog was willing.

STORY-TELLING CLERGYMEN.

Clerical Anecdotes by Dr. Collyer, Lyman Abbott, Beecher, and Prof. Swing—Special Prayer, Baptism, and Close Communion Anecdotes—
A Clerical Convention for Real Solid Fun.

I CAME from an orthodox family, where the clergyman was always a welcome guest. Then I have been thrown with clergymen all my life. My roommate in college was a young clergyman, and many a time I've gone off with him to the schoolhouses and country churches to assist him in the service. I really believe the mistake of my life has been in not being a clergyman myself. I have virtue enough, and imagination and fancy, and all I really lack is the license to preach.

I have spent many hours listening to sweet clerical stories from Dr. Collyer, Dr. Swing, Beecher, Talmage, Sam Jones, Chapin, and Dr. Potter. When I want to hear the purest wit and humor I go to clerical conventions and hear the best and purest of fun drop out from original fountains. In a recent Union College lecture, I said:

"The clerical anecdote should be as pure as a parable, and should be told, like the parable, to illustrate a point. The parables of the Bible are really a succession of anecdotes. They never happened. They were simply told to illustrate some doctrine or point. When our Saviour was preaching the new doctrine of 'love

thy neighbor as thyself,'—a certain lawyer asked, 'Who is my neighbor?' To illustrate this our Saviour told the parable or anecdote of the man who went down to Jericho and fell among thieves. Then there was the anecdote of the sower, and of the eleventh-hour man in the vineyard.

"The child-stories of Moody are sweet parables.

"What parable can be sweeter than the little child story?

" 'Papa,' asked a little girl, whose father had become quite worldly and given up family prayer, 'I say, papa, is God dead?'

" 'No, my darling; why do you ask that?'

" 'Why, papa, you never talk to him now as you used to do.'

" 'These words haunted him until he was reclaimed.'

Children's stories are often very amusing, and their weird imagination will give you a long chase if you try to keep up with it.

One day I was trying to explain to little Ethel something about Wendell Phillips' great lecture on "The Lost Arts."

"Lost tarts," she said. "Did they ever find them?"

"No, Ethel," I said, "'The Lost Arts'—A-R-T-S" (spelling it out).

"You know, Ethel, that Mr. Phillips has proved that many arts have been lost. He says they had steam engines in Egypt; the Phœnicians made beautiful glass-ware and used the telephone, and——"

"But, papa," broke in Ethel, "we surely have made improvements in some things. There's been a great improvement in prayers."

"Why, my child, what do you mean?"

"Why, I can say the Lord's Prayer in the Bible in two minutes, and Elder Smitzer's prayer this morning was—why, it was ten minutes long!"

Beecher, like most clergymen, was fond of telling a good story to illustrate a doctrinal point. He illustrated these points with a parable. I remember one day how the great Brooklyn preacher told his close communion parable to a party of Baptist ministers. He called it the parable of the Close Communions.

"One night," said Beecher, "I had a sweet dream and floated away to heaven. Heaven was very beautiful with angels and pearly gates and crowds of happy Christians. There were Presbyterians and Methodists in happy communion, and Episcopalians singing hymns with Campbellites—all so happy, but I could not see a Baptist. I looked all around, but not one in sight. Finally I saw St. Peter floating along on a cherub, and asked him about our missing brethren.

" 'It makes me sad,' I said, 'to see no Baptists here.' "

" 'Oh, we have Baptists here—plenty of them,' said St. Peter, 'but they are off on a leave of absence to-day. They've just gone over to that cistern, all by themselves, to hold close communion.' "

Dr. Lyman Abbott, who has succeeded Beecher in Plymouth Church, is a strong believer in the doctrine that baptism means sprinkling and not immersion, and delights in telling this parable on the immersionists, as much as Beecher delighted in telling his story on the close communions:

"One of my parishioners," said the doctor, "came to me and told me that he dreamed that a Baptist friend of his died and went to heaven."

"Well, what did he see there?" I asked.

"He saw St. Peter at the gate, and beyond him, through a doorway surrounded with glaring lights, and smelling of brimstone, was the devil."

"What do you want?" asked St. Peter of the new arrival.

"I want to come in," replied the immersionist.

"Well, who are you?"

"I'm a Baptist minister."

"A Baptist!" repeated St. Peter, a little puzzled. 'A Baptist, eh? Well, what do you Baptists do? We didn't have any Baptists in my time, when I was Pope.'

"Why, we baptize people."

"Baptize 'em, do you? What in?"

"Why, water."

"What, all over?"

"Yes, clear under."

"But suppose it's cold?"

"Why, down they go right through the ice."

"The devil happened to overhear the word ice, and came forward, rubbing his hands in great glee."

"What did you say about ice?" he asked, smiling.

"Why, we baptize people through the ice."

"But suppose it's forty below zero?"

"Down they go, all covered with icicles."

"That'll do," interrupted the devil; "you just take my place; you've got something worse than fire."

If you want to hear good clerical anecdotes, I say, you must go to a Baptist, Methodist, or Presbyterian convention, and, if there are any really good jokes, the good old Catholic priest won't be far away. They all like these jokes, and it is about the only recreation the clergy have. Then they know, as every man in the

convention is a bright thinker, that no one will put a misconstruction on their stories.

At the last Baptist convention in New York they were talking about taking up collections, when this story came out:

The Rev. Dr. Judson is pastor of a large congregation in middle New York. His hearers are among the well-to-do-people in the city, but are not celebrated for generosity in supporting the church. The good preacher had been trying to get the poor people to come to his church, and recently, through the local columns of the city papers, he extended to them a cordial invitation to attend.

At the close of the service, recently, he said:

"Brethren, I have tried to reach the poor of New York and induce them to come to our church and break with us the bread of life. I infer from the amount of the collection just taken—\$7.35--that they have come."

Since then Dr. Judson has built and paid for a magnificent memorial church to his father, the noted missionary.

The Rev. Dr. Grinnell, speaking of worldly rich men in the church, said that in his Green Bay congregation there was a rough but generous lumberman who shocked everybody with his plain talk; but they all bore with him on account of his kind heart and lovely family. Sometimes he would even say, damn it. One day the clergyman remonstrated with him:

"Why not leave out the expletives, Mr. Johnson?" he said.

"Well, 'damn it,' I say what I mean, and I believe in calling a spade a spade."

"Yes, that's right," said the clergyman, "I want you

to call a spade a spade, but it pains us to hear you call it a d—d old shovel."

How time changes! Many and many years ago Dr. Judson and Dr. Grinnell were classmates of mine in college. We called them Eddy and Zelotese, then.

Everybody knows that Robert Collyer, the blacksmith preacher, is a strict temperance man, but still he likes a good dinner. English roast beef and plum pudding are his favorite dishes.

The doctor told me that *one* of his best dinners was almost spoiled by a joke.

"But a joke ought to spice a dinner," I said.

"It did spice this dinner, Eli, and a little too much," said the doctor.

Dr. Collyer was dining one evening at Delmonico's, and had arrived at the cheese stage of his repast. A delightful piece of Roquefort was set before him, ripe, vivacious, self-mobilizing. There is nothing Collyer likes better than a lively cheese; and he had just transferred a spoonful of the delicacy in question to his plate, when Henry Bergh, sitting at a neighboring table, sprang to his feet with a cry of horror, clutched his wrist with an iron grasp, and exclaimed:

"Hold, monster! Never shall you swallow a mouthful of that cheese in my presence."

"And why not?" inquired the doctor, in perplexed amazement.

"Because, cruel man, I am a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and I will not sit by calmly and see those innocent insects tortured."

The doctor tells a good many anecdotes at his own expense, but they are all as pure as our Saviour's para-

bles. One day he was talking to a good old colored man down in Kentucky. Mr. Collyer always wears his white clerical tie, so the conversation was naturally about preachers.

"So, Uncle Jack," said Dr. Collyer, "you don't much believe in the idea that men are called to preach."

"Wall, sah, de Lawd mout call some niggers ter preach, but it sorter 'peers ter me dat whar de Lawd calls one old man, laziness calls er dozen. Nine nigger preachers outen ten is de lazies' pussens in de worl', sah."

"How do you know, Uncle Jack?"

"Case I'se a preacher merse'f, sah."

"I tell you what, Brudder Collyer," continued Uncle Jack, "we preachers must wuck with energy, ef we wucker 'tall. Scriptah says, 'Wotsomever you hastest fer to do you oughter dust it wid all yo' hawt an' mine an' stren'th.' An' above all things, doan pronasticate."

"Don't whaticate, Uncle Jack? What do you mean?" asked the doctor.

"I mean doan pronasticate, Brudder Collyer. Doan put off tell nex' week whatchah orter done lass year. Time, Brudder Collyer, is a mighty hahd hoss to head. Tharfo' it behoofs you, as Scriptah says, to ketch him by the fetlock ef you wantah come undah de wiah 'fo' he does."

Bishop Ames once told me a parable to illustrate how guarded some preachers are about preaching against such sins as intemperance and card-playing. "They are afraid," said the Bishop, "of offending some one in the congregation. They remind me of a good old colored preacher in Missouri in slave times. He was

a powerful preacher, but avoided all doubtful issues. One day I said to him:

"'Pompey, I hear you are a great preacher?"

"'Yes, Bruddah Ames, de Lord do help me powerful sometimes."

"'Well, Pompey, don't you think the negroes sometimes steal little things on the plantation?"

"'I'se mighty 'fraid dey does; I'se-mighty 'fraid dey does, Brudder Ames."

"'Then, Pompey, I want you to preach a good square sermon to the negroes about stealing."

"After a brief reflection, Pompey replied:

"'You see, Brudder Ames, dat wouldn't never do, cause 'twould t'row such a col'ness ober de meetin'."

"The fact is," said the Bishop, "thousands of sinners go unrebuked because our milk-and-water preachers don't want to throw a 'coolness over the meeting.'"

The Bishop was right. As I once said before the Chelsea (Mass.) Y. M. C. A., the unrepentant sinner outside of the Church does love a positive, forcible preacher. The preacher's business is morality, and I want him to act morally, think morally, and preach morally. I want no compromises in religion. I want my preacher to go for the prohibition of all sin, including whisky and tobacco. I want no clergyman to preach temperance to me in the church and smoke Havana cigars and drink beer at home. High license belongs to the politician, absolute prohibition to the clergyman.

Sam Jones is not elegant, but he is certainly positive and forcible. When I asked him what he thought of a high license preacher like Dr. Crosby, he said:

"A high license preacher won't be in hell ten minutes

before the devil will have him saddled and bridled, riding him around and exhibiting him as a curiosity."

"And the infidels—do they trouble you?"

"Infidels trouble me?" said Sam. "Why, I can put one hundred of these little infidels in my vest pocket and never know they are there except when I feel for my toothpick."

Sam's sarcasm is as strong as the philippic of Lorenzo Dow against Aaron Burr.

"Aaron Burr mean!" said Dow. "Why, I could take the little end of nothing whittled down to a point, punch out the pith of a hair and put in forty thousand such souls as his, shake 'em up, and they'd rattle."

Yes, Sam Jones is generally logical. If he does now and then hide away a piece of plug tobacco in his mouth he don't defend it. He says he's a prohibitionist at heart, but one corner of his mouth is still out on probation.

Some of our clergymen fuss and cavil over some immaterial point instead of sticking to the great point, which is Christ's love for, and dying for, the sinner. I heard a preacher out in Missouri one day preaching from the text, "He that believeth shall be saved." Splendid text, but how do you think he treated it? Well, he opened at considerable length with a general view of the subject, and then, concentrating his force, proceeded to a *critical exegesis* of the text in this wise:

"My brethren, I wish to direct your attention closely and particularly to the *wording* of this Scripture, as thereby you will be able to reach the very meat and substance of it. The text says, 'He that believeth': observe, my brethren, it does not say, 'He that *believes*,'

nor 'He ~~that~~ believed,' but it plainly and expressly declares, it is he that believ~~eth~~ who shall be saved. Mark, my brethren, the force in the Scripture of the little word *eth*!"

Perhaps they did mark it; but what the good preacher meant was more than the wisest of them could tell.

The dear old preacher's sermon left the people as much in the fog as George Thatcher used to leave the audience after hesitating, stammering talk like this:

"I used be a clerk in a store—clerk in a store, and oh the questions the women shoppers used to ask me. A lady came into the store one day and said:

"'Young man, have you got any kids?'

"I bet I blushed—she meant gloves—kid gloves.

"Then another old lady came in one day and said she wanted some 'more antique.'

"I said, 'How much have you had now?' and she said:

"'Had what?'

"I said, 'You don't want to get any more antique.'

"Laws! but she was mad. She took out her smelling bottle, pulled out the cork, and I was laid up with catarrh for three weeks.

"A lady came in one day and said, 'Can I see your hose?'

"I said, 'Ma'am?'

"She said, 'Can I see your stockings?'

"I said, 'Now?'

"She said, 'Do you keep ladies' hose?'

"I said, 'Yes'm, when we can't sell 'em we keep em.'

"Then I asked her, 'What color?' and she said, 'Solid color.'

"I asked her if she 'lived in town.'

"She said, 'Why do you ask?'

"I told her 'solid colors prevail in the country,' and suggested stripes. 'They're more worn,' I said—'worn more, I mean—don't mean they're worn-out more but they're worn—more out—outside more.' Then I got confused.

"There was a woman came in the store one day as black as the ace of spades—a colored woman—real color—and she wanted a pair of flesh-colored stockings. I showed her a black pair, and she pulled a stiletto out of her hair and was going to stab me.

"I said, 'Madame, you asked for flesh-colored stockings; these are the nearest match we have.'

"'But,' she said, 'I want white people's flesh colored, or flesh colored people's white——' And then she got confused and ran away—ran away."

As the mystifying clergyman reminded me of George Thatcher, so the hesitating Thatcher reminds me of some of the transcendental language of our clergymen. To illustrate:

Prof. Swing was talking religion with a free-thinking Irishman one day, and said:

"Your mind, my friend, is in a twilight state. You cannot differentiate the grains of mistrust from the molecules of a reasonable confidence. You are traveling the border land, the frontier between the paradise of faith and the Arctic regions of incredulity. You are an agnostic."

"Divil a bit!" said Pat, with mingled amazement and indignation. "I'm a Dimmycrat, ivery inch o' me."

About the best clerical story told last year was told by Jay Gould to Secretary Wanamaker at Saratoga.

I had the pleasure of taking Mr. Gould to Secretary Wanamaker's room and introducing the wolf to the lamb. When Mr. Gould asked the Secretary if the task of changing postmasters wasn't a disagreeable thing to do, he said:

"Yes. The details of the office of the Postmaster-General are often very disagreeable. Changing officers who have families is often painful. So I let Mr. Clarkson attend to this, telling him to do everything business-like and conscientious."

"Your turning this work over to Clarkson," said Gould, smiling, "is like the case of a young woman, years ago, in our Walkill Valley church. She was a good young lady, but would always wear very showy toilets, attracting the attention of the whole church. One day some good sisters expostulated with her about her worldly ways.

" 'The love of these bright bonnets,' they said, 'will draw your soul down to perdition.'

"Still the somewhat worldly sister continued to wear a bright bonnet. But finally one night," said Gould, "came repentance. The young lady came to prayer-meeting in a plain hat. She arose and said:

" 'I feel, brothers and sisters, that I have done wrong. I knew that my love for bright bonnets was ruining my future life. I knew it was endangering my soul and that it would draw me down to perdition. But I will never wear that hat again. Never! It shall not destroy my soul. I'm through with it. I've given it to my sister.' "

It seems as if many of our good clergymen are falling by the way because they think too much. The creeds which fence them in don't seem to hold them.

They will break through. There is Dr. Thomas, the Methodist; Prof. Swing and Dr. Briggs, the Presbyterians; Dr. Bridgeman, the Baptist; Dr. McGlynn, the Catholic, and Heber Newton, the Episcopalian. They all believe in God and the Prophets, believe in the inspiration of the Bible. but they don't believe in the inspiration of all the Hebrew and Greek translators. They believe the spring is pure at the fountain-head, and that the Lamb is innocent, but they believe that the irreligious wolves have been soiling the waters with tradition and superstition.

Heber Newton tells me that a very devout clergyman of the old school was trying to impress upon the mind of his son the fact that God takes care of all his creatures; that the falling sparrow attracts his attention, and that his loving kindness is over all his works. Happening one day to see a crane wading in search of food, the good man pointed out to his son the perfect adaptation of the crane to get his living in that manner.

"See," said he, "how his legs are formed for wading! What a long, slender bill he has! Observe how nicely he folds his feet when putting them in or drawing them out of the water! He does not cause the slightest ripple. He is thus enabled to approach the fish without giving them any notice of his arrival.

"My son," said he enthusiastically, "it is impossible to look at that bird without recognizing the design, as well as the goodness of God, in thus providing the means of subsistence."

"Yes," replied the boy, "I think I see the goodness of God, at least so far as the crane is concerned: but, after all, father, who is looking after the poor fish?"

It was the old case of the "early bird catches the first worm," but the late worm generally lives the longest. What is sauce for the goose is not always for the gander.

Dr. Newton's parable reminds me of the striking illustration of the stanch old Tennessee Baptist. He wanted to illustrate the three sects, Methodists, Episcopalians, and hard-shell Baptists. So he took a chestnut into the pulpit one day, and, holding it up to the congregation, began:

"My friends, you see this chestnut; well, this outer burr here is like the Methodists, soft and spongy, with no strength into it; see, I even mash it with my fingers," and, suiting the action to the words, he sloughed it off and disclosed the inner nut, and said:

"This inner nut is like the Episcopalians, smooth and dry and velvety, with no substance in it."

"But the kurnul—the kurnul, my Christian friends, is like our good old primitive, hard-shell Baptist faith, full of fatness and sweetness."

He then proceeded to give his hearers an ocular demonstration of his illustration, by crunching the chestnut between his teeth—and at the same time blowing the moldy meat all over the pulpit, and exclaiming, to the astonishment of everybody:

"By Jinks! it's rotten!"

The good old Baptist clergyman was as badly deceived as Burdette's clergyman was in his illustration of patience before the Peoria Bible class.

When I asked Burdette to tell me just exactly how it occurred, he stood up so as to be ready for a violent gesture and said:

"It was one hot summer afternoon when the air was

full of sunshine and singing birds and buzzing insects. Our dear old clergyman—I can see him now—was telling us boys how we should never get excited.

“‘Boys,’ he said, ‘you should always be patient—you should never lose your tempers—never let your angry passions rise. You should never swear, or get angry or excited. I never do. Now, to illustrate, boys,’ pointing upward, ‘you all see that little fly on my nose. A good many wicked, worldly men would get angry at that fly, but I don’t!

“‘What do I do?

“‘Why, my children, I simply say, go away fly—go away—and—— *Gosh blast it! it’s a WASP!*’”

Prof. Swing, who delights in a good story, says the clergymen who read and interpret the Bible literally, are like that old colored theologian, the Rev. Cæsar Green, down in Arkansas.

Cæsar was the only Baptist around Pine Bluff, and he always ‘stuck up,’ as we all ought to, for his own faith, and was ready with a reason for it, although he was unable to read a word. This was the way he “went at the Methodists.”

“You kin read, now, keant you?” he asked the Methodist elder.

“Yes.”

“Well, I s’pose you’ve read the Bible, hain’t you?”

“Yes.”

“You’ve read about John de Baptist, hain’t you?”

“Yes.”

“Well, you never read about *John de Methodis*, did you? Now, when you show me jes one Bible wid de word *Methodis* in it, I’ll consider yer claim.”

When they talked to Mr. Beecher about eternal

punishment, he used to sit still and think. He thought how John Wesley and Jonathon Edwards had taught it, and how his father had instilled it into him up in Litchfield County. He felt guilty not to believe in the damnation of babes, and the everlasting punishment of the poor heathen, who could not read and had never heard of Christ. But still he couldn't accept it. He could not agree with Andover.

"I know it was part of my mother's religion," he said one day, "and thousands believe in it and teach it.

"There used to be an old lady in Boston," he said, "who carried eternal punishment into her daily life. She kept a boarding-house, but she was so stanch in her principles that for a long time she wouldn't take any one to board who did not hold to the eternal punishment of a large portion of the race. But the people were more intent on carnal comforts than spiritual health, so in time her house became empty, much to her grief and alarm.

"After her house had been empty for a long time a bluff old sea captain knocked at the door, and the old lady answered the call.

"'Good-morning, ma'am. Can you give me board for two or three days? Got my ship here, and shall be off as soon as I load.'

"'Wa'al, I don't know,' said the old lady.

"'Oh, house full, eh?'

"'No, but——'

"'But what, ma'am?'

"'I don't take any unclean or carnal people in my house. What do you believe?'

"'About what?'

“‘Why, do you believe that any one will be condemned?’

“‘Oh, thunder! yes.’

“‘Do you?’ said the good woman, brightening up. ‘Well, how many souls do you think will be on fire eternally?’

“‘Don’t know, ma’am, really—never calculated that.’

“‘Can’t you guess?’

“‘Can’t say—perhaps fifty thousand.’

“‘Wa’al, hem!’ mused the old woman; ‘I guess I’ll take you; fifty thousand burning souls is better than nothing.’”

Beecher always maintained that prayer would not be answered without faith and work. “God will not answer idle words,” he said, “but prayer with faith will remove a mountain.”

I heard of an old Baptist mother in Israel out in Missouri who had the right kind of faith, but she carried it so far that it was amusing. The old lady lived at Maryville, just above Clay County, when Jesse James and his gang were in command of the State. Well, one day her little boy Johnny went over to the Missouri River to skate. Sad to say, little Johnny never returned. The good old lady bore her loss patiently and silently for a week, and finally she took the burden of her grief to the Maryville prayer-meeting.

When she asked for prayers for her little boy’s recovery, the clergyman asked her where she thought her Johnny was lost.

“I dun know, Elder,” she said, “I dun know; but the brothers and sisters needn’t pray below St. Jo!”

Many clergymen make their prayers too special. They spend so much time telling the Lord what he knows, saying, "O Lord, thou knowest," that they have no time left to ask for a blessing. Prayers before political conventions are often that way. At a Presidential convention in Cincinnati, the clergyman informed the Lord that low tariff would hurt the country. "Decrease wages, O Lord," he said, "and break up our manufactories, and tin plate would have to be made in Wales, O Lord," and so he went on, and finally actually forgot to ask the Lord to frown down on the Free Traders.

His prayer reminded me of a prayer I once heard Elder Smitzer make when us boys used to go to his protracted meeting in Hamilton, N. Y. The elder always told the Lord everything. He would go on for half an hour informing the Lord about everything in Hamilton and Log City, and even in Asia, Africa, and Oceanica.

Once I took down the elder's prayer in short-hand, and it ran thus:

"O Lord, thou knowest everything. Thou knowest our uprisings and our downsitings. Thou knowest thy servants' inmost hearts. Thou knowest, O Lord, what thy servant's children are doing. Thou knowest the wickedness of thy servant's nephew, Francis Smitzer—how he came home last night in a beastly state of intoxication, whistling, O Lord, that wicked popular air (whistling):

Sho' fly, don't bodder me!

Thou recognizest the tune, O Lord!"

I asked Uncle Josh, our colored preacher on the

plantation at Helena, Ark., if he believed in special prayer.

"What you mean by special prayer?" asked Uncle Josh, picking a turkey feather off of his trousers.

"By special prayer I mean where you pray for an especial thing."

"Wal, now, Mister Perkins, dat depends. It depends a good deal on what yo' pray for."

"How is that, Uncle Josh?"

"Wal, I allays notice dat when I pray de Lord to send one of Massa Shelby's turkeys to de ole man it don't come, but when I prays dat he'll send de ole man after de turkey my prayer is allays answered."

Uncle Josh certainly believed in faith and works.

One day we suspected Uncle Josh was meddling with our fruit trees, for we found him in the garden late at night.

"Here! what are you doing here, Uncle Josh?" I asked.

The good negro nonplussed us all by raising his eyes, clasping his hands, and piously exclaiming:

"Good Lord! dis yere darky can't go nowhere to pray any more without bein' 'sturbed."

DOCTORS' WIT AND HUMOR.

General Sheridan Jokes Dr. Bliss—Dr. Hammond Cures Eli Perkins—
Dr. Monson Knows it All—The Colored Doctor—The Irishman's
Doctor.

THE doctor—the up-all-night, hard-working doctor! We all make fun of him, but we all send for him. He is an *ex necessitate rei*. When I asked old Mrs. Throop what the doctor did for her, she looked over her spectacles and said: "Well, he came and put some water in two tumblers and—and talked so intelligently!"

I love the doctor for his negative qualities; not for medicating us, but for his skillfully administered bread pills. I love him for his diplomatic way of making us believe he's doctored us when he hasn't—for the best doctors now take off their hats to Dr. Nature, and let him do what they used to do with physic.

Speaking of negative doctoring reminds me of how General Sheridan defended Dr. Bliss. Dr. Bliss, you know, was the man who cured President Garfield,—that is, cured him as Dr. Mackenzie did the German emperor,—cured him till he died.

One day when they were criticising Dr. Bliss, General Sheridan came to the doctor's defense.

"Dr. Bliss was a good physician," said General Sheridan, "he saved my life once."

"How? How did Bliss save your life?" asked Dr. Hammond.

"Well," said Sheridan, "I was very sick in the hospital after the battle of Winchester. One day they sent for Dr. Agnew of Philadelphia, and he gave me some medicine, but I kept getting worse. Then they sent for Dr. Frank Hamilton and he gave me some more medicine, but I grew worse and worse. Then they sent for Dr. Bliss, and——"

"And you still grew worse?"

"No, Dr. Bliss didn't come; *he saved my life!*"

The mystery about medicines and the obscurity of professional terms throw a romance about the doctor.

One day I fell out of a third story window on to a picket fence. When I asked Dr. Hammond if I would die or recover, he looked at my tongue and said he "thought I would."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," said he, "on general principles, Mr. Perkins, whenever a patient's œsophagus becomes hyperæmic through the inordinate use of *spiritus vini rectificati*, causing hepatic cirrhosis, the reverse holds true—in other cases it does not."

Then he put some water in two tumblers, and said.

"Idiosyncrasy, Mr. Perkins, is not superinduced by the patient's membranous outer cuticle becoming homogeneous with his transmagnifibandanduality."

Sez I, "Doctor, I think so, too."

My doctor, Dr. Hammond, is a great doctor. He can cure anything. He can cure cholera or small-pox, or hams or bacon.

One day I cut my toe off with an ax. When I called in Dr. Hammond to prescribe for me he said

he thought I had tic dolore, and then he prescribed bleeding, and bled me out of seventeen dollars. That was the dollar; and when he wanted his pay I told him to charge it, and that was the tic; and I still owe it to him, and that is the "o."

The doctors are not physicians any more. Since Dr. Koch has discovered the lymph cure they are lymphites, and I who write about them am a lymphologist. Or the doctors are tubercologytes and I am a tubercologist. Terms are always mystifying, and the public must be awed with mystery.

Two very curious incidents occurred to me recently—all through the mystification of terms. The newspapers nowadays are full of Italian murders and New Orleans assassinations, and any one whose name ends with an i, like Martinelli, or Morelli, is looked upon with suspicion. So when I was a little ill the other morning and our Irish butler wondered what was the matter, I said :

"I think, Dennis, that it was that Italian *maccaroni spaghetti* that hurt me."

"That Eyetalyun Spaghetti!" exclaimed Dennis. "Faith, and thim bloody Eyetalyuns will hurt enny one."

Later in the day I stepped up to my regular Irish newsdealer to get the morning papers. The old Irishman looked me in the face, and seeing that I looked a little pale remarked :

"Yez don't look well this morning, Mr. Perkins. Have ye been sick?"

"Well," said I, looking very serious, "I was laid out last week by an attack of peritonitis."

"Attacked by Purtinitist, eh," exclaimed the old

man, looking a great deal mixed up mentally. Then, after a moment's pause, and in a very indignant tone, he exclaimed.

"Purtinitist! Why didn't you dhraw your gun and shoot the Eytalyun blaggard through the heart?"

A cautious doctor will always sit still and let his patient talk, and in a few moments he will know all about his disease. But they tell a story about Dr. Munson, of Baltimore, who was always "too previous." He would glance at a patient and pompously sum up his case in an instant, often making mistakes.

One afternoon a tired looking man called and asked for treatment. The doctor looked at his tongue, felt of his pulse, knocked on his chest, and began:

"Same old story, my friend. Men can't live without fresh air. No use trying it. I could make myself a corpse, like you are doing by degrees, if I sat down in my office and didn't stir. You must have fresh air; you must take long walks; and brace up by staying out doors. Now I could make a drug store of you, and you would think I was a smart man, but my advice to you is to walk, walk, walk."

"But doctor——"

"That's right. Argue the question. That's my reward. Of course you know all about my business. Now, will you take my advice? Take long walks every day, several times a day, and get your blood in circulation."

"I do walk, doctor. I——"

"Of course you do walk. I know that; but walk more. Walk ten times as much as you do now. That will cure you."

"But my business——"

"Of course, your business prevents it. Change your business, so that you have to walk more. What is your business?"

"I'm a letter carrier."

"My friend," said the doctor, almost paralyzed, "permit me to once more examine your tongue." And then he handed him a box of pills, with directions to take "one pill five times a day."

"Doctors often say their fees are high because so many patients fail to pay their honest bills. To collect these bills doctors often have to resort to the courts. A queer *medico-legal* case came up recently in Chicago: Dr. Barker sued an Irishman for five dollars for professional services attending his wife. He proved his claim by competent witnesses—proved that he had made the visits, and there seemed to be no chance for the Irishman to get out of paying the bill. But after admitting the visits the Irishman begged the privilege of cross-examining the doctor."

"Doctor," he commenced, "you remember when I called on you?"

"I do, sir."

"What did I soy?"

"You said your wife was sick, and you wished me to go and see her."

"What did you soy thin?"

"I said I would if you'd pay me my fee."

"What did I soy?"

"You said you'd pay the fee, if you knew what it was."

"What did you soy?"

"I said I'd take five dollars at first, and maybe more in the end, according to the sickness."

"Now, Docthor, by vartue of your oath, didn't I soy 'Kill or cure, Docthor, I'll give you the five dollars.' And didn't you soy, 'Kill or cure, I'll take it'?"

"I did; and I agreed to the bargain, and want the money accordingly," said Dr. Barker.

"Now, Docthor, by vartue of your oath answer this: 'Did you cure me wife'?"

"No; she's dead. You know that."

"Then, Docthor, by vartue of your oath answer this: 'Did you kill me wife'?"

"No; she died of her illness."

"Your worship," said the Irishman turning to the judge, "you see this. You heard him tell our bargain. It was to kill or cure. By vartue of his oath he done neither, and he axes the fee!"

The Irishman lost his case, however. He was not so successful as farmer Bennett—old Peter Bennett of Georgia. Old Peter was a plain old farmer, but he was a good talker. It seems that the old man's wife had a sore limb, and he employed Dr. Mason to cure it, but never paid him for services. Now, Dr. Mason was a very noted and a very learned man; and to add to this he employed Bob Toombs to prosecute the case. It was a great case in Georgia, "Old Peter Bennett *vs.* Dr. Mason," and the reputation of Toombs brought out a court house full of people.

Well, Toombs made a strong speech. He didn't leave a ghost of a chance for old Peter. However, just before the decision was to be made, old Peter arose and said:

"Judge, moight I say suthin' in this case?"

"Certainly," said the judge.

"Wall, gentlemen of the jury," began old Peter, de-

positing a chew of tobacco in the corner, "I ain't no lawyer and no doctor, and you ain't nuther; and if we farmers don't stick together, these here lawyers and doctors will get the advantage of us. I ain't no objections to lawyers and doctors in their place, and some is clever men, but they ain't farmers, gentlemen of the jury. Now this Dr. Mason was a new doctor, and I sent for him to come and doctor my wife's sore leg. And he did, and put some salve truck on it, and some rags, but it never done a bit of good, gentlemen of the jury. I don't believe he's no doctor, no way. There's doctors as I know is doctors, sure enough; but this ain't no doctor at all."

Old Peter was making headway with the jury, when Dr. Mason said, "Here is my diploma."

"His diploma," said Bennett, with great contempt; "that ain't nothin', for no piece of paper ever made a doctor yet."

"Ask my patients," yelled the now thoroughly enraged physician.

"Ask your patients," slowly repeated Bennett; and then, deliberating, "Ask your patients! Why, they are all dead. Ask your patients! Why, I should have to hunt them in the lonely graveyards, and rap on the silent tomb to get answers from the dead. You know they can't say nothing to this case, for you've killed 'em all."

Loud was the applause, and old Peter Bennett won his case.

ELI WITH THE LAWYERS.

Anecdotes of Choate, Ingersoll, and Evarts—Foraker's Joke on Dan Voorhees—Negro Judges in South Carolina—Challenging the Judge—Funny Verdicts.

SINCE studying law in Columbia College Law School, Washington, many years ago, I have tried to keep in my mind all the good law stories and pathetic or laughable incidents that have happened in our courts. But I save no story that does not illustrate a moral, legal, political, or judicial point. These stories generally result from bantering lawyers, queer charges of judges, and strange verdicts.

I told the best story about the bantering lawyer and the old soldier years ago, but it is good enough to go into history.

Several years after the war a badgering Philadelphia lawyer was trying to destroy the character and veracity of a modest witness, who entered the witness-box on crutches.

"Have you ever been in prison?" asked the blustering lawyer, aiming to bully the witness and overawe him.

The witness did not answer.

"Come, now, speak up; no concealment. Have you ever been in prison, sir?"

"Yes, sir; once," answered the witness, looking modestly down to the floor.

"Yes, I thought so. Now when? When were you in prison, sir?"

"In 1863."

"Where, sir?"

The witness hesitated.

"Come, own up, now; no dodging!" screamed the lawyer. "Now, where were you in prison, sir?"

"In—in—in—"

"Don't stammer, sir! Out with it! Where was it?"

"In—in Andersonville, sir."

There was a moment's painful pause. Then the lawyer, who was an old soldier, put his hand to his forehead as if a pistol shot had struck him, while the tears came to his eyes. Then jumping forward, he clasped his arms around the witness's neck, and exclaimed:

"My God! I was there myself!"

Rufus Choate, who was the shrewdest cross-examiner among all the lawyers of the Massachusetts bar, was once trying to impeach the veracity of a witness. He had been toying with the witness for some time without getting any damaging admissions, and finally he made up his mind to go at him plump and force him to the wall.

"Now," he said, eyeing the witness savagely, "you know what robbery is, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you look like it. Now, sir, I ask you plainly and categorically, were you ever engaged in a bank robbery?"

The witness hesitated.

"I repeat, sir—did you not once rob a bank? Come, no evasion,"

"I was never indicted for bank robbery. I——"

"Never mind that; answer my question. Were you ever engaged in a bank robbery? Speak up."

"Judge, must I answer this question?" said the witness, appealing to the Court.

"Yes, you will have to answer it?"

"Well, what is the question?"

"I give it to you again, sir. Did you not once rob a bank? Speak up, sir; no equivocation. Did you?"

"No, sir," said the witness, smiling, while the whole court screamed with laughter.

Mr. Ingersoll is such a devoted husband and father himself that any infidelity on the part of a husband infuriates him. He holds that a man's love should be given to his wife first, last, and all the time.

In a divorce case, recently, Mr. Ingersoll believed the defendant had been untrue to his wife, and he thus opened up on him in cross-examination.

"You say, sir, that you have always been faithful to your marriage vows?"

"Well—yes," hesitatingly.

"But you have associated with other women."

"I presume so."

"Been to see them?"

"No, sir."

"Oh! they came to your house?"

"Judge!" appealed the witness, "must I answer these foolish questions?"

"Yes, answer," said the judge sternly.

"Now," said Ingersoll, feeling that he had the man in his grasp, "what woman, other than your wife, came to your house?"

"Well—oh——"

"Answer; don't prevaricate; who was it?"

"Judge!" with an appealing look, to which the judge said, "Go on!"

"Answer; who was it?" demanded Ingersoll.

"My mother," lisped the witness, with a quiet wink at the jury.

Ingersoll had a case once, in Peoria, where a mother testified in behalf of her son, and swore "that he had worked on a farm ever since he was born."

"What!" exclaimed Ingersoll, "you swear he has worked on the farm ever since he was born?"

"I do."

"What did he do the first year?"

"He milked."

There was a mingling of law and medicine one morning in Judge Brady's courtroom. They were cross-examining a pale, consumptive-looking man, who was continually coughing. The judge's patience gave out after a while, and he said petulantly:

"Here, just stop that coughing, now; stop it!"

There was a short, painful silence, during which the pale cougher struggled with himself, and then coughed again and continued it for several minutes.

"I'm bound to stop that coughing," exclaimed the judge. "I fine you ten dollars. That'll stop it, I guess."

"Jedge," said the cadaverous man, "I'd be willin' to pay twenty dollars to have that cough stopped. If you can stop it for ten dollars you'd better get right down off of that bench and go to practicing medicine. There's money in it, Jedge—money in it!"

They often say that judges are always heartless, but a case came up in Arkansas where the judge showed a remarkable warmth of feeling.

A gentleman was arraigned before this Arkansas justice on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. He had entered a store, pretending to be a customer, but proved to be a thief.

"Your name is Jim Lickmore," said the justice.

"Yes, sir."

"And you are charged with a crime that merits a long term in the penitentiary?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are guilty of the crime?"

"I am."

"And you ask for no mercy?"

"No, sir."

"You have had a great deal of trouble within the last two years?"

"Yes, sir; I have."

"You have often wished that you were dead?"

"I have, please your Honor."

"You wanted to steal money enough to take you away from Arkansas?"

"You are right, Jedge."

"If a man had stepped up and shot you just as you entered the store, you would have said, 'Thank you, sir?'"

"Yes, sir, I would. But, Judge, how did you find out so much about me?"

"Some time ago," said the judge confidentially, and with a solemn air, "I was divorced from my wife. Shortly afterward you married her. The result is conclusive. I discharge you. Here, take this fifty-dollar bill. You have suffered enough."

Lawyers often have hard work to get witnesses to state *precisely* the words spoken. A witness was

examined in a case before Judge Folger, who required him to repeat the *precise* words spoken.

"Now," said the judge, "I want you to tell us precisely what the man said. Give his exact words."

The witness hesitated until he riveted the attention of the entire court upon him; then, fixing his eyes earnestly on the judge, began:

"May it please your Honor," he said, "you lie and steal, and get your living by stealing."

The face of the judge reddened, and he immediately said:

"Turn to the *jury*, sir."

On another occasion Judge Folger was trying a man who had been caught stealing and pleaded in extenuation that he was drunk.

"What did the man say when you arrested him?" asked the judge of the policeman.

"He said he was drunk."

"I want his precise words, just as he uttered them; he didn't use the pronoun *he*, did he? He didn't say *he* was drunk?" asked the judge.

"Oh, yes he did; he said he was drunk; he acknowledged the corn."

"You don't understand me at all"; said the judge, getting impatient. "I want the words as he uttered them; didn't he say 'I was drunk'?"

"Oh, no, your Honor, he didn't say you were drunk; I wouldn't allow any man to charge that upon you in my presence."

"Pshaw!" interrupted the prosecuting attorney, "you don't comprehend at all; his Honor means, did not the prisoner say, 'I was drunk'?"

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On another occasion Judge Folger was trying a man who had been caught stealing and pleaded in extenuation that he was drunk.

"What did the man say when you arrested him?" asked the judge of the policeman.

"He said he was drunk."

"I want his precise words, just as he uttered them; he didn't use the pronoun *he*, did he? He didn't say *he* was drunk?" asked the judge.

"Oh, yes he did; he said he was drunk; he acknowledged the corn."

"You don't understand me at all"; said the judge, getting impatient. "I want the words as he uttered them; didn't he say 'I was drunk?'"

"Oh, no, your Honor, he didn't say you were drunk; I wouldn't allow any man to charge that upon you in my presence."

"Pshaw!" interrupted the prosecuting attorney, "you don't comprehend at all; his Honor means, did not the prisoner say, 'I was drunk?'"

"Well," said the policeman reflectively, "he might have said you was drunk, but I didn't hear him."

"What the Court desires," said the prosecuting attorney earnestly, "is to have you state the prisoner's own words, preserving the precise form of the pronoun that he made use of in reply. Was it first person, I; second person, thou, or the third person, he, she, or it? Now, then, sir (with severity), upon your oath, didn't my client say, 'I was drunk'?"

"No, condamit, he didn't say *you* was drunk, but (reflectively) I believe you was, and are now; but on my oath the man didn't say so."

Speaking of accurate answers the answer in regard to old Mrs. Flannagan's veracity capped the climax. It seems that in a recent murder trial at Bangor, Me., the old lady swore to a confession made to her by the respondent, whereupon defense called old Erastus Wiley, who had said repeatedly he wouldn't believe her under oath.

"Do you know the reputation of Mrs. Flannagan for truth and veracity?" asked the judge.

"Well now, Squire," said Wiley, "I guess she'd tell the truth; but about her veracity—well, now, some say she would and some say she wouldn't."

In 1868, on my return from Europe, I spent the winter and spring in the sweet old town of Darlington, S. C. My experience hunting coons nights in the pine woods, with little armies of darkies armed with blazing pine knots, would fill a book. The Carpet-baggers were ruling in those days, and there were many negro judges. I got the best conception of negro justice then that I ever received. While I was in Darlington, Cæsar Green, an aged colored man, was arrested for stealing a cow,

killing her, and disposing of the meat. The hide and horns were found on Mr. Green's premises. Proof of stealing was complete. In fact, Cæsar confessed to stealing the cow.

"Well, Mr. Green," said the darky judge, "you stands 'victed ob stealin' de cow. Now, what you got to say for yusself? What you gwine to do 'bout it?"

"I hain't got nuffin to say, jedge; but I 'specs jestic demands dat I pay for de cow?"

"Yes, you's got to pay seventeen dollars for de cow," said the justice sternly, "and dat will settle it."

"But, jedge, I hain't got de seventeen dollars."

"No money at all?"

"No, not a cent, jedge."

"Does anybody owe you any money?" asked the judge.

"Yes," said the culprit, "Jack Smith owes me seventeen dollars, and he's done owed it to me since Chris'mas."

"Very well," said the judge sternly. "Justice must take her course. De law must be satisfied. I order de sheriff to discharge de pris'ner an' arrest Jack Smith, an' hold him in close 'finement till he pays de seventeen dollars."

When I left Darlington, two weeks after, I learned Smith had paid the seventeen dollars, and justice (colored) was satisfied.

A while after this Cæsar Green was arrested for stealing Mr. Jones's chickens, but stoutly denied it. However, his case came to trial and I attended it, and listened to the cross-examination:

"And you say, Cæsar, that you are innocent of the

charge of stealing a rooster from Mr. Jones?" asked the colored judge.

"Yis, sah; I is innocent; innocent as a child."

"Then you are perfectly confident that you did not steal the rooster from Mr. Jones?"

"Yis, sah; and I kin prove it. I'ze got an alibi."

"How can you prove it?"

"I kin prove dat I didn't steal Massa Jones's rooster, jedge, 'case I stole two hens from Mr. Graston de same night, and Jones he lives five miles from Graston's."

"The proof is conclusive," said the judge. "Discharge the prisoner."

It was in the same colored court that there happened to be upon the docket a case of "Bump against Green." When the colored judge reached this case upon the first call there was no answer, and he called out to the attorney for the plaintiff:

"Mr. Jones, 'Bump against Green.'"

Mr. Jones, who had not been paying strict attention, and evidently not comprehending the situation, looked up and said:

"*Bump against him yourself, judge.*"

One day they asked the colored judge if he would convict a man on circumstantial evidence!

"I dunno wot dat is, boss."

"Well, what do you think it is?" I asked.

"Well, 'cordin' to my judgment, sarcumstanshil ev' dence is 'bout dis: If one man shoots annudder and kills him, he orter to be hung for it. Ef he don't kill him, he orter go to the plenipotentiary."

A young Darlington lawyer defended a negro in the colored court. The jury were all negroes. Many had

been challenged, because the accused darky said they were again him. After the lawyer got his twelve jurymen he whispered to the colored man and asked :

"Are there any more jurymen who have prejudices against you?"

"No, boss, de jury am all right, but now I wants you to challenge de jedge. I has been convicted under him seberal times already, and maybe he is beginnin' to hab prejudice agin me."

The young lawyer, this being his first case, took the advice of his client, and addressing the Court, told the judge he could step aside.

Which he did.

It has got to the point in New York that no sensible business man will have anything to do with law in this city, on account of the excessive fees. The fees in New York remind me of a little law incident in Norwich, Conn.

George Smith had failed in business there and sold out, and having two or three tough little bills, had given them to his lawyer for collection. Smith went to the office to receive the proceeds. The amount collected was about fifty dollars.

"I'm sorry you've been so unfortunate, Smith," said the lawyer, "for I take a great interest in you. I shan't charge you so much as I should if I didn't feel so much interest in you."

Here he handed Smith fifteen dollars, and kept the balance.

"You see, Smith," continued the lawyer, "I knew you when you were a boy, and I knew your father before you, and I take a good deal of interest in you. Good-morning; come and see me again!"

Smith, moving slowly out of the door, and ruefully contemplating the avails, was heard to mutter:

"Thank God, you didn't know my grandfather."

This Norwich story reminds me of a little conversation between Wm. M. Evarts and Tim, a well-known, jolly, florid-faced old New York drayman.

"Have you had a job to-day, Tim?" asked Mr. Evarts, seeing Tim's dray hitched to the curb in front of his office.

"Bedad, I did, sor."

"How many?"

"On'y two, sor."

"How much did you get for both?"

"Sivinty cints, sor."

"Seventy cents! How in the world do you expect to live and keep a horse on seventy cents a day?"

"Some days I have half a dozen jobs, sor; but bizniss has been dull to-day, sor. On'y the hauling of a trunk for a gintilman for forty cints, an' a load of furniture for thirty cints; an' there was the pots an' the kittles, an' the divil on'y knows phat; a big load, sor."

"Do you carry big loads of household goods for thirty cents?"

"She was a poor widdy, sor, an' had no more to give me. I took all she had, sor; an' bedad, sor, a lyer could have done no better nor that, sor."

When the A. T. Stewart heirs asked Mr. Evarts what he would charge to manage their case against Judge Hilton, he said:

"Well, I will take a contingent fee."

"And what is a contingent fee?" asked one of the heirs.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Evarts mellifluously, "I will tell you what a contingent fee to a lawyer means. If I don't win your suit, I get nothing. If I do win it, you get nothing."

But strange to say, Evarts and Choate won their case and got millions for these heirs, and as soon as they won it they were retained by Judge Hilton—and the leak has been stopped.

While I was in Leadville in 1870, the coroner's jury, after investigating a murder case, brought in this verdict:

We find that Jack Smith came to his death from heart disease. We find two bullet holes and a dirk knife in that organ, and we recommend that Bill Younger be lynched to prevent the spreading of the disease.

Ex-Governor Foraker, of Ohio, told me this capital legal story on Senator Daniel Voorhees. "Senator Voorhees was once a hard-working lawyer in Terre Haute. On one occasion," said Governor Foraker, "Voorhees defended a gambler for killing a man. There were some doubts about the case—whether it was murder or manslaughter. Voorhees made a superb plea, but still the gambler's friends were afraid he would be convicted. They had plenty of money and had raised \$5000 to influence a juryman, as those were old times when justice was not as pure as now. Well, they picked out a weak juryman and agreed to give him \$5000 if he would 'hang the jury.'

"The man earned his money," said Foraker, "for, sure enough, the jury disagreed. The next day there was a meeting of Voorhees and the friends to pay the faithful juryman.

"'You earned the money,' said the friends of Voorhees to the juryman, 'and here it is with our thanks.'

"'Earned it,' said the juryman. 'I guess I did. I kept that jury out two days. I wouldn't give them a wink of sleep till they agreed with me in a verdict of manslaughter, and they knew it.'

"'How did they stand when they first went out?' asked Voorhees.

"'Well, there were eleven of them for acquittal—but I brought 'em round!'"

I will end my law reminiscences with a little story about our present chief justice, Melville W. Fuller:

Chief Justice Fuller, when a boy, belonged to a debating club in Oldtown, Me. One evening, capital punishment was debated. The deacon of the church was for hanging. Young Fuller was opposed.

Said the deacon, quoting from the Mosaic law: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man his blood shall be shed." Thinking this to be a bombshell to his opponents he dwelt upon it till his time had expired, when the boy sprang to his feet, and said:

"Supposing we take the law which the gentleman has quoted and see what the logical deduction would come to. For example, one man kills another; another man kills him, and so on until we come to the last man on earth. Who's going to kill him? He dare not commit suicide, for the same law forbids it. Now, Deacon," continued the boy, "what are you going to do with that last man?"

The boy's logic called out rounds of applause, and vanquished the deacon, and we hope he will be our chief justice for a thousand years.

Twenty years after this, when the chief justice was practicing law in Chicago before Judge McArthur, he made another bright answer. In his speech before the judge, he pleaded his client's ignorance of the law in extenuation of an offense he had committed. The judge said, "Every man is presumed to know the law, Mr. Fuller."

"I am aware of that, your Honor," responded Mr. Fuller. "Every shoemaker, tailor, mechanic, and illiterate laborer is presumed to know the law, every man is presumed to know it, except judges of the Supreme Court, and we have a Court of Appeals to correct their mistakes."

The chief justice tells me that he was once quite shocked during a trial in Chicago. There were two witnesses to be sworn, the Rev. Dr. Thomas, a conscientious clergyman; and broker Hutchinson, sometimes called "Old Hutch." The probate judge was a very dignified man, and allowed witnesses to swear or affirm according to the dictates of conscience.

Addressing Dr. Thomas, he said:

"Now, Doctor, will you affirm, or take the regular oath?"

"The Bible says 'swear not at all,' Judge," said the doctor; "so I prefer to affirm."

After the doctor had solemnly affirmed, the judge asked Mr. Hutchinson:

"Which do you prefer, the affirmation or the oath?"

"I don't care a d——n which," said "Old Hutch"; then smiling at the judge, he added, "You see the Bible says swear not at all, and I don't swear at all; I only swear at my particular friends,"

Some of our best wit comes out through our city judges in their examination of prisoners.

One day O'Rafferty was up before Judge Brady for assaulting Patrick Murphy, and this was the examination:

"Mr. O'Rafferty," said the judge, "why did you strike Mr. Murphy?"

"Because Murphy would not give me a civil answer to a civil question, yer Honor."

"What was the civil question you asked him?"

"I asked him, as polite as yez plase, 'Murphy, ain't your own brother the biggest thafe on Manhattan Island, excepting yourself and your uncle, who is absent at the penitentiary in Sing Sing?'"

"And what rude answer did he give to such a very civil question?"

"He said to me, 'Av course, prisint company excepted'; so I said, 'Murphy, you're another,' and sthruck him wid me fist."

EVARTS—CONKLING—GOVERNOR HILL.

Many Legal Anecdotes—Depew Tells about Evarts and Bancroft—Evarts's Pig Pork—Chief Justice Waite on Conkling—W. S. Groesbeck and Senator Boutwell's Speeches at Johnson's Impeachment.

WM. M. EVARTS, ex-Senator, and ex-Secretary of State under Hayes, like Webster and Clay, is too great a man to be president. Mr. Evarts is one of those great men like Beecher, who is never so undignified as to use an anecdote or joke without a purpose. If a laugh-provoking story comes in his way and it illustrates a point, he uses it. Beecher used to come right up to a joke in an extemporaneous sermon; then he would stand a moment, his great soulful eyes would twinkle, and—the joke tumbled out! It was a surprise to himself as much as to his audience. It was dignified because it was natural, and right in the line of his thoughts.

Perhaps one of the best paradoxes ever uttered is attributed to Mr. Evarts. It occurred in Omaha, when Mr. Evarts was there with President Hayes and his cabinet. The occasion was an after-dinner speech; and Mr. Evarts was complimenting the West in one of his characteristic long sentences. Said the Secretary, in one of those grave and eloquent flights of oratory:

"I like the West; I like her self-made men; and the more I travel west, the more I meet with her public men, the more I am satisfied of the truthfulness of the

Bible statement that the—wise—men—came—from—the—East!"

Of course there was grèat laughter. When President Hayes asked Mr. Evarts afterward how he happened to say it, the Secretary said he couldn't help it: "the paradox struck me and out it came."

There is one other paradox as good as Evarts's and that was Mark Twain's duel story, when he told the audience how opposed he was to fighting a duel.

"Why," said Mark, "I am so opposed to fighting a duel—so seriously and religiously opposed to fighting a duel—that I've made up my mind, solemnly and earnestly, that if any one ever comes to me and challenges me to fight a duel, I'll take him kindly by the hand, lead him gently out behind the barn, take an ax—and kill him!"

Perhaps the best place in the world to hear good stories is after dinner on the back balcony of the States in Saratoga. It is an hour of rest and digestion, when such story-tellers as Governor Curtin, Mayor Latrobe of Baltimore, Senator Evarts, and Sam Cox—now gone to his reward—are always ready to furnish a salad of wit and rich reminiscence. It was on one of these occasions, when Mr. Evarts was feeling peculiarly happy, that I asked the great lawyer about some of the witticisms which have been attributed to him.

"The best thing the newspapers said I perpetrated," replied Mr. Evarts, "I wasn't guilty of at all."

"What was that?" I asked.

"It happened when I was Secretary of State. Every morning the state department elevator came up full of applicants for foreign missions. One morning, when the number of applicants was extremely large, Catlin,

the *Commercial Advertiser* humorist, remarked, 'That is the largest collection for foreign missions you've had yet.' The newspapers attributed the saying to me, but Catlin was the real criminal."

"After that you sent poor Catlin out of the country, didn't you?"

"Oh, no. I rewarded him by making him Consul at Glasgow—and afterward promoted him."

Speaking of Mr. Evarts's farm up at Windsor, I told him I understood that he raised a large quantity of pigs for the express purpose of sending barrels of pig pork to his friends.

"Yes, I am guilty of that, Eli," said Mr. Evarts. "I have been sending Bancroft pig pork for years, and if his 'History of America' is successful, it will be largely due to my pen."

A few years ago Mr. Evarts sent his usual barrel of pickled pig pork to Bancroft, with this letter:

DEAR BANCROFT:

I am very glad to send you two products of my pen to-day—a barrel of pickled pig pork and my Eulogy on Chief Justice Chase.

Yours,

EVARTS.

Chauncey Depew says Evarts once sent a donkey up to his Windsor farm in Vermont. About a week afterward the great lawyer received the following letter from his little grandchild:

DEAR GRANDPA:

The little donkey is very gentle, but he makes a big noise nights. He is very lonesome. I guess he misses you. I hope you will come up soon and then he won't be so lonesome.

MINNIE.

Mr. Evarts is very proud of being descended directly from Roger Sherman, the Puritan shoemaker.

"They were good men, those Rhode Island Baptists were," he said; "when they landed on the free soil of New London, they praised God; that is, they fell on their knees; then they fell on the aborigi—*nese*."

When I asked the ex-Secretary about the early settlement of Rhode Island, he said:

"Yes, the Dutch settled Rhode Island, and then the Yankees settled the Dutch."

Mr. Evarts, with all his learning, has often had to listen to long bursts of empty oratory from young and inexperienced lawyers. Many years ago, when Governor David B. Hill was practicing law, he had a case where Evarts was his opponent. Hill was delivering his maiden speech. Like most young lawyers, he was florid, rhetorical, scattering, and weary. For four weary hours he talked at the court and the jury, until everybody felt like lynching him. When he got through, Mr. Evarts deliberately arose, looked sweetly at the judge, and said:

"Your Honor, I will follow the example of the distinguished but youthful counsel on the other side, and submit the case *without argument*."

Then he sat down and an awful silence took possession of the courtroom.

Roscoe Conkling was a much younger man than Mr. Evarts, and he always looked up to the international lawyer with admiration. I have often heard Mr. Conkling tell the story of President Johnson's impeachment trial, and describe Evarts's reply to Senator Boutwell of Massachusetts. "Boutwell," said Conkling, "had just consigned the unfortunate President to

that unknown hole in the sky for punishment; 'that place, that terra incognita in the sky where there are no stars, no light, no life—and there let him be confined through all eternity.'

"'Yes,' replied Evarts, 'it is meet, if the innocent President is to be punished, that he be taken to that unknown hole in the sky, where there is no law, where there is no justice, and where no statutes can be broken. And even now,' continued Evarts, in one of his forensic flights of eloquence, 'I see the President, the innocent President, passing up the dome of the Capitol; his left foot kicks the Goddess of Liberty, and while all the people shout:

Sic itur ad astra,

Away he flies to the stars!'

"Another clever bit of shrewd diplomacy during that memorable trial," said Mr. Conkling, "occurred when Wm. S. Groesbeck, while making the closing speech for President Johnson, looked tearfully at the granger senators, and with all the solemn tones of Marc Antony at the funeral of Cæsar, said:

"'The President is not a learn-ed man, like many of you senators; his light is the feeble light of the Constitution.'"

It was Groesbeck's sweet, sympathetic speech that acquitted the President. Speaking of the speech one day, Mr. Groesbeck said: "It was only a short speech—say two-thirds of a column, and it was really an extemporaneous speech. Boutwell and Evarts had been talking for days to the tired Senate. I had a long speech prepared, but saw the folly of using it. I was full of ideas and sympathy, for I liked Andrew Johnson."

"Then that speech came from your heart?"

"Yes, I threw away all notes, gave up all thought of oratory or my own reputation, and lost myself in that personal plea for a friend who tried to be as just as Aristides."

Chief Justice Waite, who delighted to tell legal stories, once told me this story about Evarts and Conkling:

Roscoe Conkling came into Mr. Evarts's office one day, when he was a young lawyer, in quite a nervous state.

"You seem to be very much excited, Mr. Conkling," said Mr. Evarts, as Roscoe walked up and down the room.

"Yes, I'm provoked—I am provoked," said Mr. Conkling. "I never had a client dissatisfied about my fee before."

"Well, what's the matter?" asked Mr. Evarts.

"Why, I defended Gibbons for arson, you know. He was convicted, but I did hard work for him. I took him to the Superior Court and he was convicted, then on to the Supreme Court, and the Supreme Court confirmed the judgment and gave him ten years in the Penitentiary. I charged him \$3000, and now Gibbons is grumbling about it—says it's too much. Now, Mr. Evarts, I ask you if I really charged too much?"

"Well," said Mr. Evarts, very deliberately, "of course you did a good deal of work, and \$3000 is not a very big fee, but to be frank with you, Mr. Conkling, my deliberate opinion is—that—he—*might—have—been—convicted—for—less—money.*"

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S HUMOR.

He Makes Fun of his Poverty—His Joke on Dana—His Every-day Humorous Talk and Life.

"DID you know Henry Ward Beecher personally?" asked a reporter of me.

"Quite well. I've talked with him by the hour at his home, on the railroads, and at my own house in New York. He was always ready to talk with every man who had an idea or a good story. He hated cranks, and they were always calling on him."

"What did he do with them?"

"He always turned them over to Mrs. Beecher with the remark, 'Mother, you take care of this interesting man.' Beecher liked to talk of his early poverty. He always treated poverty in a humorous vein. 'Once,' he said, 'I was the poorest man in Lawrenceburg, Ind., where I supplied my first church, away back in 1839. I was so poor that I couldn't buy firewood to keep us warm, without going without books. I remember one Sunday morning there came a big flood in the Ohio. I was preaching at the time, and I looked out of the window and saw the floodwood go sailing by my house. It seemed wrong for me to see so much good wood going by and I not able to catch it.'

"'What did you do?' I asked.

"'Why, I rushed that sermon through, hurried home, and that afternoon, with the aid of Deacon Anderson, I

got out enough driftwood to keep Mrs. Beecher in firewood for three months, and all the while,' he said, looking up and smiling at his wife, 'Mother stood in the doorway and cheered us on.'

" 'In 1838,' said Mr. Beecher, 'I was so poor that I rode clear to Fort Wayne* from Indianapolis on horseback and delivered a lecture for \$25. Then I went to New York to attend the Congregational Convention. While in New York I went to Dr. Prime, of the *Observer*, and offered to write weekly letters from the West at a dollar apiece.'

" 'Did Prime take you up?'

" 'Yes—and paid me \$5 in advance.'

" 'And you actually wrote for a dollar a column?'

" 'No,' said Mr. Beecher, laughing; 'the next day Prime thought it over, repented of his haste and profligacy, and wrote me that he did not think my letters would be worth it. But, oh,' he groaned, turning to Mrs. Beecher, 'it was a bitter disappointment to us—wasn't it, mother?'"

One day, speaking of puns, Mr. Beecher said Mrs. Beecher received one on his name that was very complete. Then Mrs. Beecher went and got an old scrap book and read:

"Said a great Congregational preacher
To a hen, 'you're a beautiful creature!'
The hen, just for that, laid three eggs in his hat,
And thus did the Henry Ward Beecher."

Mr. Beecher never cared to be called a humorist, but his wit and humor were as keen as his logic. He never strayed away from his train of thought to gather in a witty idea to illustrate his sermons. Neither did

he avoid wit. When a witty idea stood before him, he grasped it and bent it to illustrate his thought. His conception of wit was as quick as lightning. It came like a flash (often in a parenthesis), and it often instantly changed the tears of his hearers to laughter.

When Dr. Collyer asked the great preacher why the newspapers were always referring to the Plymouth Brethren, but never spoke of the Plymouth sisters, he could not help saying:

"Why, of course, the brethren embrace the sisters!"

Mr. Wm. M. Evarts was once talking with General Grant about the great Brooklyn divine, when suddenly the distinguished lawyer musingly asked:

"Why is it, General, that a little fault in a clergyman attracts more notice than a great fault in an ordinary man?"

"Perhaps," said the general thoughtfully, "it is for the same reason that a slight shadow passing over the pure snow is more readily seen, than a river of dirt on the black earth."

In all of his humor, Mr. Beecher never harmed a human soul. His mirth was innocent, and his wit was for a grand purpose.

I was talking with Mr. Beecher one day about humor. He was always ready to talk to any man who had a good idea or a good story, but he wanted the story to be as pure as a parable. He wanted it to prove or illustrate some idea.

"Humor," said Beecher, "is everywhere. Humor is truth. If I describe a monkey or a crow truthfully it will be humor."

"Well, describe a crow," I said, "and see if it will be funny."

"A crow," said Beecher, "is like a man. He is lazy, and that is human; he is cunning, and that is human. He thinks his own color the best, and loves to hear his own voice, which are eminent traits of humanity. He will never work when he can get another to work for him—a genuine human trait.

"Even John Bunyan," continued the preacher, "was a humorist. It was humor when Bunyan made Christian meet one 'Atheist' trudging along with his back to the Celestial City.

"'Where are you going?' asked Atheist, laughing at Christian.

"'To the Celestial City,' replied Christian, his face all aglow with the heavenly light.

"'You fool!' said Atheist, laughing, as he trudged on into the darkness. 'I've been hunting for that place for twenty years and have seen nothing of it yet. Plainly it does not exist.'

"Heaven was behind him," said Beecher seriously.

Mr. Beecher took immense delight in his Peckskill farm, though it was an expensive luxury. He had a thousand flowers and a thousand shrubs, and he knew every one of them. They were his pets. Sometimes he would get up at four o'clock in the morning, and when Mrs. Beecher asked him where he was going, he would say:

"I'm going to talk with my flowers, mother."

If any one asked him about the revenue of his farm, he would say, "Oh, I get that in health and joy, and in texts for my books and sermons!"

Mr. Beecher was forgiving. He even forgave Mr. Dana, who said so many bitter things about him. Still,

he forgave him as you forgive your child after you have boxed its ears.

About the last thing I heard him say about Mr. Dana was this:

"Brother Dana said a smart thing to-day, Eli."

"What was it?" I asked.

"When they were discussing at the editorial convention what was proper to put in a newspaper, Dana said, 'Well, gentlemen, I don't know what you think, but I'm willing to permit a report of anything in my paper that the Lord permits to happen.' But in my case," said Beecher, laughing, "Dana goes away beyond Providence."

GOUGH'S WIT AND PATHOS.

His Fall and Rise—Many Gough Anecdotes—How he made his Audiences Weep and Laugh—Cigars in his Hat.

JOHN B. GOUGH always amused me. We have often crossed paths in the lecture field, and often exchanged stories on the cars by the hour. Gough was always thoroughly in earnest, and at the same time he was a cheerful companion. Mr. Gough was a capital story-teller, and his greatest lectures were only a repetition of his every-day stories. He was so pure and had so many enemies among the intemperate classes that the faintest breath of scandal broke his heart. One time in Cleveland, Griswold, the "Fat Contributor," and "Nasby," wrote a humorous article about going on a spree with Gough, and the article, though humorous, and intended for a joke, troubled Gough for weeks. I can say I actually know that Gough, after breaking the pledge once, repented and again signed it in 1844, and *kept it zealously afterward till he died.*

In a conversation with Mr. Gough in St. Joseph, Mo., in 1883, I asked the great temperance man where he was born?

"I am an Englishman," said Gough. "I was born August 22, 1817, at Sandygate, on the road between London and Dover, near Folkestone. There I used to roam through the hop yards of Kent, celebrate Guy

Fawkes's day, and eat hot cross buns on Good Friday. Here Wilberforce, the great philanthropist, often patted me on the head."

"When did you come to America?" I asked.

"Let's see; it was August 4, 1829. I rode in a stage-coach to London, stayed there till June 10, and took the ship *Helen* for New York, arriving there August 3, fifty-four days on the ocean. I rode up the Hudson in a steamboat and took the canal to a farm near Vernon Centre, Oneida County, N. Y. After two years on the farm, I returned to New York and engaged with the Methodist Book Concern on Crosby Street to learn the trade of bookbinder. My mother and sister joined me here, but business becoming slack I lost my situation. I became intemperate, and we all became very poor. My mother died and was actually buried in the Potter's field without a shroud!"

"It was then you got to drinking, wasn't it?" I asked.

"Yes, I did it to drown my troubles. Often I went through the streets asking for work. 'Please let me saw your wood?'

"Where is your buck-saw?"

"I have none. Please let me carry your coal down cellar?"

"Where are your shovel and basket?"

"I have none."

"And so I lost my job for lack of implements and tools. Having been poor myself, do you wonder why I am always sympathizing with them?"

"When did you stop drinking?" I asked.

"In 1842, after I had been a drunkard for years. I signed the pledge in Worcester, Mass., which I have

kept, with one exception, all my life. After that one false step I signed the pledge again. My friends took me back, and I have consecrated my life to the cause of temperance. Oh, I could fill a book with amusing and affecting scenes that I have witnessed. I find every man can be touched through kindness."

"What was the most pathetic scene you ever witnessed?" I asked.

"It was on the steamer *Daniel Drew*, coming up the Hudson the other day. In the cabin sat a sad, serious-looking man, who looked as if he might have been a clerk or bookkeeper. The man seemed to be caring for a crying baby, and was doing everything he could to still its sobs. As the child became restless in the berth, the gentleman took it in his arms and carried it to and fro in the cabin. The sobs of the child irritated a rich man, who was trying to read, until he blurted out loud enough for the father to hear:

"'What does he want to disturb the whole cabin with that d—— baby for?'

"'Hush, baby; hush!' and then the man only nestled the baby closer in his arms without saying a word. Then the baby sobbed again.

"'Where is the confounded mother that she don't stop its noise?' continued the profane grumbler.

"At this, the grief-stricken father came up to the man, and with tears in his eyes, said, 'I am sorry to disturb you, sir, but my dear baby's mother is in her coffin down in the baggage room. I'm taking her back to her grandmother in Albany, where we used to live.'

"The hard-hearted man buried his face in shame, but in a moment, wilted by the terrible rebuke, he was by

the side of the grief-stricken father. They were both tending the baby."

"Do you ever tell funny stories about drunkards?" I asked.

"Yes. It rests an audience. I used to tell about a drunken fellow who fell down a flight of thirty stairs in Erie, Pa. When a man came to help him, he said:

"'Go away, I don't want any help; that's 'she way I allus come down stairs.'

"The Bishop of Rhode Island told me he once saw a man, whom he had known years before, very drunk by the side of the road. He went to him and said:

"'My poor fellow, I am really sorry for you,' and went away. By and by he heard the man call, 'Bishop, Bishop!' So he went back.

"'Now,' he said, 'Bishop, if you are very sorry and you will say so again, I will forgive you.'

"We laugh at such drolleries and at such vagaries as we do at the man who came home at four o'clock in the morning and said it was but one.

"'But,' said his wife, 'the clock has just struck four.'

"'I know better, for *I heard it strike one—repeatedly!*'"

"What other funny incident do you remember?"

"You have heard of the man who went into his house in the dark, haven't you?"

"What about him?"

"Well, he had been drinking and was very thirsty. He groped about for the water pitcher and found it. He lifted it to his mouth and began to drink very rapidly. One of his children had dropped a soft ball of yarn into the pitcher, and in his hurry he swallowed it. He felt something very disagreeable and strange, and he became frightened, and dropped the pitcher.

“‘Oh, dear; oh, dear; oh dear!’ He caught hold of the end of the yarn, and in great affright began to draw it from his mouth.

“‘Wife, wife,’ he shouted, ‘hurry up, hurry up, *I’m all unraveling!*’ ”

A NIGHT WITH JOLLY REBELS.

ELI Talks to Old Rebel Soldiers—Stories of old Zeb Vance, Fitz Hugh Lee, Judge Olds, Tom Allen, and Bob Toombs—The Pennsylvania Dutchman and Freedman Bureau School Marm.

TWICE I have been called to lecture before "old Wofford College in Spartansburg, S. C. This is an historic institution, beloved by thousands of alumni all over the South. I always have a good time in the South, for the people are bright and heartily enjoy pure humor. But the last time I was there strange things happened. A band of old Confederates, who knew I was a Grand Army man, invited me to a banquet. After the banquet they demanded a speech. It was a speech of an old Yank soldier to a crowd of jolly rebs. I commenced telling them some of our good old Yankee war stories. I told them about a big cannon that they cast for West Point.

"How did it work?" interrupted a rebel voice.

"Well, it carried the biggest ball——"

"How did it work?" interrupted another voice.

"Well, as I was saying, they shot that cannon off, but the ball was so large that it stood right still, and the cannon went twelve miles. [Laughter, and a voice, "Tell us about Sherman's bummers!"]

"The difference between a true soldier and a bummer," I said, "is this: the true soldier drew his sword in the cause of right and country, while the bummer drew his sword in a raffle.

"I know of but one place where the true soldier and the bummer bore any resemblance. In the face of the enemy, when the balls flew thick and fast around him, the soldier's voice was still for war, and it was then that the bummer's voice was still for war—awful still. [Laughter.]

"The last thing Lord Nelson did was to die for his country, and that will be the last thing the bummer will do. [Laughter.]

"Horace Porter says, 'The bummer went to the war, fully equipped for "everything from squirrel hunting to manslaughter in the first degree," and his trousers were so loose and baggy that he could get over a barbed wire fence without scratching himself. When he wanted fuel on the march he took only the top rail of the fence, and he kept on taking the top rail as long as there was any fence left.' [Laughter.]

"And now the bummer who got wounded by a chicken bone in his throat at Fairfax Court House, while the other brave soldiers were storming Chancellorsville; who got dyspepsia eating sardines and jam with the Sanitary Commissioners in Baltimore, while the true soldier was losing his arms and legs at Gettysburg, where is he now? Why, he is in Washington working for a pension."

[A voice from the audience. "Tell us some rebel stories—we had more fun than the Yanks."]

"That's right," I said. "There is no better way to heal old wounds than to laugh together over old war stories.

"You all know old General Zebulon Vance—old Zeb, of the Army of Virginia?"

"You bet we do—three cheers for old Zeb Vance!"
[Given with a will.]

"Well, old Zeb received a squad of raw rebel recruits from the mountains of North Carolina, and during the skirmishes around Washington ordered them into battle for the first time.

"'Take a stand on Monson's Hill,' he said, 'and scare these Yanks away!'

"'Skeer them Yanks off!' repeated the sergeant; 'why, we 'uns kem all the way heah from North Kaya-lena ter whip them Yanks, an' ef we skeer 'um off how'n thunder ez we gwine to lick 'um?' [Laughter.]

"During the first battle of Bull Run a squad of these same North Carolina recruits captured a Pennsylvania Dutchman. He had to give up after he had shot his last cartridge. As the rebels came on to him they shouted:

"'Here! what you doin' here?'

"'Fightin'!' said the Dutchman.

"'Where do you belong?'

"'Up in Pennsylvania.'

"'What are you doing down here?'

"'Vell, I comes down here to fight.'

"'To fight, eh?' said the Virginians; 'why don't you fight up in Pennsylvania if you want to fight? What business have you got coming down into our State to fight?'

"'Vell, I comed mit der poys.'

"'Well, you just light out for home!' screamed the rebels, 'and if we ever catch you down here fighting again we'll make it hot for you!'

"'Vell, vell, vell,' said the German. 'Oxscuse me,

gentlemen, I tought ven I fights mit Uncle Sam he goes efryvere.' [Laughter.]

"About a week after this, one of these same North Carolina recruits was on picket duty near Manassas. There was not a Yankee within twenty miles of him at that time. The next day there was to be an inspection, and the North Carolinian had taken his gun all to pieces and was rubbing it up so as to make a shine when inspected. While doing this General Barham rode up.

"'What are you doing there?' said General B.

"'Oh, I am a kind of a sentinel. Who are you, anyhow?'

"'Oh, I am only a "kind" of a brigadier-general,' was the answer.

"'Hold on,' said the sentinel; 'wait until I get this darned old gun together and I will give you a kind of a present arms.' [Laughter.]

"There used to be a good deal, or rather, I should say, heaps of fun and repartee between the Yankee officers and the returning rebel prisoners at Richmond.

"A cart load of these returning rebels had just arrived at City Point on their way back to Richmond.

"'How fah is it to Richmond, enny way?' asked a grizzled old rebel prisoner of a smart Yankee major on Butler's staff.

"'Oh, not far. How far do you think?'

"'Reck'n et's near onto three thousin' mile,' drawled the Confed. weakly.

"'Nonsense! You must be crazy,' retorted the officer, staring.

"'Wall, I eant a-reck'nin' adzact,' was the slow reply. 'Jest tho't so, kinder.'

"'Oh, you did! And pray why?'

"'Cos et's took'n you 'uns nigh onto fo' year to git thar from Wash'nton.' [Laughter.]

"You old rebels will appreciate this story about the Yankee freedman schoolmarm better than the average Northerner.'

"In 1864, when they began to have freedman schools around Richmond, a Massachusetts teacher was teaching the freedmen the new doctrine of political equality. The negroes, you know, can never separate political equality from social equality, so when the teacher said, 'We are all born free and equal,' Clarissa Sophia broke in:

"'Wa' dat yo's sain', now? Yo' say Ise jes ekal as yo' is?'

"'Yes,' said the teacher, 'and I can prove it!'

"'Ho! 'Tain't no need,' replied the lately disenthralled. 'Reck'n I is, sho' nuff. But does yo' say dat Ise good as missus—my missus?'

"'Cêrtainly you are, Sophia,' said the teacher.

"'Den Ise jess gwine out yere, rite off!' cried Sophia, suiting action to word. 'Ef Ise good as my missus Ise goin' ter quit, for I jess know she ent 'soshi-atin' wid no sich wite trash like you is!' [Laughter.]

"The best and brightest remark ever made by that old rebel, whom you all love, Fitz Hugh Lee, was made in a political meeting in Alexandria after the war.

"Colonel Moseby, your only fully reconstructed rebel, was making a political speech in the Court House.

"'Talk about my war record,' said the colonel.

'Why, my war record is a part of the State's history. Why, gentlemen, I carried the last Confederate flag through this very town.'

"'Yes,' replied Fitz Hugh Lee, 'for I was here at the time.'

"'Thank you for your fortunate recollection,' gratefully exclaimed Moseby. 'It is pleasant to know that there still live some men who move aside envy and testify to the courage of their fellow beings. As I say, gentlemen, my war record is a part of the State's history, for the gentleman here will tell you that I carried the last Confederate flag through this town.'

"'That's a fact,' said Fitz Hugh Lee. 'I saw him do it. He carried the Confederate flag through this town, but Kilpatrick and Ellsworth were after him, and he carried it so blamed fast you couldn't have told whether it was the Confederate flag or a small-pox warning.' [Laughter.]

"Speaking of rebel repartee, the worst stab our old Yankee Radical, Thad Stevens, ever got was given to him by your old fire-eating Bob Toombs, of Georgia. They met in Augusta after the war. Thad was rankling over the loss of his Carlisle furnaces, burned by the rebs in '63, and Toombs was rankling at everything in general.

"'Well, Mr. Toombs,' said old Thad, in a bantering tone, 'how do you rebels feel after being licked by the Yankees?'

"'We feel, I suppose, a good deal as Lazarus did,' said the Georgia fire-eater.

"'How is that?'

"'Why, Thad, poor Lazarus was licked by the dogs, wasn't he?' [Laughter.]

"The difference between a Democrat and a rebel was nicely illustrated by the reply of a culprit in the Richmond courts.

"Judge Olds was examining an old soldier who had pleaded guilty of bank robbery.

"'Did you have any confederates?' asked the judge.

"'No, Jedge,' said the prisoner, 'the fellers that helped me was Democrats, o' course, but they wasn't rebs.' [Laughter.]

"Colonel Tom August, of the First Virginia, was the Charles Lamb of Confederate war wits; genial, quick, and ever gay. Early in secession days, a bombastic friend approached Colonel Tom with the query:

"'Well, sir, I presume your voice is still for war?'

"To which the wit replied promptly: 'Oh, yes, devilish still!'

"Later, when the skies looked darkest and rumors of abandoning Richmond were wildly flying, Colonel August was limping up the street. *Aquid nunc* hailed him:

"'Well! The city is to be given up. They're moving the medical stores.'

"'Glad of it!' called back Colonel Tom, 'I'm glad the damn Yankees are going to get all that blue mass.' [Laughter.]

"Tom Allen, of Mississippi, who always carried a load of rebel stories, told me that a man in the Fifth Mississippi regiment was noted for running away from every fight. On one occasion his captain found him in line as an unexpected attack opened. Standing behind him, the captain drew his pistol and said:

"'Now, John, up to this time you have run from

every fight. You have disgraced yourself on all occasions. Now, if you stir from the line this time I intend to shoot you dead. I shall stand here, right behind you, and if you start to run I shall certainly kill you.'

"John heard the captain through, and, drawing himself up to an unusual height, replied:

"'Wall, Captain, you may shoot me if you like, but I'll never give any low-lived, low-down Yankee the privilege of doing it.'

"At Murfreesboro a rebel soldier was rushing to the rear with all the speed he could command. An officer hailed him and sneeringly inquired why he was running so fast away from the Yankees. The soldier, without stopping, yelled back:

"'Because I can't fly.'" [Laughter.]

[A voice from the audience. "Did you kill any rebels, Eli?"]

"Kill rebels?" said Eli. "Kill 'em myself? No, not exactly; but my Uncle William did. We marched out to Bull Run with Fitz John Porter, Uncle William and I did, and when we got about half way there we met a rebel in ambush. He pulled out his revolver; Uncle William and I pulled out our bowie knives, and then we both took the lead from the start and kept it clear into Washington City. [Laughter.]

"When we reached Long Bridge there were hundreds of dead rebels behind us. They had run themselves clear out of breath and died from overexertion.

"That battle of Gettysburg, too, was another terrible battle. Uncle William was there too, boldly fighting for three days—sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other. [Laughter.]

"I can see my Uncle William, with my mind's eye, fighting at the battle of Gettysburg, even as I saw him with my real eye fighting at the battle of Manassas, for I too was there—fighting for my country; and while that sanguinary conflict was at its height, and while the leaden messengers of Death flew thick and fast around me, I—I left. [Laughter.] I narrowly escaped a mortal wound—just by not being there.

"At one time I saw a brigade of rebels coming up on the right, another brigade coming up on the left, and I just stepped aside and let 'em come up. [Laughter.]

"Alas! my uncle afterward fell in the battle of the Wilderness—but he got up again. [Laughter.] He said he didn't want to stand there and interfere with the bullets. [Laughter.]

"Yes, my uncle was a patriotic man; he loved the glorious stars and stripes, loved to rally round the dear old flag, and he said he was willing to leave the thickest of the fight any time—just to go to the rear and rally around it!" [Loud laughter.]

POLITICAL ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS.

General Butler and Sam Cox—Geo. W. Curtis's Anti-climax—Garfield's Irishman—McKinley's Interruption—General Alger's Story on the Democrat—Blaine's Kilmaroo Story—Eli on the Prohibitionist—Horr on the Mugwumps—Dan Voorhees on the Darky—Lincoln on Ben Wade—Voorhees on Tanner—Ben Wade Disgraces a Democrat—Aristippus, the Greek Politician.

MANY a political orator has been totally routed in the middle of a campaign speech by an interruption from a shrewd opponent. Many times have the oldest debaters in Congress been put *hors de combat* by a shrewd question or a quaint motion by a shrewd opponent. It was thus that Sam Cox was enabled to squelch General Butler after he had ridiculed the member from Ohio, in 1865, with his famous:

"Shoo fly, don't bodder me!"

Not long after this, Butler had been making a long speech on the tariff. Everybody was tired, but Ben would suffer no one to interrupt him. In fact, by the courtesy of the House, no one can interrupt a speaker unless to ask a question, and that with the consent of the Speaker. So Butler continued his tariff harangue. After about an hour had passed, Mr. Cox arose and said in a loud tone:

"Mr. Speaker!"

"The gentleman from Ohio," said the Speaker.

"I arise," said Mr. Cox, "on a question of privilege.

I wish to ask the gentleman from Massachusetts a question."

"The gentleman from Ohio," said the Speaker, turning to Butler, "wishes to ask the gentleman from Massachusetts a question."

"Very well, go on!" said Butler.

"The gentleman from Ohio has the floor," said the Speaker.

Mr. Cox then arose solemnly, and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I wish to ask the gentleman from Massachusetts a question. I wish to ask him if he hasn't—hasn't—got—*m-o-s-t t-h-r-o-u-g-h?*"

Of course the laughter that followed completely upset Butler, and he closed the debate.

It was seldom that so finished an orator as George W. Curtis ever made a mistake; but Mark Twain told me of a little incident that happened with Mr. Curtis at Hartford:

"Mr. Curtis," said Mark, "was selected to make the final speech, in Hartford, in Lincoln's Presidential campaign in 1861. It was the night before the election, and Mr. Curtis was in a hurry to catch a train. The great opera house was crowded, and the matchless orator had swayed the enthusiastic audience into repeated applause. Finally the time came to end the speech, which Mr. Curtis always does with a flowery oratorical flight. But this time he was in a hurry, with his watch in his hand, and said:

"'And to-morrow, fellow-citizens, the American people will be called upon to give their verdict, and I believe you, as American freemen, will give that verdict against American slavery. [Applause.] Yes, to-morrow we will go to the polls with freedom's ballot

in our hands, trampling slavery's shackles under our feet; and while the Archangel of Liberty looks down approvingly upon us from the throne of Omnipotence, we will consign Stephen A. Douglas to the pittoless bot!"

A loud guffaw from the fun-struck audience greeted Mr. Curtis as he ran to his carriage, but the eloquent orator never dreamed of his mistake till he received the *Hartford Courant* the next day.

An oratorical interruption came near breaking up as skillful a political speaker as General Garfield. The general was making a speech for Lincoln and the war in Ashtabula in 1864. There were a good many Irishmen in the audience, who insisted on interrupting him:

"I say, fellow-citizens, that victory has everywhere perched upon our banner. We have taken Atlanta, we have taken Savannah, we have captured Columbus and Charleston, and now at last we have taken Petersburg and occupy Richmond; and what remains for us to take?"

An Irishman in the crowd shouted, "Let's take a drink, General!" And the Irishmen dispersed in various directions.

Major McKinley was somewhat discomfited while making a long tariff speech to the East Liverpool potters. He had talked for about an hour with most eloquent logic. "I am urging protection to American industry," he said, "for the sake of future generations. I am speaking for the benefit of posterity——"

"Yes, and if you don't get through pretty soon they'll be here!" shouted a witty free-trader.

"Charley Foster,—that's what the boys call our Secretary of the Treasury out in Ohio,—well, Mr. Foster

had made a speech on the beauties of protection at Akron. His idea was that this is a billion dollar country and we want to collect a billion dollar revenue and have it distributed back to the people by a billion dollar Congress. When he got back to the hotel he met Governor Campbell, the low tariff governor, who said:

"You want to collect a billion dollars from the people and give it back to them again, do you?"

"Well, that isn't wasting it, is it?" said Foster.

"No," said Governor Campbell, "but it reminds me of Marshall P. Wilder's account of a conversation between two Kentucky darkies. One said:

"'Hallo, how do you do?'

"'Oh, Ise fust rate; what's you doin?'

"'Oh, Ise been workin' for my mammy.'

"'Is you workin' for you' mammy? what is you doin' for you' mammy?'

"'Oh, Ise choppin' wood.'

"'What does you' mammy give you for choppin' wood?'

"'Oh, she gives me a penny a day.'

"'And what you gwine to do wid the money?'

"'Oh, mammy's keepin' it for me.'

"'Well, what she gwine to do wid it?'

"'Oh, she's gwine to buy me a new handle for dis ax, when I wears out dis one.'"

The best argument in a campaign speech is a good story. It acts like the parable. In fact, a good story is a parable. The puppy story, first told in the Lincoln campaign in 1860, was perhaps the best political story ever told. It may be a chestnut and so are the parables in the Bible, but, like your mother's love, you never tire of it.

A large Democratic meeting was held in Clermont, O., which was attended by a small boy who had four young puppy dogs which he offered for sale. Finally one of the crowd, a Democratic speaker, approaching the boy, asked:

"Are these Democratic pups, my son?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then," said he, "I'll take these two."

About a week afterward, the Republicans held a meeting at the same place, and among the crowd was to be seen the same chap and his two remaining pups. He tried for hours to obtain a purchaser, and finally was approached by a Republican, and asked:

"My little lad, what kind of pups are these you have?"

"They are Republican pups, sir."

The Democrat who had purchased the first two happened to be in hearing, and broke out at the boy:

"See here, you young rascal, didn't you tell me that those pups that I bought of you last week were Democratic pups?"

"Y-e-s, sir," said the young dog merchant; "*but they didn't have their eyes open then!*"

General Russell P. Alger was trying to prove one night, in a political speech, that the Democrats never had any policy except to oppose the Republican party and get into power.

"They have just seven principles—five loaves and two fishes; and they want those fishes bad. The Democrats," said the general, "remind me of old Zach Chandler's Democratic hired man. You see old Zach had three men working in a saw-mill in the woods below Saginaw. During Lincoln's last campaign, Zach went

up to the saw-mill to see how the men were going to vote. He found that each had a different political faith. One was a Democrat, one a Republican, and one a Greenbacker. A farm boy had just killed a fine woodchuck, and Zach offered to give it to the man who would give the best reason for his political faith.

"I'm a Republican," said the first man, "because my party freed the slave, put down the rebellion, and never fired on the old flag."

"Good!" said old Zach.

"And I am a Greenbacker," said the second man, "because if my party should get into power, every man would have a pocket full of money."

"First-rate!" said Uncle Zach. "And now you," addressing the third, "why are you a Democrat?"

"Because, sir," said the man, trying to think of a good Democratic answer, "because—because I want that woodchuck!"

Senator Blaine's favorite political story when he was making speeches for Garfield was his Kil-ma-roo story.

In the Garfield Presidential campaign, the Democrats were continually saying that Garfield would be a radical president.

"He and Blaine will get up a war with Germany about Samoa," they said; "or get us into an imbroglio with France on account of the Suez Canal."

To illustrate the Democratic status and prejudice, Blaine used this illustration:

"Yes," he said; "the Democrats always see some trouble ahead with the Republicans, but it is always imaginary. They say the Republicans are going to wreck the republic by high tariff one day, and bankrupt the nation through the pension office the next. But all

this trouble is imaginary. When we get to it it is gone.

"The Democrats remind me of the story of the man who was carrying something across Fulton ferry in a close box. Every now and then he would open the box curiously, peep in, and then close the lid mysteriously. His actions soon excited the curiosity of a naturalist who sat on the seat by him. Unable to conceal his curiosity further, the naturalist touched him on the shoulder and said:

"I beg pardon, sir, but I'm curious to know what you have in that box. What is it?"

"Oh, I don't want to tell. It will get all over the boat."

"Is it a savage animal?"

"Yes; kills everything." Then the man peeped in again.

Still growing more curious, the naturalist begged him to tell its name.

"It's a Kil-ma-roo from the center of Africa—a very savage beast—eats men and——"

"And what do you feed it on?" interrupted the naturalist.

"Snakes, sir; plain snakes."

"And where do you get snakes enough to feed such a monster?" asked the eager but trembling naturalist.

"Well, sir, my brother in Brooklyn drinks a good deal, has delirium tremens, and when he sees snakes we just catch 'em and——"

"But these are imaginary snakes," argued the naturalist. "How can you feed a savage beast on imaginary snakes?"

“‘Why, the fact is,’ said the man, opening the box and blowing in it, ‘don’t say a word about it, but this is an imaginary Kil-ma-roo.’”

I used to tell a story after the Harrison campaign to illustrate the status of the Prohibitionists. The Prohibitionists voted against Harrison and against Warner Mille,—both practical temperance men,—and voted for Cleveland and for Governor Hill of New York, the latter running on a whisky platform.

“It seems,” I said, “that on election night a good religious Democrat in New York felt so bad at the defeat of Cleveland that he died—he just laid down and died and went down. But just before giving up his last breath he heard some wicked Republican talking about high tariff, and he jumped back again to give the tariff one more kick. While the Democrat was kicking the tariff, we asked him how it was down below there.”

“It was pretty hot,” he said, wiping his brow with his red bandana. “It was hotter’n New Jersey during the election.”

“Did you see any politicians down there?”

“Oh, yes; a good many.”

“Any Democrats?”

“Yes, and more coming.”

“Did you see any Republicans?”

“A few—but thousands of mugwumps.”

“Did you see any Prohibitionists?”

“Oh, yes! Every Democrat had a Prohibitionist, and that poor Prohibitionist was toasted all to a crisp.”

“Why, what toasted him?”

“Well, the Democrats had been holding the Prohibitionists between them and the fire.”

Congressman Horr of Michigan was trying to illustrate what he meant by a mugwump, and said:

"We had a very wicked farmer up in Saginaw; very wicked. John Whitney was his name. One day he surprised every one by leaving the world and his wicked associates and joining the Baptist church. He remained an exemplary church member three days, but coming into town one day he got drunk and the church turned him out.

" 'What then?' asked a bystander.

"Well, Whitney came back into the world again, but the boys wouldn't speak to him. They even went so far as to hold a meeting in the Bellows bar-room and resolved not to receive him back. 'Whitney is too mean for us,' they said.

" 'What became of poor Whitney when both the church and the devil refused to receive him?' you ask.

"Why, there he was dangling between the church and the world. He wasn't anything. He was—well, he was just a *mugwump*!"

Senator Daniel Voorhees, of Indiana, has always opposed the idea of allowing negroes, though they are citizens, to vote. He says they are not qualified. To prove their ignorance the senator tells this story:

"One day an old negro, clad in rags and carrying a burden on his head, ambled into the Executive Mansion and dropped his load on the floor. Stepping toward President Lincoln, he said:

" 'Am you de President, sah?'

" 'Yes, my man, I am the President.'

" 'If dat am a fac', Ise glad ter meet yer. Yer see, I libs way up dar in de back ob Fergenna, an' Ise a 'poor man, sah. I hear dar is some pervishuns in de

Con'stution fer de cullud man, and I am 'ere to get some ob 'em, sah.' "

When they were selecting the Quaker Indian Commissioners, Lincoln called in Ben Wade and Voorhees and explained what kind of men he wanted to appoint.

"Gentlemen, for an Indian commissioner," said the President, "I want a pure-minded, moral, Christian man—frugal and self-sacrificing."

"I think," interrupted Voorhees, "that you won't find him."

"Why not?"

"Because, Mr. President, he was crucified about 1800 years ago," said the senator.

General Sherman tells a good story on Corporal Tanner, in which Senator Voorhees made one of his wittiest sallies.

"The day that Corporal Tanner arrived at the Interior Department to receive his commission as Commissioner of Pensions," said General Sherman, Henry Watterson and Daniel Voorhees happened to be present. Tanner, every one knows, was as brave as a lion and lost both feet in the war. He was a private, without much education, and a very ordinary, loose-jointed but picturesque-looking man, and he has grown more picturesque with age.

"As the corporal hobbled into Secretary Noble's room in the Interior Department, he saluted the secretary and said:

"'Hello, Gen'ral; come down to qualify; to be sworn in!'

"'Ah! Corporal Tanner?' said the Chesterfieldian Noble.

"'Yes, Tanner—come to qualify.'

"'Let me introduce you to Senator Voorhees and Editor Watterson, Corporal,' said the secretary, suiting the action to the word.

"'Glad to see you, Senator,' said Tanner. 'Glad to see an honest enemy. While Jeff Davis was shooting off my feet, you and Watterson and Thurman were shooting us in the rear. Glad to see you!'

"'And you've come to Washington to get your commission and be qualified as Commissioner of Pensions?' remarked the Wabash senator.

"'You're right, I have,' said the corporal, his eyes twinkling with excitement.

"'Well, I'll be dog-goned!' was the only reply, as Voorhees took a quid of tobacco and looked out of the window.

"'Yes, going to be qualified to-day,' continued Tanner.

"'Well, my friend,' said Voorhees, surveying the corporal from head to foot, 'this government is not inspired—it is not Providence. Noble, its representative, can swear you in, but the Department of Education and all hell can't qualify you!'

Ben Wade was always bitter on the Democrats, and they didn't have much love for old Ohio Reserve Abolitionists. Ben said he asked a man once how he got so low as to be a Democrat.

"'Well,' said the man, 'I did it to bring disgrace on an uncle of mine up in New York. You see he treated me very badly when I was a boy, and I took a fearful vow that I would do something to humiliate him, and I have joined the Democrats and done it.'

"'What business is your uncle engaged in?'

"'He is making shoes in Auburn penitentiary.'

"Well, you have disgraced him," snarled old Ben.

I find in reading the old Greek that they had smart politicians and political demagogues in Greece.

Æschines says Aristippus studied sophistry to fit him to be a politician. It is certain that he toadied to the emperor Dionysius, and made a good deal of money out to him, even though Dionysius often called him his dog. Aristippus was so politic that he would never get mad at any indignity heaped upon him by Dionysius. Once the emperor even spit in his face, and when the attendants laughed, Aristippus said:

"Oh, laugh. It pays me to be spit upon."

"How so?" asked Plato.

"Why, don't the sea spit salt on you when you catch a sturgeon?"

"Yes."

"Well, Dionysius spits pure wine on me while I am catching gold-fish."

The logic of Aristippus pleased Plato and Socrates, and even Dionysius laughed at it when he heard of it.

Diogenes, who wore old rags and ate cheap vegetables, hated Aristippus, who dressed finely and ate with the king. One day, when Diogenes was washing potatoes, Aristippus made fun of him.

"If you had learned to live on plain vegetables like potatoes and cabbage," said Diogenes, "you would not have to be spit upon and cuffed around by Dionysius."

"Yes, and if you tramps had learned how to be polite to the king, you might be drinking wine in the palace instead of washing vegetables in the market."

FUN UP IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Lecture Experiences in Acadia—Riding over Longfellow's Basin of Minas—Nova Scotia Potato Bugs—The Acadians Lie to Eli—Uncle Hank Allen's Biggest Potato Bug Story.

LAST year my lecture trip took me to Acadia, Nova Scotia—sweet Acadia! My audience was at a venerable college near Annapolis, and the next morning the president gave me a ride over the Basin of Minas, the scene of Longfellow's "Evangeline." We passed over the very path where Evangeline had strolled with Basil the blacksmith.

"Sir," said the professor, "that log building is the blacksmith's shop where Basil blew the bellows and shod the Huguenot oxen."

"Then Longfellow's story was true, was it?" I asked.

"Yes, the haughty Huguenots were banished by the cruel English, and many lovers were separated. The story of Evangeline is founded on fact, but the poet never visited the Basin, and his descriptions were incorrect. Longfellow says, describing the Basin in his grand hexameter:

"This is the forest primeval; the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, in garments green, indistinct in the twilight—

"But you see there are no hemlocks, nor pines. The Basin has always been a prairie."

The water from the valley flows into the Bay of Fundy; and the tide comes rushing in and out seventy

feet high. When the tide ebbs nothing is left in the basin but mud. This mud is what makes the great Nova Scotia potato crop. When the water goes down you will see the farmers hurrying to the bottom, where they fill their wagon boxes with silt and spread it on the plains above. The best potatoes in Nova Scotia are raised on this salt silt or mud.

The Acadians are a sweet people, innocent and bright. It is always the most virtuous people who have the clearest imaginations and enjoy wit. Be virtuous and you will be happy; I know it from my own experience!

In the field several bright fellows were hoeing potatoes and I stopped to talk with them. I could see by certain winks and nods that a Yankee from the States was considered a subject for fun.

"Do you have any potato bugs here in Nova Scotia?" I asked.

"Pertater bugs in the Basin!" said one man contemptuously. "Pertater bugs? Why, stranger, I counted 464 pertater bugs on one stalk in one field this morning, and in the other field they'd eaten pertaters, vines, fences, trees, all up, and they were sitting round on the clouds waiting for me to plant the second crop."

After a moment's silence the second man looked up and said very earnestly:

"Say, why don't you fellers tell the New York gentleman something about the ravenous natures of our Nova Scotia pertater bugs! Why, I had pertater bugs, this mornin', walk right into my kitchen, walk right up to a red-hot stove, yank red-hot pertaters right out of the oven, and—well, I wasn't surprised at all. I wasn't surprised. But," and he leaned forward confidentially,

"I was surprised when I went into Townsend's store at dinner, to see pertater bugs walkin' all over Townsend's books to see who'd bought seed pertaters for next year."

There was another long silence, but the depression was relieved by the third farmer, who had just arrived. He looked the speaker straight in the face and said:

"Bill Monsen! you are a consarned old Nova Scotia liar!"

There was more silence, and Bill walked right up to the stranger, smiled, put out his hand, and said:

"My friend, whar'd you get 'quainted with me?"

A year afterward I was in Uncle Hank Allen's grocery in Eaton, N. Y., the town where I was born, and I told him about the Nova Scotia potato bugs. Uncle Hank Allen was perhaps (the present company and the reader excepted), the most stupendous prevaricator in Central New York. I wanted to astonish him. After I had finished the story about the big potato bugs, and the millions of them in Nova Scotia, I waited for a reply. After a long and oppressive silence, the old man said:

"Those Canucks may have big potato bugs; I don't doubt it; but we have the toughest potato bugs in Madison County that ever existed in this world."

"How tough, Uncle Hank?" I asked.

"Well, sir, old Gifford got a potato bug out of my garden and boiled it nine hours, and it swam around on top all the time."

"Indeed!"

"I put a potato bug in a kerosene lamp, kept it there four years, and it hatched out twenty-seven litters of potato bugs right in the kerosene."

"You astonish me!"

"Yes," continued Uncle Hank; "six years ago I took one of our potato bugs into Ward's iron foundry, and dropped it into a ladle where the melted iron was, and had it run into a skillet."

Silence, during which Uncle Hank's mind wandered.

"Well," as I was saying, my old woman, if my memory does not fail me, used that skillet for six years, and here the other day she broke it all to smash; and what do you think, sir?"

"Well, what?"

"Why, that 'ere insect just walked right out of his hole, where he'd been layin' like a frog in a rock, and made tracks for his old roost on the potato vines. But," he added, by way of parenthesis, "by ginger, he looked mighty pale!"

ELI ON CHILDREN'S WIT AND BLUNDERS.

Scientific Lecture before the Anthropological Section of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Columbia College, as reported in the *World*.

"FOR years," said Eli Perkins before the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Columbia College, "I have tried to analyze children's wit or blunders. I find children do not blunder. We blunder in asking them questions in an ungrammatical manner, while they answer correctly. To illustrate: One day little Ethel, who had a hard cold, was very proud when she came home from school.

"'I was the best dirl in stool to-day,' she said, all out of breath: 'the best dirl in stool. I read better than Sabina, and dot up head.'

"'Wouldn't it *sound* better if some one else should say that, Ethel?' I asked.

"'Yes,' I dess it would. I'se dot a pretty hard told, and I tan't say it very well.' [Laughter.]

"Alas! I had blundered. If I had asked her if it wouldn't have been more proper to let others do the praising, her answer would have been different and there would have been no joke. I asked her about *sound*, when I should have asked her about *propriety*.

"Again, little Johnny said to his sister's sweetheart:

"'Mithter Jones, can't you *walk straight*?'

"'Why, of course I can, Johnny! Why do you ask?'

"‘Oh, nothin’, only I heard sister May say, that when she married you she’d make you walk straight.’ [Laughter.]

"If Mary had used the word ‘reform’ in place of the ungrammatically cant phrase, ‘walk straight,’ a joke would have been lost and a lover saved.

"Again, many speak of supporting a wife, when they mean they maintain her. Atlas supported the world, he didn’t maintain it.

"When I asked Ethel who *supported* the world, she said quickly:

"‘Why, Atlas.’

"‘But who supported Atlas?’

"I had led her off; and, after thinking a moment, she said:

"‘I s’pose he married a rich wife.’ [Laughter.]

"Dr. Collyer told me that one day he took up the old clumsy church catechism and asked a sweet little angel girl the old orthodox question:

"‘What must you first do to have your sins forgiven?’

"‘What mus’ I firs’ do to have my sins fordiven?’ she repeated thoughtfully. ‘Well, I dess I must firs’ do out and commit the sin.’ [Laughter.]

"The little child was more logical than grand old Jonathan Edwards. [Applause.] We often incorrectly use the word engaged for betrothed, and the blunders resulting from this, often attributed to the green Irishman, should be laid at our own doors. Here is a case of a Yankee blunder, but the unphilosophical reader would put the blunder on the poor Irish girl. One evening I called on one of my neighbors, Mr. John R. Waters, who has four beautiful chil-

dren. The servant who responded to the bell was a raw Irish girl.

“‘Are Mr. and Mrs. Waters at home?’ I asked.

“‘Yis, sur.’

“‘Are they engaged?’

“‘Engaged!’ she exclaimed, with a horrified look. ‘Engaged, is it yez say? Why, they are married—married, and have children.’ [Laughter.]

“As Bridget disappeared down the kitchen stairs I heard her mumbling, ‘What does he be insinuating?’

“One of the most curious blunders which we blamed on our poor innocent and ignorant Irish girl, a mere child in intelligence, was really the blunder of her mistress. Poor innocent Bridget did exactly as she was told. Her mistress, whose husband I happened to be, called Bridget one day, and said inquiringly:

“‘Bridget—let’s see—what will we have for tea to-night? Oh,’ suddenly recollecting something, ‘we will have those quail for tea.’

“‘An’ will yez be havin’ quail for tay, mum?’ said Bridget, in amazement.

“‘Certainly, quail for tea. They are in the ice-box.’

“‘Very well, mum,’ said the poor child of nature, as she went back to the kitchen, muttering to herself, ‘and sure and faith and did I ever hear the loikes of that in old Oirland? quail for tay!’

“Tea time arrived, and with it the company. The table was spread, the tea was simmering, but no quail appeared.

“‘Where are the quail, Biddy?’ inquired my wife.

“‘And sure they’re in the taypot, ma’am! Didn’t you tell me we must have ‘em for tay?’ [Laughter.]

The next day my wife gave her orders very plainly—

in fact, in a manner which she thought it would be impossible to be misconstrued. She called Bridget and said :

"'You are so clumsy, Bridget; the idea of quail for tea! Now listen attentively, and I will tell you plainly what we will have for breakfast. We will have plain boiled eggs, and I want you to boil these eggs exactly three minutes by the watch---by the watch, Bridget,' at the same time handing her the Geneva watch that I had given her as a bridal present. 'Now, do you understand?'

"'Yis, 'um;-sure an' its three minits by the watch,' repeated Bridget slowly.

"The next morning, as my wife was pouring the French coffee, she asked Bridget if the eggs were boiling.

"'Indade they are, mum. They be in the kittle with the watch.'

"'My watch in the kettle, Bridget?'

"'Indade it is, mum; and sure and didn't yez tell me to boil the eggs by the watch?' [Laughter.]

"'Alas! poor Bridget had obeyed orders literally, and still my wife will never believe that she herself made the blunder.

"On another occasion my wife saw that Bridget had put on one of her dresses, and said :

"'Why, Bridget, isn't that my dress---my new dress?'

"'Sure, mum, it is, and it's yerself what gave it to me.'

"'I gave it to you!' said my wife, in astonishment.

"'Yis; yez said oi cud have it as soon as yez had worn it out, an' begorra! yez wore it out yestherday afthernoon.' [Laughter.]

"Old Mrs. Partington, Mr. Shillaber's dear old lady, was in her second childhood, and Mr. Partington was always blundering and charging it to the old lady.

" 'I can't bear children,' blundered Mr. Partington.

" 'If you could, perhaps you would like them better,' accurately answered Mrs. Partington. [Laughter.]

'A mother's blundering question often elicits a quaint reply from a child. To illustrate this:

"Little Charlie was eating pie while his hungry brother Willie was looking on wistfully. After Charlie finished the last piece he burst out crying.

" 'What are you crying for, Charlie?' asked his mother.

" 'For more pie, mamma; there ain't no pie left for poor Willie.'

"A child often seems to blunder when it is reasoning logically all the time. It is following one train of thought, while its mother is following another. To illustrate:

"Ethel's Episcopalian mother was reading her Sabbath school lesson to her when she came to the verse:

"But when they next saw Joseph they found him in a position of great authority and power, and——

" 'Joseph was king, wasn't he, mamma?' interrupted Ethel.

" 'No, Ethel, he was not king, but he was very high—next to the king.'

" 'Oh, I know, mamma, he was Jack—Jack high!' [Laughter.]

"Alas! I am afraid we worldly Episcopalians must teach our children more of the Pentateuch and less whist. My astonishment and grief at Ethel's worldli-

ness was only equaled by my astonishment that many of you scientific clergymen here are up on the technicalities of the joke. [Laughter.]

"But the kind words and gentle sympathy of the children often teach us true politeness. They often teach us the lesson of the Saviour, 'Do unto others.' If the greatest scientist in the audience should ask a child who is the best gentleman, he would say 'one who never gives pain,' and 'a saint is one who always gives us joy.' What a lesson of Christianity and politeness did I learn from a little child one day!

"One windy winter morning a poor little ragged Irish newsboy was selling newspapers on Brooklyn bridge. It was cold, and the boy had left a sick mother and a hungry little sister at home. Everybody was cold to him; but by and by a pretty little girl came up, all smiles, and bought a paper; then looking at his ragged clothes the tears came into her eyes and she said:

"'Poor little fellow, ain't you very cold?'

"'I was, Miss, before you passed,' he replied.

"It did not cost a cent, this kind word, but oh, it made him so happy!

FROM COLLEGE TO COWBOY.

Funny Introductions—The College Senior Rattled—Lecturing on Gettysburg Battlefield—With the Cheyenne Cowboys—Dead Shot Bill—A Joke or your Life—Poker in the Cheyenne Sabbath-school—Back to Sweet Berea—Lecturing a Princeton Foot-ball Team—Doubtful Compliment at Portsmouth—Why I Write Books.

I HAVE often had funny introductions at colleges, but the fun has generally been accidental. I have lectured before about every college in the United States.

At Dennison University (Ohio), the bright young sophomore who introduced me had made quite a reputation as a graceful introducer. He had introduced Joseph Cook and Talmage and Phœbe Couzins. Now, a name is an easy thing to forget. I invariably have the name of the town where I lecture written on a piece of paper before me. If I didn't do this, when I came to call it it would disappear. Take a name like Ypsilanti; how can any one remember it? I remember of seeing an old lady in great distress one day on the Lake Shore train. She had misplaced her ticket and forgotten the name of the town to which she was going. The good woman fussed and sighed and was all torn up.

Finally, as the train passed Hinsdale, she caught the conductor spasmodically by the coat-sleeve and exclaimed:

"The next station is my place, isn't it, conductor?"

"I can't tell you," said the conductor. "I don't know the name of the place you are going to. What's the name?"

"Why, I don't remember," said the old lady, with a puzzled look. "It is a very queer name, though."

"What does it sound like?" asked the conductor.

"Why, like ridin'-on-a-scantlin', and——"

"Oh! Ypsilanti is the place, madam," said the conductor, while all the passengers smiled.

At Dennison University the confident sophomore started off his introduction like this:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I have the pleasure of introducing to you a gentleman whose name is as familiar as household words wherever the English language is spoken. Let me introduce to you—to you—Mr.—Mr.——

"Phœbe Couzins!" I whispered.

"Mr. Phœbe Couzins," said the young man, while all the audience laughed.

The young man did not notice the mistake at the time, and never realized it till told of it after the lecture.

At Gettysburg College the lecture was in the opera house, and a staid old college professor, who had been a preacher for thirty years, introduced me. The old clergyman had made no preparation for the introduction, depending entirely on the inspiration of the occasion for the words to express the sentiments of the moment. We entered from behind the scenes, the clergyman a little ahead, when the audience commenced cheering.

"Sh—!" he said, raising both hands; "don't cheer me. I'm not Eli Perkins, I'm not his Uncle Consider, nor his man servant, nor his maid servant, nor his ox, nor his—nor his—his——" And there he stuck,

while his hands kept gesturing till the whole audience broke into boisterous laughter. Of course it is hard to make the types express what a ludicrous mistake had been made.

I spent the next day looking over the battlefield of Gettysburg. I was in the fight on the third day there and saw both Sickles and Hancock after they were wounded. The battlefield had not changed except the trees. These new trees should be cut down. There were places in the field where on the day of the battle we could see for miles, where the trees obscure every view, now. I am afraid Cemetery Hill will soon be a great dense wood.

The battlefield is now covered with thousands of marble monuments. Almost every regiment that fought in that battle have since placed a monument on the field to show where they bivouacked, fought, or fled. But there wasn't much fleeing that day. The whole Army of the Potomac was drawn up three miles long. You could stand in the center on Cemetery Hill and see the right and left. Never before had the army fought in such narrow limits, and the reason was: the Union army had got ready to retreat on Baltimore. Baggage wagons were sent to the rear. Meade made a last stand before retreating and, providentially, won the battle.

The vast number of monuments on the field recalls a story which they tell at the pension office:

"One day a shaky old man limped into the pension office to apply for a pension.

"'Where were you wounded?' asked Commissioner Tanner.

"'At Gettysburg, sir,'

“‘Gun-shot wound?’

“‘No, a monument fell on me.’”

But, oh, my terrible experience in Cheyenne!

I found Cheyenne, Wyo., one of the wickedest places in the world when I visited it twelve years ago. It was a town of saloons, dance houses, and faro banks. Travelers for the Black Hills used to stop at Cheyenne and commit the last wicked act before burying themselves in the hills. Of course all this is changed now. While there, I wrote a letter to the New York *Sun* about “the wickedest town on earth.” The humor of it amused the people and especially delighted McDonald, the manager of the leading dance house. He dramatized my letter, calling it “Eli among the Cowboys,” and the play was enacted for many nights. I was the hero of the play, and was represented as a captured humorous lecturer. In the play three cowboys leveled their revolvers at the hero and compelled him to deliver a humorous lecture, or tell a funny joke, or die on the spot. It was funny to see a man, surrounded by desperadoes, and telling jokes to save his life. At the conclusion of a funny speech they would all dance around me with cocked revolvers, singing:

First Cowboy.

I'm the howler from the prairies of the West,
If you want to die with terror, look at me.
I'm chain-lightning; if I ain't, may I be blessed.
I'm the snorter of the boundless perarie.

CHORUS.

He's a killer and a hater;
He's the great annihilator;
He's a terror of the boundless perarie.

Second Cowboy.

I'm the snoozer from the upper trail ;
 I'm the reveler in murder and in gore ;
 I can bust more Pullman coaches on the rail
 Than any one who's worked the job before.

CHORUS.

He's a snorter and a snoozer ;
 He's the great trunk line abuser ;
 He's the man who put the sleeper on the rail.

Third Cowboy.

I'm the double-jawed hyena from the East ;
 I'm the blazing bloody blizzard of the States ;
 I'm the celebrated slugger, I'm the beast ;
 I can snatch a man bald-headed while he waits.

CHORUS.

He's a double-jawed hyena ;
 He's the villain of the scena ;
 He can snatch a man bald-headed while he waits.

At Cheyenne I saw Dead Shot Bill. He wore long hair, a sombrero, and carried four pistols in his belt. They said he had just arrived from Leadville. They had recently started a new street car line in Cheyenne, and Dead Shot Bill was on the car—a personified arsenal.

"Fares !" said the gentlemanly conductor.

"W-h-a-t ?" yelled the man of terror.

"Fare, please ; five cents, please !" said the polite conductor.

"I pays nothin'," scowled Bill.

Then the conductor stopped the car and called a policeman. The policeman came, and said, as he looked at Bill from head to foot :

"So you won't pay your fare?"

"No, I'll die first. Dead Shot Bill pays nothin'."

"But I am obliged to put you off if you don't pay your fare," said the policeman, rolling up his sleeves.

"You jes' try it," said Bill, with glaring eyes.

The policeman took another look at the walking arsenal, thought a moment, and then quietly dropped a nickel in the box.

"I guess that is the easiest way to adjust this case," he said, as he went whistling along on his beat.

"Well," I said to myself, "here's the double-jawed hyena from Bitter Creek, sure; the ruffian of romance that I've been looking for." Then I whispered to Bill's partner:

"Say, has he really killed anybody?"

"Killed anybody? You betcher life. More'n you've got fingers and toes on you. Why, that's Dead Shot Bill. Never has to waste a second cartridge. Always takes 'em an inch above the right eye."

"Is he a robber?" asked several of the passengers at once.

"Naw! He ain't nothin' of that sort. He kills for sport. Wouldn't steal nothin'."

"Might I inquire if he has shot any one quite recently?" asked an English tourist, beginning to tremble.

"Waal, no; not since a week ago Friday, that I can recollect on."

This was carefully noted down by a stout, fat gentleman, who appeared to be all ears, and looked as though he, too, might be an English tourist.

"Why don't the authorities make any attempt to—to restrict his amusement?"

"Authorities? Guess not. Why, he's sheriff himself of this county, and since he shot the last judge for fining him for contempt of court when he shot a lawyer that had the impudence to say that a fellow the sheriff had taken in for stealing a horse wasn't the right man, there hasn't been anybody who felt like taking his place."

A moment afterward a quiet-looking stockman sat down beside me, but as soon as Bill saw him he turned pale, jumped off the cars, and ran up the railroad track.

"He's gone to kill somebody! Oh, he's gone!" shrieked a passenger.

"Who's gone?" said the stockman.

"Why Dead Shot Bill; d'you know him?"

"Know him!" said the stockman; "why, of course I do. I've known him since he came from the East, and I hired him to look after a flock of sheep, but I've had to let him go because he was afraid to leave the ranch on account of the Indians—in his mind. I guess he saw a mouse on the car."

The secretary of the Cheyenne Y. M. C. A. boarded the train with me. He was going to the Y. M. C. A. convention in Boston. He was a lovely fellow, born in worldly San Francisco, raised among the miners of Nevada, and educated at Boulder. He literally fulfilled the scriptural injunction "be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

On the train we met a man who introduced himself as Colonel Brewster from Boston, and he introduced his companion as Professor Dwight of Harvard College. At Julesburg they suggested to my Y. M. C. A. friend a quiet game of chess.

During an animated religious conversation, three aces were thrown to my Y. M. C. A. companion, after which Professor Dwight gayly remarked, with the greatest coolness, "I wish that we were playing poker. I don't know that I have been favored with such a hand for years."

My religious Y. M. C. A. friend immediately saw the game of the sharpers. He looked up innocently, and remarked:

"I have been highly favored also. I have a pretty good poker hand myself."

The three looked at each other significantly, and finally my Y. M. C. A. friend remarked:

"They call you Professor Dwight from Harvard?"

"Yes."

"And they call you Colonel Brewster of Massachusetts?"

"Yes."

"You are both from the East, I believe?"

"Yes, from Boston."

"Well, gentlemen," he continued, rising, "you had better take the next train back. We meet it just the other side of Kearney. You can't make a cent at this. We have been teaching it in the Sunday-schools in Cheyenne for years."

What a sweet change it was, after my startling experiences in Cheyenne, to talk a few days later to that sweet old German Lutheran College in Berea, O. Berea is where all the grindstones come from. The students say that even they have been sharpened by the grindstones. I suppose this is why they call a studious student a "grind."

Berea is a pure old moral town. Everybody goes to church there ; and the church service is as silent and impressive as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. The Sunday after my lecture there however, according to the *Cleveland Leader*, the church was terribly shocked.

It seems that in the Sabbath-school, Elder Cleveland, after he had finished reading the Bible lesson, commenced questioning the children.

"Now, children," he said, as he looked benignly at the front row of little ones, "I have been reading to you about what the Prophet Samuel said to Eli. Now can any of you tell me what Samuel said?"

There was no answer.

"What?" exclaimed the clergyman, "can't any of you remember what Samuel said to Eli when I have just read it to you from the Bible?"

"I know—I know!" said a little girl, holding up her hand triumphantly.

"Well, my little girl, I am glad you paid such close attention. Now you may tell the older children what Samuel said. What did he say?"

"He said 'Git there, Eli! Git there, Eli!'" answered the proud little girl.

Alas! My lecture before the Schiller Society of the University the night before had done the business. The little girl had caught the answer from the street boys, who had been shouting "Git there, Eli!" all day.

The Berea incident reminds me of a Sabbath-school child's answer in Portland, Ore. After lecturing for the Y. M. C. A. there, I was asked to say something to the Sabbath-school scholars on Sunday evening. Now

my talks are "keyed up" to college audiences, or church audiences, which are about as keen of appreciation as college audiences. I could not think of anything to talk about, so I looked at the children and said:

"Now, children, about what shall I talk to-night?"

"About three minutes," said a little girl.

The witty answer convulsed the church with laughter, and, the ice once broken, I had no trouble afterward.

The toughest and most boisterous audience I ever lectured to was at Princeton College. The Yale football team had just beaten the Princeton boys, and they all came to the lecture. They had guyed Oscar Wilde off the platform on a previous occasion. To hold them quiet I had to boil down my lecture into stories. I said:

"Gentlemen, I see you are all in a great hurry to-night. I noticed you were all in a hurry, during the ball match. But speaking of being in a hurry, I met a Yale man in Hartford the other day who was in the greatest hurry I ever saw a man in—he was in such a fearful hurry that he joined the church by letter, took the lightning train for New York, and sent his photograph back for baptism."

Of course this quieted the boys down, and we spent the hour very pleasantly.

Before the lecture the Yale team, all tired out, went to the hotel. After resting a spell I heard a tired and yawning student say:

"Landlord! Landlord. I say, landlord, is there anything quiet in the amusement line going on in Princeton to-night?"

“Well, there’s Eli Perkins’s lecture at the Y. M. C. A., and——”

“Oh, that’s too active. He’ll keep us laughing and thinking. We want something restful. We want sleep—quiet sleep.”

“Oh, well, then,” said the landlord, catching at a new idea, “try Joseph Cook on ‘Evolution’ at the Methodist church. That comes the nearest to bedtime of anything in Princeton to-night.”

It was after the lecture that the Princeton boys told me a good story on Dr. McCosh, the venerable president of the college. They said the doctor came before the rational psychology class in a very thoughtful mood. The subject of the lecture was terminology, and the doctor was burdened with thought. After to the class the venerable president said:

“Ah, young gentlemen, I have an impression! an *impression!* Now, gentlemen,” continued the doctor, as he touched his head with his forefinger, “can you nodding tell me what an impression is?”

No answer.

“What, no one knows! No one can tell me what an impression is,” exclaimed the doctor, looking up and down the class.

“I know,” said Mr. Arthur. “An impression is a dent in a soft place.”

“Young gentleman,” said the doctor, removing his hand from his forehead and growing red in the face, “you are excused for the day.”

I had quite a remarkable experience at Swarthmore College in Pennsylvania. This is a Quaker college. Here I saw hundreds of sweet, beautiful Quaker girls,

and as many handsome young men. The very atmosphere is pure and angelic around Swarthmore. I told my Quaker story here, which amused the young people.

The Quaker Indian commissioners were looking after the Indians in the West then, and had recently returned to Philadelphia.

The "Broad Brims" landed, carpet-bag in hand, at the West Philadelphia station, when an Irish hack-driver, who chanced to have a broad brim also, stepped up, and to ingratiate himself into their good graces passed himself off as a brother Quaker.

"Is thee going toward the Continental Hotel?" asked the hack-driver.

"Yea, our residences are near there," replied the Quakers.

"Will thee take my carriage?"

"Yea, gladly."

As they seated themselves the hack-driver asked very seriously:

"Where is *thou's* baggage?"

About the funniest incident in my lecture experience happened at Portsmouth, N. H. I have told the story in print before, but made Max O'Rell the hero of it, while it really happened to myself.

When I got on to the Boston and Maine train the next morning after my Portsmouth lecture, I was accosted by a very nicely dressed young gentleman, who said, as he advanced toward me with a smile:

"I beg pardon, sir, but are you the gentleman who delivered the Y. M. C. A. lecture last night?"

"I am," I said, with some pride.

"Well, I want to thank you for it. I don't know

when I ever enjoyed myself more than when you were talking."

"You are very complimentary," I said, taking the young man warmly by the hand. "Very complimentary. I am glad my humble effort was worthy of your praise."

"Yes," continued the young man, "it gave me immense pleasure. You see I am engaged to a Portsmouth girl, and her three sisters all went, and I had my girl in the parlor all to myself. Oh, it was a happy night—the night you lectured in Portsmouth! When are you going to lecture there again?"

I have often been asked why I adopted the profession of literature, and why I became a lecturer. Mr. Dana, the great encyclopedian, once asked me the question in the *Sun* office:

"Now tell me," he said, "what caused you to abandon your profession of law and become an author and lecturer?"

"Well," I said, "I did study law once at the Columbia College Law School, Washington, D. C. In fact, I was admitted to the bar. I shall never forget my first case. Neither will my client."

"What was the case?"

"I was called upon," I said, "to defend a young man for passing counterfeit money. I knew the young man was innocent, because I lent him the money that caused him to be arrested. Well, there was a hard feeling against the young man in the District of Columbia, and I pleaded for a change of venue. I made a great plea for it. I can remember, even now, how fine it was. It was filled with choice rhetoric and pas-

sionate oratory. I quoted Kent and Blackstone and Littleton, and cited precedent after precedent from the 'Digest of State Reports.' I wound up with a tremendous argument, amid the applause of all the younger members of the bar. Then, sanguine of success, I stood and awaited the judge's decision. It soon came. The judge looked me full in the face and said :

"Your argument is good, Mr. Perkins, very good, and I've been deeply interested in it ; and when a case comes up that your argument fits, I shall give your remarks all the consideration that they merit. Sit down !"

"This is why I gave up law and resorted to lecturing, authorship, and writing for the newspapers."

"Yes, I dare say," replied the great encyclopedian, and then, as he looked over his glasses, and scratched his head with a blue pencil, he continued: "But your veracity has been so often——"

Then a feeling of regret closed the lips of the speaker, and the world will never know the end of the sentence.

THE END.

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